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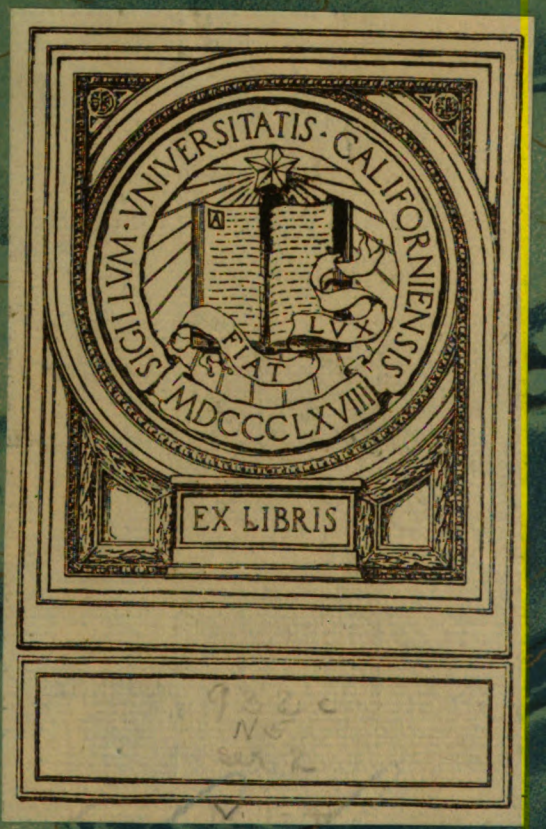
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New Shakspere Society.

SERIES II. : 1

Shakspere Plays.

Romeo and Juliet.

V. 1

PARALLEL TEXTS

OF THE

First Two Quartos,

(Q1) 1597—Q2, 1599.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR

The New Shakspere Society

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,

LONDON, E.C., 1874.

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The following Publications of the *New Shakspere Society*

HAVE BEEN ISSUED FOR 1874:

Series I. *Transactions:* The New Shakspere Society's Transactions, Part I, containing four Papers by the Rev. F. G. Fleay, M.A., with Reports of the Discussions on them, a Table of the Quarto Editions of Shakspere's Works, 1593-1630, and a print of the genuine Parts of *Timon* and *Pericles;* with an Appendix containing, 1. Mr James Spedding's Paper on the several shares of SHAKSPERE and FLETCHER in *Henry VIII*, with the late Mr S. Hickson's, Mr Fleay's, and Mr Furnivall's independent confirmations of Mr Spedding's results. 2. The late Mr S. Hickson's Paper on the several shares of SHAKSPERE and FLETCHER (when young) in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, with Mr Fleay's and Mr Furnivall's Notes, and Tables of Metrical Tests, confirming Mr Hickson's results.

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2, 3. The First two Quartos of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597 and 1599: simple Reprints, edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.

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Dr Ingleby presented to every Member of the Society who had paid his Subscription by Nov. 7, 1874, a copy of his Still Lion, *an attempt to establish a Science of Criticism of Shakspere's Text.*

The following Publications of the *New Shakspere Society* are in the Press:

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Series III. *Originals and Analogues.* Part I. *a.* The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell,[1] and nowe in Englishe by Ar[thur] Br[ooke], 1562; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq. *b.* The goodly hystory of the true and constant loue between Rhomeo and Julietta; from Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.

Series II. *Plays.* Preparing: 2. *Henry V: a.* Facsimile Reprints of the Quarto and first Folio; *b.* Parallel-Texts of the Quarto and First Folio, arranged so as to show their differences; *c.* a revised edition of the Play; the whole edited by Brinsley Nicholson, M.D.

3. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspere and Fletcher; *a.* A Reprint of the Quarto of 1636; *b.* a revised Edition, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index of all the words, distinguishing Shakspere's from Fletcher's, by Harold Littledale, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin.

4. *Cymbeline: a.* A Reprint of the Folio of 1623; *b.* a revised Edition with Introduction and Notes, by W. J. Craig, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Dublin.

The following works have been suggested for publication:—

1. Parallel Texts of the imperfect sketches of *b.* Hamlet and its Quarto 2 (with the Folio and a revised Text); *c.* Merry Wives of Windsor, and Folio 1; *d.* The Contention, and Henry VI, Part 2, in F1; The True Tragedy, and Henry VI, Part 3, in F1.

[1] The original Italian story by Luigi da Porto, 1530, with a Translation, &c., by Prof. G. Pace-Sanfelice, can be had at Glaisher's, 265, High-Holborn, for 1*s.*; the facsimile Quarto of *Much Adoe*, 1600, for 1*s.*, and Booth's reprint of the Folio for 12*s.* 6*d.*

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PRESENTED

TO THE MEMBERS

OF

The New Shakspere Society

BY

H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD,

ONE OF THE VICE-PRESIDENTS OF THE SOCIETY.

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

Parallel Texts of the First Two Quartos,

(Q1) 1597—Q2, 1599.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.

Univ. of California

PUBLISHED FOR

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BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,

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3

Series II. No. 1.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

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INTRODUCTION.

In laying this work before the New Shakspere Society I wish it to be distinctly understood that I claim no credit for originality either of plan or execution.

The plan was suggested by Mr James Spedding, the Editor of Bacon's Works; and at Mr Furnivall's instance I undertook the work, which had indeed been already carried out, for German students, by Professor Tycho Mommsen in his parallel-text edition of the first two quartos of this play, published at Oldenburgh, in 1859. For the execution of it I am mainly indebted to the thorough and independent collations of the early texts contained in Professor Mommsen's book, and in the 'Cambridge Shakespeare' edited by Messrs W. G. Clark and W. Aldis Wright. Without the assistance afforded me by these important works I could not, or certainly would not, have engaged in this task; with it I have been enabled to compile a work which I believe will be found to be useful to the Shaksperian student.

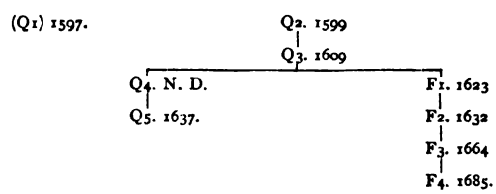
The one object I have endeavoured to keep steadily in view has been the collection in a convenient form of every scrap of material afforded by the old editions which could possibly aid or be deserving of consideration in the great work of the restoration of Shakspere's text. And these materials I have endeavoured to free from the utterly useless rubbish which is found in all the old editions. In the text of the quartos here reprinted, no departure from the originals, however obviously corrupt, has knowingly been permitted; in the collations given in the margin, only the corrections and varied readings of the subsequent editions are recorded; the obvious blunders of those editions are excluded except in cases where they have given rise to a plausible variation in a later edition. For instance, in Act I. Sc. i. l. 127, I have not recorded the obvious blunder of Q3 and Ff. in printing *honour* for *humour;* but the obvious blunder of F1, Act II. Sc. v. l. 51, in printing *so well* for *not well* is noted, as it accounts for the plausible conjectural emendation of the later Folios, *so ill.* So again, in Act III. Sc. ii. l. 57, *bedawde* (for *bedawlde*) of Q4 accounts for *bedeaw'd* of Q5, and has accordingly found a place in my margins. It will be seen however that I have not been severe in the application of this rule, and many varying errors have been admitted, which doubtless might have been rejected. Those who are curious to ascertain the amount of error in the old copies may consult the collations of Mommsen and the Cambridge editors, where they will find many instances of printers' blunders recorded, such as by no possibility could be deserving of a moment's consideration in the settlement of

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the text. In saying this I must not be understood as casting a slur on the German and Cambridge editions; on the contrary, their editors in their minute collation of errors have done most excellent and invaluable work. They have accumulated decisive evidence as to the chronology of the old copies. That end however being attained, and the order and origin of each Quarto and Folio being finally determined, it would have been a waste of space and, worse, a hindrance, to encumber these pages with material which, having served its purpose, may now once for all be cast aside.

The dates and pedigree of the several Quartos and Folios are as here set out.



The title-pages of Q3, 4, and 5 are as follows:—

Q3. THE | MOST EX-|CELLENT AND | Lamentable Tragedie, of | *Romeo and Iuliet.* | As it hath beene ſundrie times publiquely Acted, | by the KINGS Maieſties Seruants | at the Globe. | Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: | [Printer's (?) Device. *Rose and Crown.*] LONDON | Printed for IOHN SMETHWICK, and are to be ſold | at his Shop in Saint *Dunſtanes* Church-yard, | in Fleeteſtreete vnder the Dyall. | 1609.

Q4. THE MOST | EXCELLENT | And Lamentable Tragedie, | of ROMEO and | IVLIET. | As it hath beene ſundrie times publikely Acted, | by the KINGS Maiesties Seruants | at the GLOBE. | *Newly Corrected, augmented, and amended.* | [Smethwick's Device. A *smeath* holding in its bill a scroll inscribed *Wick.* The motto, *Non altum peto. I. S.*] LONDON, | Printed for *Iohn Smethwicke*, and are to bee ſold at his Shop in | Saint *Dunſtanes* Churchyard, in Fleeteſtreete | vnder the Dyall.

[Note. 'It is a curious fact that after some copies of the undated edition had been published, having Shakespeare's name on the title-page, that name was omitted in the copies which were subsequently issued.'—HALLIWELL.

'Its title-page bears for the first time the name of the author. After the word "Globe" and in a separate line we find the words: "Written by W. *Shakespeare.*" '—CAM. EDD.

The copy in the British Museum (Press Mark, C. 34. k. 56) is without the author's name. It is conjecturally dated, in the catalogue, '[1607]' and is probably the 'quarto in 1607' mentioned by Knight.—ED.]

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Q5. THE MOST | EXCELLENT | And Lamentable Tragedie | of Romeo and | Juliet. | As it hath been ſundry times publikely Acted | by the KINGS Majesties Servants | at the *Globe.* | Written by *W. Shake-speare.* | *Newly corrected, augmented, and amended.* | [Smethwick's Device.] LONDON, | Printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke,* and are to be sold at | his Shop in St. *Dunstans* Church-yard in Fleet street, | under the Dyall. 1637.

A hasty and separate perusal of (Q1) may leave the reader with the impression that it represents an earlier play than that given in the subsequent editions; read line for line with Q2 its true character soon becomes apparent. It is an edition made up partly from copies of portions of the original play, partly from recollection and from notes taken during the performance. Q2 gives us for the first time a substantially true representation of the original play. Still (Q1) is of great value as it affords the means of correcting many errors which had crept into the 'copy' from which Q2 was printed, and also, in its more perfect portions, affords conclusive evidence that that 'copy' underwent revision, received some slight augmentations, and, in some few places, must have been entirely re-written. This opinion is the result of my own independent investigations; but I do not put it forward as an original theory: I am happy to say that it places me in more or less close agreement with Mommsen, Collier, Grant White, the Cambridge editors, etc., to whose notes I refer the reader. As however the study of this question, on which great diversity of opinion has been entertained, may perhaps be facilitated by pointing out the evidences contained in the parallel texts which led me to the opinion expressed above, I have here set them forth as briefly as possible under their several headings.

TRUE REPRESENTATION IN (Q1) OF PORTIONS OF THE ORIGINAL PLAY.

Act I. Sc. i. lines 153—214. The Dialogue between Romeo and Benvolio is line for line and almost word for word the same in both quartos. So again nearly the whole of Act I. Sc. ii. between Capulet and Paris in the first instance, and then between Capulet's servant and Romeo and Benvolio. Act I. Sc. iii. Juliet, her mother, and the Nurse; the first 28 lines of this scene are absolutely identical in both quartos. Act I. Sc. iv. Romeo and his friends prepare for their visit in masquerade to Capulet's house; with the exception of some *omissions,* and the imperfect version of the Queen Mab speech, the two quartos are here again substantially identical. So again in Act I. Sc. v. from the entry of the guests to the end, allowing for omissions in (Q1) and evident revisions in Q2, both quartos are substantially identical. The same may be said for Act II. Sc. i. ii. the famous balcony scene; for Sc. iii. between Romeo and Friar Lawrence; and for the larger portion of Sc. iv. between Benvolio, Mercutio, Romeo, the Nurse and her man Peter.

Act III. Sc. ii. The Nurse announces to Juliet the banishment of Romeo. The Nurse's speeches in this scene are substantially identical in both quartos. Act III. Sc. iii. Romeo in concealment at the Friar's cell. By far the greater portion of this scene as given in (Q1) is substantially identical with Q2. Act III. Sc. v. The parting of the

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Lovers in the first part of this scene is much alike in both quartos. So is the latter part of the scene, allowing for omissions in (Q1).

Act IV. Sc. i. At the Friar's cell. In both quartos the first part of this scene, till the exit of Paris, is almost identical. From this point to the end only scattered fragments of what I believe to have been the original play, as given in Q2, are to be found in (Q1).

SHORTENED PASSAGES.

Act I. Sc. i. The Prince's speech when he arrives to part the fray.—The dialogue between Mountague, his wife, and Benvolio. (Benvolio's account of the fray breaks down after the first two lines; but that his description, as given in Q2, was in existence when (Q1) was printed seems manifest when we examine his confused account in (Q1) of the fight in which Mercutio and Tibalt are slain (Act III. Sc. i.). There will be found one of the lines—'While we [they] were enterchaunging thrusts and blows'—which (Q1) here omits. Mountague omits the description of Romeo's melancholy humour, yet his remark—'Black and portentous must this humour prove,' etc., is retained.) Other evidence of shortened representation will be found in the abruptness of the conclusion of this scene in (Q1), together with the absolute agreement of the additional lines, given in Q2, with what had gone before. In Act I. Sc. iii. in the latter part of the scene, Lady Capulet's description of Paris, lines 66—81, was certainly not *added* in Q2, therefore its non-appearance in (Q1) may fairly be set down as the result of *omission*.

For the rest the gaps made in the text of (Q1) in arranging it opposite that of Q2 so clearly show the places where omissions are to be looked for, that it is needless to point them out here. I know of no passage of any importance throughout the play which was not probably in existence at the time (Q1) was printed. Here of course reserve must be made for substituted, revised, and slightly augmented passages.

IMPERFECT REPRESENTATION.

Compare in both Quartos, the Prologue, and, in the opening Scene, the dialogue between the Servants up to the actual commencement of the fray, and the summing up in (Q1) of the whole conduct of the fray in a descriptive stage direction. The impression this leaves on me is, that (Q1) is a text carelessly made up from imperfect notes. Other principal passages where this imperfect representation is apparent are Act I. Sc. iv., Mercutio's description of Queen Mab. Act II. Sc. v. Where the Nurse gives an account to Juliet of her embassage. Act III. Sc. i. In which occurs the fatal affray in which Mercutio and Tybalt are slain. Act III. Sc. ii. In which the Nurse brings the account of Tybalt's death and Romeo's banishment to Juliet. (It should be however noted, that in this scene the corruptions and omissions are almost exclusively confined to Juliet's speeches; those of the Nurse are nearly perfect. Of the twenty-eight lines given to her in Q2, more than twenty are found in (Q1); and one of the additional lines of Q2—'Ah where's my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ'—had been already given in (Q1) in Act II. Sc. v.)

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Act III. Sc. v. After the departure of Romeo till the entry of Capulet.

Act IV. Sc. ii. to the end of the play. The greater portion of all this is evidently the result of rough notes carelessly made up. Here and there fragments more or less perfect of the original play are noticeable, and some passages (which I shall point out under their proper heading) seem to indicate a radical difference between the original play and that given in Q2. Note, as a particular instance of imperfect rendering, in Act V. Sc. i. Romeo's soliloquy on the Apothecary and his Shop.

PASSAGES POSSIBLY RE-WRITTEN FOR Q2.

Act II. Sc. vi. Romeo and Juliet meet at the Friar's cell to be married.

Act IV. Sc. v. The lamentations over the supposed dead body of Juliet.

Act V. Sc. iii. l. 12—17. Paris' address before the tomb of Juliet.

The essential differences between the two quartos in these passages cannot be accounted for as the result of imperfect note-taking during the performance. If they really existed in the original play in anything like the form they present in (Q1) they must have been re-written for Q2.

EVIDENCE OF REVISION OF THE 'COPY' FROM WHICH Q2 WAS PRINTED.

Proofs of this revision will be found throughout the Play; but here I shall content myself with giving two instances, the whole evidence for which will be found in the parallel texts, and which, as they admit of no doubt, will best serve the purpose of directing attention to this peculiarity of Q2. Act II. Sc. iii. lines 1—4. 'The grey eyde morne,' etc. Both quartos begin this scene with these four lines; but on comparison it will be seen that (Q1) has the better version: if, now, the reader will cast his eye higher up the page of Q2 he will find a third version of these four lines inserted in the midst of Romeo's last speech in the preceding scene. How did it come there? Evidently this third version was intended by the author as a substitute for the inferior version that (by the carelessness of the transcriber) had got into the 'copy' prepared for the printer of Q2; it was written on the margin, or on a paper attached to it. By an oversight, however, the original lines in the 'copy' were not struck through; and by a blunder the printer misplaced the revision where we now see it.

Act III. Sc. iii. lines 38—45. The admirable confusion these lines present in Q2 is here clearly the result of the revision of the 'copy' from which it was printed. The text of that copy must in the first instance have been identical with that presented by (Q1), which I here print in roman type, placing in the margin, in italics, the additions and revisions made on the 'copy' for Q2. I have also numbered the lines in the order it was intended they should appear.

1. And steale immortall kisses from her lips; *blessing*
2. *Who euen in pure and vestall modestie*
3. *Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.*
4. But Romeo may not, he is banished.
5. *This may flyes do, when I from this must flie,*
6. *They are freemen but I am banished.*
7. *And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?*

(5) Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.

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In the first line *blessing* was properly substituted for *kisses;* lines 2 and 3, which are purely parenthetical, should then alone have been introduced; but the printer took all the four lines (2, 3, 5, 7) which he found on the right-hand margin of his 'copy' and inserted them together, allowing the cancelled line (5), for which the marginal line 5 is a substitute, to remain in the text. Line 6, I must suppose, got into its proper place from having been written on the opposite margin.

For some other special instances of this revision I must refer the reader to the notes to my revised text of the Play. Act I. Sc. i. l. 122, 123, Sc. iv. l. 62—64; Act III. Sc. ii. l. 85, 87, Sc. v. l. 177—181; Act IV. Sc. i. l. 95—98, 110; Act V. Sc. iii. l. 102, 103, 107.

I have now only to add a few words in explanation of the plan of this work. Q2 is printed page for page and line for line with the original. The Acts and Scenes are numbered in the margin in accordance with the division of the 'Cambridge' and most modern editions. The lines of the text are numbered separately for each scene, but as printers' lines, it not being possible in this reprint to number them metrically.

(Q1), which is nearly one quarter less than Q2, ((Q1) has 2232 lines, including Prologue; Q2, 3007), has necessarily been printed with gaps in the text in order to bring the parallel passages of the two quartos as nearly opposite each other as possible. It is, however, printed line for line with the original, and the commencement of each page is marked with an asterisk.

The system I have adopted for the marginal notes is founded on that of the 'Cambridge Shakespeare,' and will present no difficulty to those accustomed to that edition. Q stands for Quarto; Qq. for the agreement of Q3, 4, 5; F for Folio; Ff. for the agreement of all the Folios. Only those quartos and folios are mentioned which differ from the text of Q2. To save space where the difference between the text of Q2 and other editions is merely a matter of punctuation, I have given the notes of punctuation within brackets, thus, Act I. Sc. i. l. 23, '*maids.*] [?] Ff. [!] Q5.' signifies that the Folios instead of a period have a note of interrogation after *maids* and Q5 a note of exclamation. It is of course only in passages where the sense is affected that I have taken notice of the punctuation.

The Society is much indebted to the liberality of Mr F. W. Cosens for the loan of his valuable facsimiles (Ashbee's) of the Quarto editions, the temporary possession of which has greatly facilitated my task.

P. A. DANIEL.

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

A Parallel Text Edition of the First Two Quartos,

(Q1) 1597—Q2, 1599,

ARRANGED SO AS TO SHEW THEIR DIFFERENCES,

AND WITH

COLLATIONS OF THE OTHER QUARTOS AND THE FOLIOS.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.

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AN EXCELLENT conceited Tragedie OF Romeo and Iuliet.

As it hath been often (with great applauſe) plaid publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of *Hunſdon* his Seruants.



LONDON,
Printed by Iohn Danter.
1 5 9 7.

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THE MOST EXcellent and lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and *Iuliet.*

Newly corrected, augmented, and amended:

As it hath bene ſundry times publiquely acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be ſold at his ſhop neare the Exchange.
1599.

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The Prologue.

TVVo houſhold Frends alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona, *where we lay out Scene)*
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
VVhoſe ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of ſtarre-croſt Louers tooke their life:
VVhoſe miſaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,

(Through the continuing of their Fathers ſtrife,
And death-markt paſſage of their Parents rage)

Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
VVhat here we want wee'l ſtudie to amend.

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The Prologue.

This Prologue is omitted in the Folio editions.

Corus.

Chorus. Qq.

Two houſholds both alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona *where we lay our Scene)*
From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,
where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of ſtarre-croſt louers, take their life:
whoſe miſaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
Doth with their death burie their Parents ſtrife.
The fearfull paſſage of their death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their Parents rage:
which but their childrens end nought could remoue:
Is now the two houres trafficque of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
what heare ſhall miſſe, our toyle ſhall ſtriue to mend.

14. *heare*] *here* Qq.

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[In this column the beginning of each page of the original edition of (Q1) is marked with an asterisk.]

The most excellent Tragedie of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

Enter 2. Seruing-men of the Capolets. I. 1.

GRegorie, of my word Ile carrie no coales.
2 No, for if you doo, you ſhould be a Collier.
1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.
2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the collar.
1 I ſtrike quickly being moou'd.
2 I, but you are not quickly moou'd to ſtrike.
1 A Dog of the houſe of the *Mountagues* moues me.
2 To mooue is to ſtirre, and to bee valiant is to ſtand to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't runne away.
1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take the wall of.
2 That ſhewes thee a weakling, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.
1 Thats true, therefore Ile thruſt the men from the wall, and thruſt the maids to the walls: nay, thou ſhalt ſee I am a tall peece of fleſh.
2 Tis well thou art not fiſh, for if thou wert thou wouldſt be but poore Iohn.
1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile firſt begin with the maids, & off with their heads.

2 The

THE MOST EX-

cellent and lamentable

Tragedie, of *Romeo* and *Iuliet.*

[THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and IVLIET.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima] Ff.

I. 1. ACT I. SCENE 1.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregorie, *with Swords and Bucklers, of the houſe of* Capulet.

Samp. *Gregorie,* on my word weele not carrie Coles.
Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Collyers.
Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.
Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke out of choller.
Samp. I ſtrike quickly being moued.
Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to ſtrike.
Samp. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague* moues me.
Grego. To moue is to ſtirre, and to be valiant, is to ſtand: Therefore if thou art moued thou runſt away.
Samp. A dog of that houſe ſhall moue me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mountagues.*
Grego. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlaue, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.
Samp. Tis true, & therfore women being the weaker veſſels are euer thruſt to the wall: therfore I wil puſh *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thruſt his maides to the wall.
Greg. The quarell is betweene our maiſters, and vs their men.
Samp. Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be ciuil with the maides, I will cut off their heads.

1. *on*] *A* F1, 2, 3. *a* F4.
3. *and*] *if* Ff.
4. *of choller*] *of the coller* Q4, 5. (*collar* Q5.) *o' th Collar* Ff. (*o' th'* F3, 4.)
13. *a weake ſlaue.*] *weak ſlave,* F2, 3. *weak, Slave,* F4.
15. *Tis true*] *True* Ff. *weaker*] *weakest* F3, 4.
21. *ciuil*] *ciuill* Q3, F1. *civill* F2. *cruell* Q4, 5. *civil* F3, 4. *I will cut*] *and cut* Ff.

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2 The heads of the maids?

* 1 I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades, take it in what ſence thou wilt.

2 Nay let them take it in ſence that ſcele it, but heere comes two of the *Mountagues*.

Enter two Seruingmen of the Mountagues.

1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.

2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.

1 Nay let vs haue the law on our ſide, let them begin firſt. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my thumbe, which is diſgrace enough if they ſuffer it.

2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile come after and frowne.

1 *Moun:* Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe.

2 *Moun:* I but i'ſt at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our ſide?

2 No.

1 I bite my thumbe.

1 *Moun:* I but i'ſt at vs? *Enter Benuolio.*

2 Say I, here comes my Maſters kinſman.

They draw, to them enters Tybalt, *they fight, to them the Prince, old* Mountague, *and his wife, old* Capulet *and his wife, and other Citizens and part them.*

Prince:

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Grego. The heads of the maids.

Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it ſenſe that feele it.

Samp. Me they ſhall feele while I am able to ſtand, and tis knowne I am a pretie peece of fleſh.

Greg. Tis well thou art not fiſh, if thou hadſt, thou hadſt bin poore Iohn: draw thy toole, here comes of the houſe of *Mountagues.*

Enter two other ſeruing men.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarell, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee.

Sam. Let vs take the law of our ſides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I paſſe by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is diſgrace to them if they beare it.

Abram. Do you bite your thumbe at vs ſir?

Samp. I do bite my thumbe ſir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at vs ſir?

Samp. Is the law of our ſide if I ſay I?

Greg. No.

Samp. No ſir, I do not bite my thumbe at you ſir, but I bite my thumbe ſir.

Greg. Do you quarell ſir?

Abra. Quarell ſir, no ſir.

Sā. But if you do ſir, I am for you, I ſerue as good a mā as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well ſir. *Enter Benuolio.*

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my maiſters kinſmen.

Sam. Yes better ſir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy waſhing blowe. *They fight.*

Benuo. Part fooles, put vp your ſwords, you know not what you do. *Enter*

23. *maids.*] [?] Ff. [!] Q5.

26. *sense?*] *in sense* Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.

30. *Mountagues*] *the Mountagues* Ff.

33. *How,*] [?] Ff.
backe] [,] F1. [;] F2.
runne?] [.] F1, 2.

35. *thee.*] [!] Q5.

39. *is*] *is a* Qq. Ff.

43. *of*] *on* Q5.

48. *sir,*] [?] Ff.

49. *But if*] *If* Ff.

50. *better.*] [?] Ff.

53. *sir*] om. Ff.

55. *washing*] *swashing* Q4, 5.

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Prince: Rebellious ſubiects enemies to peace,

On paine of torture, from thoſe bloody handes
Throw your miſtempered weapons to the ground.

Three Ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,
By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice diſturbd the quiet of our ſtreets.

If euer you diſturbe our ſtreets againe,

Your

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Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What art thou drawne among theſe hartleſſe hindes?
turne thee *Benuolio,* looke vpon thy death.
Benuo. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy ſword,
or manage it to part theſe men with me.
Tib. What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word,
as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee:
Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs or partyſons.

Offi. Clubs, Bils and Partiſons, ſtrike, beate them downe,
Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet *in his gowne, and his wife.*

Capu. What noyſe is this? giue me my long ſword hoe.
Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a ſword?
Cap. My ſword I ſay, old *Mountague* is come,
And floriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Mountague *and his wife.*

Mount. Thou villaine *Capulet,* hold me not, let me go.
M. *Wife.* 2. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foote to ſeeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, *with his traine.*

Prince. Rebellious ſubiects enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtayned ſteele,
Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beaſts:
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountaines iſſuing from your veines:
On paine of torture from thoſe bloudie hands,
Throw your miſtempered weapons to the ground,
And heare the ſentence of your moued Prince.
Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague,*
Haue thrice diſturbd the quiet of our ſtreets,
And made *Neronas* auncient Citizens,
Caſt by their graue beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate,
If euer you diſturbe our ſtreets againe,

Your

63. *drawne*] *draw* Ff.
[Fight] Ff.
[or partysons] *om.* Ff.
69. *crowch*] *crutch* Ff. Q5.
70. *My*] *A* F4.
72. *Capulet, hold*] *Capulet. Hold* Ff. *Capulet: hold* Q5.
73. *M. Wife.* 2.] 2. Wife. Ff.
one] *a* Ff.
79. *torture . . . hands,*] *Torture, . . . hands* F1, 2, 3, Q5. *torture, . . . hands,* Q4.
those] *these* F2, 3, 4.
80. *mistempered*] *mistemper'd* Ff. Q5.
82. *brawles*] *Broyles* Ff.
85. *Neronas*] *Verona's* Qq. Ff.

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* Your liues ſhall pay the ranſome of your fault:
For this time euery man depart in peace.
Come *Capulet* come you along with me,
And *Mouutague*, come you this after noone,
To know our farther pleaſure in this caſe,
To old free Towne our common iudgement place,
Once more on paine of death each man depart.

Exeunt.

M: wife. Who ſet this auncient quarrel firſt abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?
Benuo: Here were the ſeruants of your aduerſaries,
And yours cloſe fighting ere I did approch.

VVife: Ah where is *Romeo*, ſaw you him to day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.
Ben: Madame, an houre before the worſhipt ſunne
Peept through the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled thought drew me from companie:
Where vnderneath the groue *Sicamoure*,
That Weſtward rooteth from the Citties ſide,
So early walking might I ſee your ſonne.
I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thicket of the wood:
I noting his affections by mine owne,
That moſt are buſied when th'are moſt alone,

Purſued my honor, not purſuing his.

Moun:

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Your liues ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away:
You *Capulet* ſhall go along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleaſure in this caſe:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mounta. Who ſet this auncient quarell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the ſeruants of your aduerſarie
And yours, cloſe fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the inſtant came
The fierie *Tybalt*, with his ſword preparde,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He ſwoong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hiſt him in ſcorne:
While we were enterchaunging thruſts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, ſaw you him to day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.
Benuo. Madam, an houre before the worſhipt Sun,
Peerde forth the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled minde driue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
That Weſtward rooteth from this Citie ſide:
So early walking did I ſee your ſonne,
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And ſtole into the couert of the wood,
I meaſuring his affections by my owne,
Which then moſt ſought, where moſt might not be (found:
Being one too many by my wearie ſelfe,
Purſued my humor, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunned, who gladly fled from me.
Mounta. Many a morning hath he there bin ſeene,

With

94 *farther*] *Fathers* Q3, F1, 2, 3. *Father's* F4. *further* Q5.

104. *swoong*] *swong* Qq. Ff.

110. *I am*] *am I* Qq. Ff.

113. *driue*] *drave* Qq. Ff.

114. *Syramour*] *sycamore* Q5. *sycamour* Ff.

120. *sought,*] [,] om. Q5.

1-3. *shunned*] *shunn'd* Ff. Q5.

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Moun: Black and portentious muſt this honor proue,
Vnleſſe good counſaile doo the cauſe remooue.
Ben: Why tell me Vncle do you know the cauſe?
Enter Romeo.
Moun: I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

Ben: See where he is, but ſtand you both aſide,
Ile know his grieuance, or be much denied.
Mount: I would thou wert ſo happie by thy ſtay
To heare true ſhrift. Come Madame lets away.
Benuo: Good morrow Coſen.
Romeo: Is the day ſo young?
Ben: But new ſtroke nine.
Romeo: Ay me, ſad hopes ſeeme long.
Was that my Father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben: It was, what ſorrow lengthens *Romeos* houres?

Rom:

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With teares augmenting the freſh mornings deawe,
Adding to cloudes, more clowdes with his deepe ſighes,
But all ſo ſoone, as the alcheering Sunne,
Should in the fartheſt Eaſt begin to draw,
The ſhadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light ſteales home my heauie ſonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himſelfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
And makes himſelfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous muſt this humor proue,
Vnleſſe good counſell may the cauſe remoue.
Ben. My Noble Vncle do you know the cauſe?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?
Moun. Both by my ſelfe and many other friends,
But he is owne affections counſeller,
Is to himſelfe (I will not ſay how true)
But to himſelfe ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So farre from ſounding and diſcouerie,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his bewtie to the ſame.
Could we but learne from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly giue cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where he comes, ſo pleaſe you ſtep aſide,
Ile know his greeuance or be much denide.
Moun. I would thou wert ſo happie by thy ſtay,
To heare true ſhrift, come Madam lets away.

Exeunt.

Benuol. Good morrow Couſin.
Romeo. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtrooke nine.
Romeo. Ay me, ſad houres ſeeme long:
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was: what ſadneſſe lengthens *Romeos* houres?

125. *mornings*] *morning* F3, 4.
127. *alcheering*] *all cheering* Qq. *all-cheering* Ff.
134. *portendous*] *portentous* F2, 3, 4.
139. *other*] *others* F1.
140. *is*] *his* Qq. Ff.

Rom: Not hauing that, which hauing makes them
Ben: In loue. (ſhort.
Ro: Out.
Ben: Of loue.
Ro: Out of her fauor where I am in loue.
Ben: Alas that loue ſo gentle in her view,
Should be ſo tyrranous and rough in proofe.
Ro: Alas that loue whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will:
Where ſhall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue,
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O anie thing, of nothing firſt create!
O heauie lightnes ſerious vanitie!
Miſhapen *Caos* of beſt ſeeming thinges,
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſicke health,
Still waking ſleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.
Doeſt thou not laugh?
Ben: No Coſe I rather weepe.
Rom: Good hart at what?
Ben: At thy good hearts oppreſsion.
Ro: Why ſuch is loues tranſgreſsion,
* Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,
Which thou wouldſt propagate to haue them preſt
With more of thine, this griefe that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne:
Loue is a ſmoke raiſde with the fume of ſighes
Being purgde, a fire ſparkling in louers eyes:
Being vext, a ſea raging with a louers teares.
What is it elſe? A madnes moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall, and a preſeruing ſweet. Farewell Coſe.

Ben: Nay Ile goe along.
And if you hinder me you doo me wrong

Ro:

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Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes thē ſhort.
Ben. In loue.
Rom. Out.
Ben. Of loue.
Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tirannous and rough in proofe.
Romeo. Alas that loue, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes, ſee pathwaies to his will:
Where ſhall we dine? ô me! what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to do with hate, but more with loue:
Why then ô brawling loue, ô louing hate,
O any thing of nothing firſt created:
O heauie lightneſſe, ſerious vanitie,
Miſhapen Chaos of welſeeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fier, ſicke health,
Still waking ſleepe that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doeſt thou not laugh?
Benu. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good hart at what?
Benu. At thy good harts oppreſſion.
Romeo. Why ſuch is loues tranſgreſſion:
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breaſt,
Which thou wilt propogate to haue it preaſt,
With more of thine, this loue that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth ad more griefe, too too much of mine owne.
Loue is a ſmoke made with the fume of ſighes,
Being purgd, a fire ſparkling in louers eies,
Being vext, a ſea nouriſht with louing teares,
What is it elſe? a madneſſe, moſt diſcreete,
A choking gall, and a preſeruing ſweete:
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft I will go along:
And if you leaue me ſo, you do me wrong.

160. *In loue.*] [?] Q5.
162. *Of loue.*] [?] Q5.
172. *created*] *create* F2, 3, 4.
174. *welseeing*] *welseeming* Q4 F2. *well seeming* Q5. *well-seeming* F3, 4.
183. *mine*] *my* Q4, 5.
184. *propogate*] *propagate* Qq. Ff.
186. *too too*] *to too* Qq. Ff.
187. *with*] *of* F4.

But

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Ro: Tut I haue loſt my ſelfe I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's ſome other where.
Ben: Tell me in ſadnes whome ſhe is you loue?
Ro: What ſhall I grone and tell thee?
Ben: Why no, but ſadly tell me who.
Ro: Bid a ſickman in ſadnes make his will.
Ah word ill vrgde to one that is ſo ill.
In ſadnes Coſen I doo loue a woman.
Ben: I aimde ſo right, when as you ſaid you lou'd.
Ro: A right good mark-man, and ſhee's faire I loue.
Ben: A right faire marke faire Coſe is ſooneſt hit.
Ro: But in that hit you miſſe, ſhee'le not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, ſhe hath *Dianaes* wit,
And in ſtrong proofe of chaſtitie well arm'd:
Gainſt *Cupids* childiſh bow ſhe liues vnharm'd,
Shee'le not abide the ſiedge of louing tearmes,

Nor ope her lap to Saint ſeducing gold,
Ah ſhe is rich in beautie, only poore,
That when ſhe dies with beautie dies her ſtore. *Exeu.*

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Rom. Tut I haue loſt my ſelfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hees ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſſe, who is that you loue?
Ro. What ſhall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no: but ſadly tell me who?
Ro. A ſicke man in ſadneſſe makes his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is ſo ill:
In ſadneſſe Cozin, I do loue a woman.
Ben. I aymde ſo neare, when I ſuppoſde you lou'd.
Ro. A right good mark man, and ſhees faire I loue.
Ben. A right faire marke faire Coze is ſooneſt hit.
Romeo. Well in that hit you miſſe, ſheel not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, ſhe hath *Dians* wit:
And in ſtrong proofe of chaſtitie well armd,
From loues weak childiſh bow ſhe liues vncharmd.
Shee will not ſtay the ſiege of louing tearmes,
Nor bide th'incounter of aſſailing eies.
Nor ope her lap to ſainct ſeducing gold,
O ſhe is rich, in bewtie onely poore,
That when ſhe dies, with bewtie dies her ſtore.
Ben. Thē ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe wil ſtil liue chaſte?
Ro. She hath, and in that ſparing, make huge waſte:
For bewtie ſteru'd with her ſeueritie,
Cuts bewtie off from all poſteritie.
She is too faire, too wiſe, wiſely too faire,
To merit bliſſe by making me diſpaire:
Shee hath forſworne to loue, and in that vow,
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.
Ro. O teach me how I ſhould forget to thinke.
Ben. By giuing libertie vnto thine eyes,
Examine other bewties.
Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquiſit) in queſtion more,
Theſe happie maskes that kis faire Ladies browes,
Being black, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is ſtrooken blind, cannot forget

195. *Tut*] *But* F3, 4.
199. *me who?*] *me who:* Q4. *me who.* F1, 2, 3, Q5. *me, who.* F4.
200. *A . . . makes*] *Bid a . . . make* Q4, 5. *A . . . in good sadness makes* F2, 3, 4.
201. *A word*] *O, word* F2, 3, 4.
204. *mark man*] *marks-man* F3, 4.
213. *rich, in bewtie*] *rich in beauty,* Qq. Ff.
216. *make*] *makes* F2, 3, 4, Q4, 5.
217. *steru'd*] *starv'd* F4.
219. *is too*] *is to* Q4.
wise, wisely] *wisewi: scly* F1. *wise wisely* F2.
228. *These*] *Those* F3, 4.
229. *puts*] *put* Q5, F3, 4.
230. *strooken*] *strucken* Q5, F3, 4.

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Enter Countie Paris, *old* Capulet. I. 2.

Of honorable reckoning are they both,
* And pittie tis they liue at ods ſo long:
But leauing that, what ſay you to my ſute?
Capu: What ſhould I ſay more than I ſaid before,
My daughter is a ſtranger in the world,
Shee hath not yet attainde to fourteene yeares:
Let two more ſommers wither in their pride,
Before ſhe can be thought fit for a Bride.
Paris: Younger than ſhe are happie mothers made.
Cap: But too ſoone marde are theſe ſo early maried:

But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My word to her conſent is but a part.

This night I hold an old accuſtom'd Feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a gueſt,
Such as I loue: yet you among the ſtore,
One more moſt welcome makes the number more.
At my poore houſe you ſhall behold this night,
Earth treadding ſtars, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as doo luſty youngmen feele,
When well apparaild Aprill on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, euen ſuch delights
Amongſt freſh female buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe, heare all, all ſee, And

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The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt,
Shew me a miſtreſſe that is paſſing faire,
What doth her bewtie ſerue but as a note,
Where I may reade who paſt that paſſing faire:
Farewel, thou canſt not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt. *Exeunt.*

I. 2. *Enter* Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

Capu. But *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penaltie alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men ſo old as we to keepe the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis, you liu'd at ods ſo long:
But now my Lord, what ſay you to my ſute?
Capu. But ſaying ore what I haue ſaid before,
My child is yet a ſtraunger in the world,
Shee hath not ſeene the chaunge of fourteen yeares,
~~Let two more Sommers~~ wither in their pride,
~~Ere we may~~ thinke her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger then ſhe, are happie mothers made.
Capu. And too ſoone mard are thoſe ſo early made:
Earth hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe,
Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her hart,
My will to her conſent, is but a part.
And ſhee agreed, within her ſcope of choiſe
Lyes my conſent, and faire according voyce:
This night I hold, an old accuſtomd feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a gueſt:
Such as I loue, and you among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome makes my number more:
At my poore houſe, looke to behold this night,
Earthtreading ſtarres, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as do luſtie young men feele,
When well appareld Aprill on the heele,
Of limping winter treads, euen ſuch delight
Among freſh fennell buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe, heare all, all ſee: And

ACT I. SCENE 2.

1. *But*] om. Q3, Ff. *And* Q4, 5.

14. *Earth*] *The earth* Q4, 5. *Earth up* F2, 3, 4. *swallowed*]*swallow'd* Q5.

15. *Shees*] *Shee's* F1. *She is* Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.

18. *agreed*] *agree* Qq. Ff.

29. *fennell*] *Female* F2, 3, 4.

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And like her moſt, whoſe merite moſt ſhalbe.
Such amongſt view of many myne beeing one,
May ſtand in number though in reckoning none.
Enter Seruingman.
Where are you ſirra, goe trudge about
Through faire *Verona* ſtreets, and ſeeke them out:
Whoſe names are written here and to them ſay,
My houſe and ~~welcome~~ at their pleaſure ſtay.
Exeunt.

* *Ser:* Seeke them out whoſe names are written here, and yet I knowe not who are written here: I muſt to the learned to learne of them, that's as much to ſay, as the Taylor muſt meddle with his Laſte, the Shoomaker with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fiſher with his Penſill, I muſt to the learned.
Enter Benuolio and Romeo.
Ben: Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is leſſned with anothers anguiſh:
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,
One deſperate griefe cures with anothers languiſh.
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the ranke poyſon of the old will die.
Romeo: Your Planton leafe is excellent for
Ben: For what?
Romeo: For your broken ſhin.
Ben: Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom: Not mad, but bound more than a madman is.
Shut vp in priſon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.
Ser: Godgigoden, I pray ſir can you read,
Rom: I mine owne fortune in my miſerie.
Ser: Perhaps you haue learned it without booke: but I pray can you read any thing you ſee?
Rom: I if I know the letters and the language.
Seru: Yee ſay honeſtly, reſt you merrie.
Rom: Stay fellow I can read.

He

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And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall bee:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reckning none.
Come go with me, go ſirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome, on their pleaſure ſtay.

Exit.

Seru. Find them out whoſe names are written. Here it is written, that the ſhoo-maker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his laſt, the fiſher with his penſill, & the painter with his nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſe names are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing perſon hath here writ (I muſt to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out, an others burning,
On paine is leſned by an others anguiſh,
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One deſperate greefe, cures with an others languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the ra[illegible] poyſon of the old will dye.
Romeo [illegible]lantan leafe is excellent for that.
Ben. For w[illegible] I pray thee?
Romeo. For your broken ſhin.
Ben. Why *Romeo*, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in priſon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray ſir can you read?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miſerie.
Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you ſee?
Rom. I if I know the letters and the language.
Ser. Yee ſay honeſtly, reſt you merrie.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

32. *one more view,*] (*veiw* Q3, F1.) *on more view* Q4, 5.
42. *here*] om. Ff.
44. *out,*] [,] om. Qq. Ff.
45. *On*] *One* Qq. Ff.
48. *thy eye*] *the eye* Qq. Ff.
56. *Godden*] *Good-e'en* F4.
57. *Godgigoden*] *God gi' Good-e'en* F4.
59. *learned*] *learn'd* Ff.

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He reads the Letter.

SEigneur Martino *and his wife and daughters, Countie* Anſelme *and his beauteous ſiſters, the Ladie widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louelie Neeces,* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine, *mine vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters, my faire Neece* Roſaline *and Liuia, Seigneur* Valentio *and his Coſen* Tibalt, Lucio *and the liuelie* Hellena.
A faire aſſembly, whether ſhould they come?
Ser: Vp.
Ro: Whether to ſupper?
Ser: To our houſe.
Ro: Whoſe houſe?
Ser: My Maſters.
Ro: Indeed I ſhould haue askt thee that before.
Ser: Now il'e tel you without asking. My Maſter is the great rich *Capulet,* and if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues,* I pray come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt [you merrie.
Ben: At this ſame auncient feaſt of *Capulets,*
Sups the faire R*oſaline* whom thou ſo loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona,*
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhew,
And I will make thee thinke thy ſwan a crow.
Ro: When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fire,
And theſe who often drownde could neuer die,
Tranſparent Heretiques be burnt for liers
One fairer than my loue, the all ſeeing ſonne
Nere ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.
Ben: Tut you ſaw her faire none els being by,
Her ſelfe poyſd with her ſelfe in either eye:
But in that Criſtall ſcales let there be waide,
Your Ladyes loue, againſt ſome other maide
That I will ſhew you ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well that now ſeemes beſt.
Rom: Ile goe along no ſuch ſight to be ſhowne, But

He reades the Letter.

64 S*Eigneur* Martino, & *his wife and daughters: Countie* Anſelmē
and his bewtious ſiſters: the Lady widdow of Vtruuio, *Seigneur*
Placentio, *and his louely Neeces* : Mercutio *and his brother* Va-
lentine: *mine Vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters: my faire Neece*
68 Roſaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his Coſen* Tybalt: Lucio
and the liuely Hellena.
A faire aſſemblie, whither ſhould they come?

Ser. Vp.

72 *Ro.* Whither to ſupper?

Ser. To our houſe.

Ro. Whoſe houſe?

Ser. My Maiſters.

76 *Ro.* Indeed I ſhould haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maiſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues*, I pray come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merrie. [Exit.] Ff.

80 *Ben.* At this ſame auncient feaſt of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Roſaline* whom thou ſo loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither, and with vnattainted eye,
84 Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee thinke thy ſwan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fier:
88 And theſe who often drownde, could neuer die,
Tranſparent Hereticques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue, the all ſeeing Sun,
Nere ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

92 *Ben.* Tut you ſaw her faire none elſe being by,
Her ſelfe poyſd with her ſelfe in either eye:
But in that Chriſtall ſcales let there be waide,
Your Ladies loue againſt ſome other maide:
96 That I will ſhew you ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well that now ſeemes beſt.

Ro. Ile go along no ſuch ſight to be ſhowne,

But

64. *daughters*] *daughter* Ff. *Anselmē*] *Anselme* Qq. F1, 2. *Anselm* F3, 4.
65. *Vtruuio*] *Vitruvio* F3, 4.
72, 73. *Whither to supper?* Ser. *To*] *Whither to supper.* Ser? *To* Q3. *Whither to supper.* Ser. *To* Q4. *Whither? to supper?* Ser. *To* Ff. Q5.
81. *loues*] *lovest* F2, 3, 4, Q5.
90. *love,*] [?] Q3, 4. [:] F1. [!] F2, 3, 4. Q5.
92. *Tut*] *Tut Tut* F2. *Tut, tut* F3, 4.
97. *seemes*] *shewes* Qq. F1, 2. *shews* F3, 4.

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* But to reioyce in ſplendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets wife and Nurce. I. 3.

VVife: Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.

Nurce: *Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid. VVher's this girle? what* Iuliet. *Enter Iuliet.* 4

Iuliet: How now who cals?

Nurce: *Your Mother.*

Iul: Madame I am here, what is your will?

VV: This is the matter. Nurſe giue leaue a while, we 8
muſt talke in ſecret. Nurce come back again I haue remembred me, thou'ſe heare our counſaile. Thou knoweſt my daughters of a prettie age.

Nurce: *Faith I can tell her age vnto a houre.* 12

VVife: Shee's not fourteene.

Nurce: *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it ſpoken, I haue but foure, ſhee's not fourteene. How long is it now to* Lammas-tide? 16

VVife: A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurce: *Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come* Lammas *Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene.* Suſan *and ſhe God reſt all Chriſtian ſoules were of an age. VVell* Suſan *is* 20
with God, ſhe was too good for me: But as I ſaid on Lammas *Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene, that ſhall ſhee marie I remember it well. Tis ſince the Earth-quake nowe eleauen yeares, and ſhe was weand I neuer ſhall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid* 24
wormewood to my dug, ſitting in the ſun vnder the Doue-houſe wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, *nay I do beare a braine; But as I ſaid, when it did taſt the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole* 28
* *to ſee it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-houſe twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and ſince that time it is eleauen yeare: for then could* Iuliet *ſtande high lone, nay by the Roode, ſhee could haue wadled vp and downe, for euen the day before ſhee brake her brow, and then* 32
my husband God be with his

But to reioyce in ſplendor of mine owne.

I. 3. *Enter* Capulets *Wife and Nurſe.*

Wife. Nurſe wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurſe. *Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie-bird, God forbid, Wheres this Girle? what* Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. *Your mother.*

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurſe giue leaue a while, we muſt talk in ſecret. Nurſe come backe againe, I haue remembred mee, thou'ſe heare our counſel. Thou knoweſt my daughters of a pretie age.

Nurſe. *Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.*

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurſe. *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it ſpoken, I haue but foure, ſhees not fourteene. How long is it now to* Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurſe. *Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come* Lammas *Eue at night, ſhal ſhe be fourteen.* Suſan *and ſhe, God reſt all Chriſtian ſoules, were of an age. Well* Suſan *is with God, ſhe was too good for me: But as I ſaid, on* Lammas *Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene, that ſhall ſhee marrie, I remember it well. Tis ſince the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and ſhe was weaned I neuer ſhall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laide worme-wood to my dug, ſitting in the ſun vnder the Doue-houſe wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I doo beare a braine. But as I ſaid, when it did taſte the worme-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretie foole, to ſee it teachie and fall out with the Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-houſe, twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and ſince that time it is a leuen yeares, for then ſhe could ſtand hy lone, nay by th' roode ſhe could haue run and wadled all about: for euen the day before ſhe broke her brow, and then my husband, God be with his*

ACT I. SCENE 3.

2. *yeare*] *yeeres* Q5. *years* F4.

10. *our*] *my* F4. *knowest*] *know'st* Q5.

14. *teene*] *teeth* F2, 3, 4.

19. *stal*] *shall* Qq. Ff.

21. *that*] *then* Q4, 5.

24. *of the*] *in the* Q5, F3, 4.

30. *a leuen*] *a eleuen* F1. *eleven* F2, 3, 4, Q5. *hylone*] *a lone* Q3. *alone* The rest.

31. *byth*] *bi' th* Q3, 4. *bi' th'* F1, 2, 3. *byth'* Q5, F4.

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his ſoule, hee was a merrie man: Doſt thou fall forward, Iuliet? *thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit: wilt thou not* Iuliet? *and by my holli-dam, the pretty foole left crying and ſaid I. To ſee how a* 35
ieaſt ſhall come about, I warrant you if I ſhould liue a hundred yeare, I neuer ſhould forget it, wilt thou not Iuliet? *and by my troth ſhe ſtinted and cried I.*

Iuliet: And ſtint thou too, I prethee Nurce ſay I.

Nurce: *VVell goe thy waies, God marke thee for his grace, thou wert the prettieſt Babe that euer I nurſt, might* 48
I but liue to ſee thee married once, I haue my wiſh.

VVife: And that ſame marriage Nurce, is the Theame I meant to talke of: Tell me *Iuliet,* howe ſtand you af- 52
fected to be married?

Iul: It is an honor that I dreame not off.

Nurce: *An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt wiſedome from thy Teat.*

VVife: Well girle, the Noble Countie *Paris* ſeekes 56
thee for his Wife.

Nurce: *A man young Ladie, Ladie ſuch a man as all the world, why he is a man of waxe.*

VVife: Veronaes Summer hath not ſuch a flower. 64

Nurce: *Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.*

VVife:

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his ſoule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth he, doeſt thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not Iule? *And by my holydam, the pretie wretch left*
crying, and ſaid I: to ſee now how a ieaſt ſhall come about: I warrant, and I ſhould liue a thouſand yeares, I neuer ſhould forget it: wilt thou not Iule *quoth he? and pretie foole it ſtinted, and ſaid I.*

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurſe. *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to thinke it ſhould leaue crying, and ſay I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bump as big as a young Cockrels ſtone: a perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall'ſt vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commeſt to age: wilt thou not* Iule? *It ſtinted, and ſaid I.*

Iuli. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee Nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou waſt the prettieſt babe that ere I nurſt, and I might liue to ſee thee married once, I haue my wiſh.

Old La. Marrie, that marrie is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be married?

Iuliet. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurſe. *An houre, were not I thine onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt wiſedome from thy teate.*

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made alreadie mothers by my count.
I was your mother, much vpon theſe yeares
That you are now a maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his loue.

Nurſe. A man young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.

Old La. Veronas Sommer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. *Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Old La. What ſay you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our feaſt,
Reade ore the volume of young *Paris* face,

And

35. *Iule*] *Iulet* F2, 3. *Iuliet* F4.
37. *and I should*] *and I shall* Qq. F1, 2.
38. *Iule*] *Iulet* F1, 2, 3. *Iuliet* F4.
41. *upon*] *on* Q5. *it brow*] *its brow* F3, 4.
44. *Iule*] *Iulet* F2, 3. *Iuliet* F4.
46. *stint thou*] *stent thou* F3. *stint thee* F4.
47. *too*] *to* F2, 3, 4. Q5.
51. *Iuliet*] *Iulet* F2, 3.
52. *dispositions*] *disposition* Ff.
53. *It is*] *'Tis* F3, 4. *houre*] *hour* F3, 4.
54. *houre*] *hour* F3, 4. *thine*] om. Q4, 5. *say*] *say that* F3, 4.
55. *wisdome*] *thy wisdome* Q4, 5.
58. *mothers by my count.*] ([,] Q4. [:] Q5) *mothers. By my count* Ff. (*count*, F2, 4.)
62. *world.*] [,] Q3, 5 [—] F4.
68. *Paris*] *Paris's* F4.

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VVife: Well *Iuliet*, how like you of *Paris* loue.
Iuliet: Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue,
But no more deepe will I engage mine eye,
Then your conſent giues ſtrength to make it flie.

[Enter Clowne] catch-word.

[*Enter Clowne.*]

Clowne: *Maddam you are cald for, ſupper is readie, the Nurce curſt in the Pantrie, all thinges in extreamitie, make haſt for I muſt be gone to waite.*

Enter Maskers with Romeo *and a Page.*

Ro: What ſhall this ſpeech bee ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without Apologie.
Benuoleo: The date is out of ſuch prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid* hudwinckt with a Scarfe,
Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath,
Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:
Nor no without booke Prologue faintly ſpoke
After the Prompter, for our entrance.
But let them meaſure vs by what they will,
Weele meaſure them a meaſure and be gone.
Rom: A torch for me I am not for this aumbling, Beeing

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And find delight, writ there with bewties pen,
Examine euery married liniament,
And ſee how one an other lends content·
And what obſcurde in this faire volume lies,
Finde written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound louer,
To bewtifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fiſh liues in the ſea, and tis much pride
For faire without the faire, within to hide:
That booke in manies eyes doth ſhare the glorie
That in gold claſpes locks in the golden ſtorie:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,
By hauing him, making your ſelfe no leſſe.
Nurſe. No leſſe, nay bigger women grow by men.
Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?
Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your conſent giues ſtrength to make flie. *Enter Seruing.*
Ser. Madam the gueſts are come, ſupper ſeru'd vp, you cald, my young Lady askt for, the Nurſe curſt in the Pantrie, and euerie thing in extremitie: I muſt hence to wait, I beſeech you follow ſtraight.
Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* the Countie ſtaies.
Nur. Go gyrle, ſeeke happie nights to happie dayes.
Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, *with fiue or ſixe other Maskers, torchbearers.*

ACT I. SCENE 4.

Romeo. What ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without appologie?
Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hudwinckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper.
But let them meaſure vs by what they will,
Weele meaſure them a meaſure and be gone.
Rom. Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,

70. *married*] *severall* Qq. Ff.
77. *faire, within*] [,] om. Qq. Ff.
78. *manies*] *many* Q5.
82. *bigger*] [:] Ff.
86. *make*] *make it* Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.
[Enter a Seruing man.] Ff.
[Exit.] Ff.
4. *hudwinckt*] *hood-winckt* Q4, 5, F4. *hood winkt* F1, 2, 3.

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Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.
Mer: Beleeue me *Romeo* I muſt haue you daunce.
Rom: Not I beleeue me you haue dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles, I haue a ſoule of lead
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot ſtirre.

Mer: Giue me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor, what care I
What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

Rom: Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart
Tickle the ſenceles ruſhes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a Grandſire phraſe,
Ile be a candleholder and looke on,
The game was nere ſo faire and I am done.
Mer: Tut dun's the mouſe, the Cunſtables old word,
If thou beeſt Dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Of this ſurreuerence loue wherein thou ſtickſt.
Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.
* *Rom:* Nay thats not ſo. *Mer:* I meane ſir in delay,
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,
Take our good meaning for our iudgement ſits

Three

Being but heauie I will beare the light.
Mercu. Nay gẽtle *Romeo*, we muſt haue you dance.
Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles, I haue a ſoule of Leade
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot moue.
Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And ſore with them aboue a common bound.
Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſore with his light feathers, and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauie birthen do I ſincke.
Horatio. And to ſink in it ſhould you burthen loue,
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.
Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boyſtrous, and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,
Giue me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor, what care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes ſhall bluſh for me.
Benu. Come knock and enter, and no ſooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.
Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the ſenceleſſe ruſhes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunfire phraſe,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere ſo faire, and I am dum.
Mer. Tut, duns the mouſe, the Conſtables own word
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or ſaue you reuerence loue, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Vp to the eares, come we burne daylight ho.
Ro. Nay thats not ſo.
Mer. I meane ſir in delay
We waſte our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our indgement ſits,

Fiue

13. *soule*] *soale* F1. *sole* F2, 3, 4.
17. *enpearced*] *impearced* F2, 3. *impierced* F4.
18. *so bound,*] *to bound:* F1, 4. *to bond:* F2, 3.
21. Horatio.] Hora. Ff. Mercu. Q4. Mer. Q5.
24. *boystrous*] *boysterous* Q3, 5, Ff.
and] om. F3, 4.
29. *cote*] *quote* Qq. Ff.
35. *graunsire*] *Grandsier* Ff. (*-sire* F4.)
37. *dum*] *dun* Qq. *done* F1, 2, 3. *Dun* F4.
39. *mire*] [.] Ff. [:] Q5.
40. *Or saue you reuerence*] (*your* Ff.) *Or, saue your reuerence*, F4.
42. *Nay*] om. Q4, 5.
43. *sir in delay*] *sir in delay*, Q4, 5. *sir I delay*, F1. *sir I, delay*, F2. *sir I delay.* F3. *sir, I delay.* F4.
44. *lights lights*] *lights, lights*, Ff.
45. *indgement*] *judgement* Qq. Ff.

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Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.
Rom: So we meane well by going to this maske:
But tis no wit to goe.
Mer: Why *Romeo* may one aske?
Rom: I dreamt a dreame to night.
Mer: And ſo did I. *Rom:* Why what was yours?
Mer: That dreamers often lie. (true.
Rom: In bed a ſleepe while they doe dreame things
Mer: Ah then I ſee Queene Mab hath bin with you.
Ben: Queene Mab whats ſhe?
She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come
In ſhape no bigger than an Aggat ſtone
On the forefinger of a Burgomaſter,
Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,
Athwart mens noſes when they lie a ſleepe.
Her waggon ſpokes are made of ſpinners webs,
The couer, of the winges of Graſhoppers,
The traces are the Moone-ſhine watrie beames,
The collers crickets bones, the laſh of filmes,
Her waggoner is a ſmall gray coated flie,
Not halfe ſo big as is a little worme,
Pickt from the laſie finger of a maide,
And in this ſort ſhe gallops vp and downe
Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue:
O're Courtiers knees: who ſtrait on curſies dreame
O're Ladies lips, who dreame on kiſſes ſtrait:
Which oft the angrie Mab with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breathes with ſweetmeats tainted are:
Sometimes ſhe gallops ore a Lawers lap,
* And then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſute,
And ſometime comes ſhe with a tithe pigs taile,
Tickling a Parſons noſe that lies a ſleepe,
And then dreames he of another benefice:
Sometime ſhe gallops ore a ſouldiers noſe,
And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
Of breaches ambuſcados, countermines,
Of healthes fiue fadome deepe, and then anon
Drums in his eare: at which he ſtartes and wakes,
And ſweares a Praier or two and ſleepes againe.
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,
And proues them women of good cariage. (the night,
This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horſes in
And plats the Elfelocks in foule ſluttiſh haire,
Which once vntangled much miſfortune breedes. *Rom:*

Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Ro. And we meane well in going to this Mask,
But tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Ro. Well what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Ro. In bed aſleep while they do dream things truē.
Mer. O then I ſee Queene Mab hath bin with you:
She is the Fairies midwife, and ſhe comes in ſhape no bigger thē an Agot ſtone, on the forefinger of an Alderman drawne with a teeme of little ottamie, ouer mens noſes as they lie aſleep: her waggō ſpokes made of lōg ſpinners legs: the couer, of the wings of Graſhoppers, her traces of the ſmalleſt ſpider web, her collors of the moonſhines watry beams, her whip of Crickets bone, the laſh of Philome, her waggoner, a ſmall grey coated Gnat, not half ſo big as a round litle worme, prickt from the lazie finger of a man. Her Charriot is an emptie Haſel nut, Made by the Ioyner ſquirrel or old Grub, time out amind, the Fairies Coatchmakers: and in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night, throgh louers brains, and then they dreame of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſies ſtrait, ore Lawyers fingers who ſtrait dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips who ſtrait one kiſſes dream, which oft the angrie Mab with bliſters plagues, becauſe their breath with ſweete meates tainted are. Sometime ſhe gallops ore a Courtiers noſe, and then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſute: and ſometime comes ſhe with a tithpigs tale, tickling a Perſons noſe as a lies aſleepe, then he dreams of an other Benefice. Sometime ſhe driueth ore a ſouldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forrain throates, of breaches, ambuſcados, ſpaniſh blades: Of healths fiue fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eare, at which he ſtarts and wakes, and being thus frighted, ſweares a praier or two & ſleeps againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horſes in the night: and bakes the Elklocks in foule ſluttiſh haires, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.

57. *an Agot stone*] *an Agat stone* Qq. *an Agat-stone* Ff. (*an* om. F1, 2.)
58. *ottamie*] *atomies* Qq. Ff.
59. *spokes*] *spoke's* F3, 4.
60. *traces*] *Trace* F3, 4.
spider] *Spiders* Ff. Q5.
collors] *collers* Qq. *coullers* F1. *collars* F2, 3, 4.
62. *Philome*] *filme* F2, 3, 4.
grey coated] *gray-coated* F1, 3.
63. *lazie finger*] *Lazie-finger* F1, 3.
64. *man*] *woman* F2, 3, 4.
65. *amind*] *a mind* Q3, 4, F1, 2. *of mind* Q5, F3, 4.
67. *Courtiers*] *Countries* F2, 3, 4.
69. *one*] *on* Qq. Ff.
71. *Sometime*] *sometimes* Q5.
73. *with a*] *with* F1.
Persons] *Parsons* Qq. Ff. (*Parson's* F4.)
a lies] *he lies* F2, 3, 4.
77. *eare*] *eares* Ff.
80. *Elklocks*] *Elflocks* Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.
81. *untangled*] *entangled* F3. *intangled* F4.

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Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkſt of nothing.
Mer: True I talke of dreames,
Which are the Children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine fantaſie,
Which is as thinne a ſubſtance as the aire,
And more inconſtant than the winde,
Which wooes euen now the froſē bowels of the north,
And being angred puffes away in haſte,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth. (ſelues.
Ben: Come, come, this winde doth blow vs from our
Supper is done and we ſhall come too late.
Ro: I feare too earlie, for my minde miſgiues
Some conſequence is hanging in the ſtars,
Which bitterly begins his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme
Of a diſpiſed life, cloſde in this breaſt,
By ſome vntimelie forfet of vile death:
* But he that hath the ſteerage of my courſe
Directs my ſaile, on luſtie Gentlemen.

I. 5.

Enter

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This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That preſſes them and learnes them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe.
Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkſt of nothing.
Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantaſie:
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more inconſtant then the wind who wooes,
Euen now the frozen boſome of the North:
And being angerd puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dewe dropping South.
Ben. This wind you talk of, blows vs from our ſelues,
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.
Ro. I feare too earlie, for my mind miſgiues,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date,
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a deſpiſed life cloſde in my breſt:
By ſome vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the ſtirrage of my courſe,
Direct my ſute, on luſtie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away?
He ſhift a trencher, he ſcrape a trencher?
1. When good manners ſhall lie all in one or two mens hands
And they vnwaſht too, tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the ioynſtooles, remoue the Courtcubbert,
looke to the plate, good thou, ſaue me a peece of March-pane,
and as thou loues me, let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and
Nell, Anthonie and *Potpan*.

2. I Boy

85. *ſh.*] [-] Fa, 3, 4.
92. *inconſtant*] *unconſtant* Q5, F3, 4.
103. *ſofreit*] *forfeit* Qq. Ff.
104. *ſtirrage*] *ſteerage* Q5, F4.
. . with their napkins.] Ff.
I. 5. ACT I. SCENE 5.
[Enter Seruant.] Ff.
3. *all*] om. Ff.
5. *ioynſtooles*] Hyphened Q5, F3, 4. *Courtcubbert*] *court-cubbord* F1, 2, 3. *court-cupboard* Q5, F4.
7. *loues*] *louest* Ff.

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Enter old Capulet *with the Ladies.*

Capu: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with Corns
Will haue about with you, ah ha my Miſtreſſes,
Which of you all will now refuſe to dance?
Shee that makes daintie, ſhee Ile ſweare hath Corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-
(come,

More lights you knaues, & turn theſe tables vp,
And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.
Ah firra, this vnlookt for ſport comes well,
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good Coſen *Capulet:*
For you and I are paſt our ſtanding dayes,
How long is it ſince you and I were in a Maske?

Coſ: By Ladie ſir tis thirtie yeares at leaſt.
Cap: Tis not ſo much, tis not ſo much,
Tis ſince the mariage of *Lucentio,*
Come *Pentecoſt* as quicklie as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.
Coſ: Tis more, tis more, his ſonne is elder far.
Cap: Will you tell me that it cannot be ſo,
His ſonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a iolly thing.

Rom:

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2. I boy readie.
Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and fought for in the great chamber.
3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.
Exeunt.

Enter all the gueſts and gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my miſteſſes, which of you all
Will now denie to daunce, ſhe that makes daintie,
She Ile ſwear hath Corns: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome gentlemen, I haue ſeene the day
That I haue worne a viſor and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would pleaſe: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome, gentlemen come, Muſitions play.
Muſick playes and they dance.
A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it gyrles,
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp:
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah firrah, this vnlookt for ſport comes well:
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dauncing dayes:
How long iſt now ſince laſt your ſelfe and I
Were in a maske?
2. *Capu.* Berlady thirtie yeares.
1. *Capu.* What man tis not ſo much, tis not ſo much,
Tis ſince the nuptiall of *Lucientio:*
Come Pentycoſt as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.
2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his ſonne is elder ſir:
His ſonne is thirtie.
1. *Capu.* Will you tell me that?
His ſonne was but a ward 2. yeares ago.

 Romeo. What

10. *and cald*] *cald* F3, 4.
12. 3.] 1. Ff.
16. *Ah my*] *Ah me*, F2, 3, 4.
23. *gentlemen come,*] *gentlemen, come* Qq. Ff.
24. *A hall, a hall,*] *A Hall, Hall,* Ff.
25. *you*] *ye* F2, 3, 4.
32. *Berlady*] *By'r lady* F4.
34. *Lucientio:*] *Lucientio,* Q3, 4. *Lucentio,* F1, 3, 4. *Lucentio.* F2.
39. 1. Capu.] 3 Cap. Ff.
40. 2.] *two* Qq. Ff.

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Rom: What Ladie is that that doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight? O ſhee doth teach the torches to burne bright!
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
Like a rich iewell in an *Aethiops* eare,
Beautie too rich for vſe, for earth too deare:
So ſhines a ſnow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
* As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes ſhowes.
The meaſure done, ile watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now? Forſweare it ſight,
I neuer ſaw true beautie till this night.
Tib: This by his voice ſhould be a *Mountague*,
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the ſlaue
Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,
To ſcorne and ieere at our ſolemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and honor of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it for no ſin.
Ca: Why how now Coſen, wherfore ſtorme you ſo.
Ti: Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hether come in ſpight,
To mocke at our ſolemnitie this night.
Ca: Young *Romeo*, is it not?
Ti: It is that villaine *Romeo*.
Ca: Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentleman,

And to ſpeake truth, *Verona* brags of him,
As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
Here in my houſe doo him diſparagement:
Therefore be quiet take no note of him,

Beare a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.
Ti: It fits when ſuch a villaine is a gueſt,

Ile

Ro. What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not ſir.
Ro. O ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright:
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the cheeke of night:
As a rich Iewel in an Ethiops eare,
Bewtie too rich for vſe, for earth too deare:
So ſhowes a ſnowie Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes ſhowes:
The meaſure done, Ile watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.
Did my hart loue till now, forſweare it ſight,
For I nere ſaw true bewtie till this night.
Til'al. This by his voyce, ſhould be a *Mountague.*
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the ſlaue
Come hither couerd with an anticque face,
To fleere and ſcorne at our ſolemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and honor of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead, I hold it not a ſin.
Capu. Why how now kinsman, wherefore ſtorme
Til. Vncle, this is a *Mountague* our foe: (you ſo?
A villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our ſolemnitie this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo* is it.
Til. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo.*
Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and welgouernd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my houſe do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An illbeſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.
Til. It fits when ſuch a villaine is a gueſt,

Ile

41. *Ladies*] *Ladie is* Qq. Ff.
45. *It seemes she*] *Her beauty* F2, 3, 4.
46. *As*] *Like* F2, 3, 4.
53. *nere*] *ne're* Q5. *never* Ff.
55. *what*] [*f*] Q5.
64. *it.*] [*f*] Ff. Q5.
70. *this*] *the* Ff.

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Ile not indure him.
Ca: He ſhalbe indured, goe to I ſay, he ſhall,

Am I the Maſter of the houſe or you?
You'le not indure him? God ſhall mend my ſoule
You'le make a mutenie amongſt my gueſts,
You'le ſet Cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.
Ti: Vncle tis a ſhame.
* *Ca:* Goe too, you are a ſaucie knaue,

This tricke will ſcath you one day I know what.

Well ſaid my hartes. Be quiet:
More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting,
Tibalt: Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee-
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greetings:
I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bitter gall.
Rom: If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,
This holie ſhrine, the gentle ſinne is this:
My lips two bluſhing Pilgrims ready ſtand,
To ſmooth the rough touch with a gentle kiſſe.
Iuli: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too
Which mannerly deuotion ſhewes in this: (much,
For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,
And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kiſſe.
Rom: Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Iuli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they muſt vſe in praier.
Ro: Why then faire ſaint, let lips do what hands doo,
They pray, yeeld thou, leaſt faith turne to diſpaire.
Iu: Saints doe not mooue though: grant nor praier
forſake.
Ro: Then mooue not till my praiers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours my ſin is purgde.
Iu: Then haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.
Ro: Sinne from my lips, O treſpaſſe ſweetly vrgde!

Giue

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Ile not endure him.
Capu. He ſhall be endured.
What goodman boy, I ſay he ſhall, go too,
Am I the maſter here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, god ſhall mend my ſoule,
Youle make a mutinie among my gueſts:
You wil ſet cock a hoope, youle be the man.
Ti. Why Vncle, tis a ſhame.
Capu. Go too, go too,
You are a ſawcie boy, iſt ſo indeed?
This trick may chance to ſcath you I know what,
You muſt contrarie me, marrie tis time,
Well ſaid my hearts, you are a princox, go,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for ſhame,
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Ti. Patience perforce, with wilfull choller meeting
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bittreſt gall. *Exit.*
Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin is this,
My lips two bluſhing Pylgrims did readie ſtand,
To ſmoothe that rough touch with a tender kis.
Iu. Good Pilgrim you do wrōg your hād too much
Which mannerly deuocion ſhowes in this,
For ſaints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kis.
Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?
Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they muſt vſe in praire.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) leaſt faith turne to diſpaire.
Iu. Saints do not moue, thogh grant for praiers ſake.
Ro. Then moue not while my praiers effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by thine my ſin is purgd.
Iu. Thē haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.
Ro. Sin from my lips, ô treſpas ſweetly vrgd: Giue

79. *What*] [*?*] Q5. [,] F4.
82. *my*] *the* Ff.
83. *set*] *set a* Q4, 5.
86. *ist*] *'tis* F2, 3, 4.
90. *or more light, more light for shame,*] *or (more light, more light for shame)* Q5. *or more light, for shame,* F2, 3, 4.
95. *bittrest*] *bitter* Qq. Ff.
97. *sin*] *sinne* Q4, 5.
98. *two*] *to* F1. *did*] om. F2, 3, 4. Q5.
102. *that*] *the* F3, 4. *hands do*] *hand, do* F2, 3, 4.
109. *I*] *doe* F2, 3, 4.

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Giue me my ſiune againe.
Iu: You kiſſe by the booke.
Nurſe: *Madame your mother calles.*
Rom: What is her mother? 116
Nurſe: *Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the houſe, and a good Lady, and a wiſe, and a vertuous. I nurſt* 120
* *her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can lay hold of her ſhall haue the chinkes.*
Rom: Is ſhe a *Mountague?* Oh deare account, 124
My life is my foes thrall.
Ca: Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh banquet towards. 128
They whiſper in his eare.
I pray you let me intreat you. Is it ſo?
Well then I thanke you honeſt Gentlemen,
I promiſe you but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:
Light to my chamber hoe.
Exeunt.
Iul: Nurſe, what is yonder Gentleman?
Nur: *The ſonne and heire of old* Tiberio.
Iul: Whats he that now is going out of dore? 136
Nur: *That as I thinke is yong* Petruchio. (dance?
Iul: Whats he that followes there that would not
Nur: *I know not.*
Iul: Goe learne his name, if he be maried, 140
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nur: *His name is* Romeo *and a* Mountague, *the onely ſonne of your great enemie.*
Iul: My onely Loue ſprung from my onely hate, 144
Too early ſeene vnknowne and knowne too late: ,
Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,
That I ſhould loue a loathed enemie.
Nurſe: *VVhats this? what's that?* 148
Iul:

See Q2. Act III. Sc. 4. lines 6, 7, and 34.

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Giue me my ſin againe.
Iuli. Youe kiſſe bith booke.
Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.
Ro. What is her mother?
Nurſ. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Ladie, and a wiſe and vertuous,
I Nurſt her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall haue the chincks.
Ro. Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away begon, the ſport is at the beſt.
Ro. I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.
Capu. Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh banquet towards:
Is it ene ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt gentlemen, good night:
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah ſirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my reſt.
Iuli. Come hither Nurſe, what is yond gentleman?
Nurſ. The ſonne and heire of old *Tyberio*.
Iuli. Whats he that now is going out of doore?
Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.
Iu. Whats he that follows here that wold not dãce?
Nur. I know not.
Iuli. Go aske his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurſ. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely ſonne of your great enemie.
Iuli. My onely loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too earlie ſeene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I muſt loue a loathed enemie.
Nurſ. Whats tis? whats tis.

114. *bith*] *by'th'* F1, 2. *by th'* F3, 4.
[Exeunt.] F2, 3, 4.
136. *of*] *of the* Q4, 5.
137. *be*] *to be* F3, 4.
141. *wedding*] *wedded* F1.
143. *your*] *our* F2, 3, 4.
148. *tis? . . . tis.*] *tis? . . . tis?* Qq. *this? . . . this?* Ff.

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Iul: Nothing Nurſe but a rime I learnt euen now of one I dancſt with.

Nurſe: *Come your mother ſtaies for you, Ile goe a long with you.* *Exeunt.*

* *Enter Romeo alone.* II. 1.

Ro: Shall I goe forward and my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio Mercutio.

Ben: *Romeo,* my coſen *Romeo.*

Mer: Doeſt thou heare he is wiſe, 4
Vpon my life he hath ſtolne him home to bed.

Ben: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio.*

Mer: Call, nay Ile coniure too.
Romeo, madman, humors, paſsion, liuer, appeare thou in 8
likenes of a ſigh: ſpeak but one rime & I am ſatiſfied, cry but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, ſpeake to my goſſip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her 12
purblinde ſonne and heire

young

Iu. A rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danct withall.
One cals within Iuliet.
Nurſ. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the ſtrangers all are gone.
Exeunt.

Chorus.
Now old deſire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gronde for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* match, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe ſuppoſd he muſt complaine,
And ſhe ſteale loues ſweete bait ~~from fearful hookes~~:
Being ~~held~~ a foe, he may not haue acceſſe
To breathe ſuch vowes as louers vſe to ſweare,
And ſhe as much in loue, her meanes much leſſe,
To meete her new beloued any where:
But paſſion lends them power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreeme ſweete,

Enter Romeo *alone.*
Ro. Can I go forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out.
Enter Benuolio *with* Mercutio.
Ben. *Romeo*, my Coſen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.
Mer. He is wiſe, and on my life hath ſtolne him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*:
Nay Ile coniure too.
Mer. *Romeo*, humours, madman, paſſion louer,
Appeare thou in the likeneſſe of a ſigh,
Speake but on rime and I am ſatisfied:
Crie but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and day,
Speake to my goſhip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname for her purblind ſonne and her,

ACT II. SCENE I.

2. *thy*] *my* F2, 3, 4.

7. *Nay . . . . too*] Restored to Mercutio by Q4, 5.
8. Mer.] om. Q4, 5.
10. *on*] *one* Qq. Ff.
11. *Crie but ay me*] *Cry me but ay me* F1. *Cry me but ayme* F2, 3. *Cry me but aim* F4.
prouaunt] *Prouant* F1. *pronounce* Q4, 5. *Couply* F2, 3, 4.
day] *die* Q4. *dye* Q5.
13. *for*] *to* Q5.
her] *heire* Q4, 5.

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young *Abraham*: *Cupid* hee
that ſhot ſo trim when young King *Cophetua* loued the
begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by
Roſalindes bright eye, high forehead, and ſcarlet lip, her
prettie foote, ſtraight leg, and quiuering thigh, and the
demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likeneſſe
thou appeare to vs.

Ben: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one ſhuld
raiſe a ſpirit in his Miſtris circle of ſome ſtrange faſhion,
making it there to ſtand till ſhe had laid it, and coniurde
it downe, that were ſome ſpite. My inuocation is faire
and honeſt, and in his Miſtris name I coniure onely but
to raiſe vp him.

Ben: Well he hath hid himſelfe amongſt thoſe trees,
To be conſorted with the humerous night,
Blinde in his loue, and beſt befits the darke.
* *Mer:* If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,
Now will he ſit vnder a Medler tree,
And wiſh his Miſtris were that kinde of fruite,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
Ah *Romeo* that ſhe were, ah that ſhe were
An open *Et cætera*, thou a poprin Peare.
Romeo God night, il'e to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
To ſeeke him here that meanes not to be found.
Ro: He ieſts at ſcars that neuer felt a wound: II. 2.
But ſoft, what light forth yonder window breakes?
It is the Eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
Ariſe faire Sunne, and kill the enuious Moone
That is alreadie ſicke, and pale with griefe:

That

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Young *Abraham* : *Cupid* he that ſhot ſo true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger mayd.
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, and I muſt coniure him.
I coniure thee by *Roſalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quiuering thigh,
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to vs.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him, twould anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſſe circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laid it, and coniured it downe,
That were ſome ſpight.
My inuocation is faire & honeſt, in his miſtres name,
I coniure onely but to raiſe vp him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelfe among theſe trees
To be conſorted with the humerous night:
Blind is his loue, and beſt befits the darke.
Mar. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he ſit vnder a Medler tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſſe were that kind of fruite,
As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.
O *Romeo* that ſhe were, ô that ſhe were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare.
Romeo goodnight, ile to my truckle bed,
This field-~~bed is too cold for~~ me to ſleepe,
Come ſhall we go?
Ben. Go then, for tis in vaine to ſeeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exit.*

II. 2. *Ro.* He jeaſts at ſcarres that neuer felt a wound,
But ſoft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the Sun.
Ariſe faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is alreadie ſicke and pale with greefe,
That

14. *Abraham: Cupid*] [:] om. Q4, 5, Ff.
16. *stirreth*] *striueth* Q3.
25. *mistresse*] *mistress's* F4.
29. *in*] *and in* Qq. Ff. *mistres*] *mistress's* F4.
32. *humerous*] *humorous* F4.
34. Mar.] Mer. Qq. Ff.
39. *open, or*] *open &catera, and* Q4, 5. (*and catera* Q5.) *Poprin*] *Poperin* Q4. 5.
[Exeunt.] Q4, 5, Ff.
ACT II. SCENE 2.

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That thou her maid, art far more faire than ſhe.
Be not her maide ſince ſhe is enuious,
Her veſtall liuerie is but pale and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, caſt it off.

She ſpeakes, but ſhe ſayes nothing. What of that?
Her eye diſcourſeth, I will anſwere it.
I am too bold, tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes,
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the skies,
Hauing ſome buſines, doe entreat her eyes
To twinckle in their ſpheares till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnes of her cheekes would ſhame thoſe ſtars:
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
Would through the airie region ſtreame ſo bright,
That birdes would ſing, and thinke it were not night.
Oh now ſhe leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
I would I were the gloue to that ſame hand,
That I might kiſſe that cheeke.
Iul: Ay me.
Rom: She ſpeakes, Oh ſpeake againe bright Angell:
For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my (head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the laſie pacing cloudes,
And ſailes vpon the boſome of the aire.
Iul: Ah *Romeo, Romeo,* wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Denie thy Father, and refuſe thy name,
Or if thou wilt not be but ſworne my loue,
And il'e no longer be a *Capulet.*
Rom: Shall I heare more, or ſhall I ſpeake to this?
Iul: Tis but thy name that is mine enemie.

Whats *Mountague?* It is nor hand nor foote,

Nor

That thou her maide art far more faire then ſhe:
Be not her maide ſince ſhe is enuious,
Her veſtall liuery is but ſicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, caſt it off:
It is my Lady, ô it is my loue, ô that ſhe knew ſhe wer,
She ſpeakes, yet ſhe ſaies nothing, what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwere it:
I am too bold, tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes:
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the heauen,
Hauing ſome buſines to entreate her eyes,
To twinckle in their ſpheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightneſſe of her cheek wold ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region ſtreame ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and thinke it were not night:
See how ſhe leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.
Iu. Ay me.
Ro. She ſpeakes.
Oh ſpeake againe bright Angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And ſayles vpon the boſome of the ayre.
Iuli. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy father and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworne my loue,
And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.
Ro. Shall I heare more, or ſhall I ſpeake at this?
Iu. Tis but thy name that is my enemie:
Thou art thy ſelfe, though not a *Mountague*,
Whats *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,

15. *to*] *do* Qq. Ff.

41. *nor hand*] *not hand* F4.

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Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.

Whats in a name? That which we call a Roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet:
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I haue.
Rom: I take thee at thy word,
Call me but loue, and il'e be new Baptiſde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo.*
Iu: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,
Doeſt ſtumble on my counſaile?
Ro: By a name I know not how to tell thee.
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an enemie to thee.
* Had I it written I would teare the word.
Iul: My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the ſound:
Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague?*
Ro: Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee diſpleaſe.
Iu: How camſt thou hether, tell me and wherfore?
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
And the place death conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen finde thee here.
Ro: By loues light winges did I oreperch theſe wals,
For ſtonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
Therefore thy kinſmen are no let to me.
Iul: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.
Ro: Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
Then twentie of their ſwords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmitie. (here.
Iul: I would not for the world they ſhuld find thee

Ro:

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Nor arme nor face, ô be ſome other name
Belonging to a man.
Whats in a name that which we call a roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweete,
So *Romeo* would wene he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that tytle, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelfe.
Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo.*
Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beſchreend in night
So ſtumbleſt on my counſell?
Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare ſaint, is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an enemie to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.
Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongus vttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague?*
Ro. Neither faire maide, if either thee diſlike.
Iuli. How cameſt thou hither, tel me, and wherfore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kiſmen find thee here.
Ro. With loues light wings did I orepearch theſe walls,
For ſtonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Iu. If they do ſee thee, they will murther thee.
Ro. Alack there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twentie of their ſwords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmitie.
Iuli. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.

Ro. I

44. *Whats*] *What's* Qq. F3, 4. *What?* F1. *name*] *names* F1. *name?* Q4, 5. F2, 3, 4.
46. *wene*] *were* Qq. Ff.
48. *title, Romeo*] *title Romeo,* F1, 2, 3. *title; Romeo,* F4. *title Romeo* Q5.
54. *beschreend*] *bescreend* Q3, 4. *bescreen'd* Ff. Q5.
61. *tongus*] *tongues* Qq. Ff.
64. *cameſt*] *cam'st* Ff. Q5.
67. *kismen*] *kinsmen* Qq. Ff.

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Ro: I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their ſight,
And but thou loue me let them finde me here:
For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.
Iu: By whoſe directions foundſt thou out this place.
Ro: By loue, who firſt did prompt me to enquire,
I he gaue me counſaile and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre
As that vaſt ſhore, waſht with the furtheſt ſea,
I would aduenture for ſuch Marchandiſe.
Iul: Thou knowſt the maſke of night is on my face,
Els would a Maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeks:
For that which thou haſte heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,
What I haue ſpoke: but farewell complements.
Doeſt thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt ſay I,
And I will take thy word: but if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe:
At Louers periuries they ſay Ioue ſmiles.
Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinke I am too eaſely wonne,
Il'e frowne and ſay thee nay and be peruerſe,
So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world,
In truth faire *Mountague*, I am too fond,
And therefore thou maieſt thinke my hauiour light:
But truſt me gentleman Ile proue more true,
Than they that haue more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould haue bin ſtrange I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouer-heardſt ere I was ware
My true loues Paſsion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.
Ro: By yonder bleſſed Moone I ſweare,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe fruit trees tops.
Iul: O ſweare not by the Moone the vnconſtant
That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe (Moone,
Leaſt

Ro. I haue nights cloake to hide me frō their eies,
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.
Iu. By whoſe direction foundſt thou out this place?
Ro. By loue that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylat, yet wert thou as farre
As that vaſt ſhore waſheth with the fartheſt ſea,
I ſhould aduenture for ſuch marchandiſe.
Iu. Thou knoweſt the mask of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue ſpoke, but farwell complement.
Doeſt thou loue me? I know thou wilt ſay I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe at louers periuries.
They ſay *Ioue* laughes, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but elſe not for the world,
In truth faire *Montague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maieſt think my behauior light,
But truſt me gentleman, ile proue more true,
Then thoſe that haue coying to be ſtrange,
I ſhould haue bene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouerheardſt ere I was ware,
My truloue paſſion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.
Ro. Lady, by yonder bleſſed Moone I vow,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe frute tree tops.
Iu. O ſwear not by the moone th'inconſtant moone,
That monethly changes in her circle orbe,

82. *prompt*] *prompt* F2, 3, 4.
84. *Pylat*] *Pylot* or *Pilot* Qq. Ff.
85. *vast shore washeth*] (*washet* Q3. *washt* Q4, 5.) *vast-shore-washet* F1. *vast-shore: washd* F2. (*wash'd* F3.) *vast-shore, wash'd* F4.
87. *knowest*] *know'st* Q5.
91. *complement*] *Complements* F2, 3, 4.
92. *love me? I*] *Love? I* F1. *Love? O I* F2, 3. *Love? O, I* F4.
94. *maiest*] *mayest* F3. *may'st* F4. *maist* Q5.
false] [,] Q3, F3. [:] F1, Q5. [;] Q4, F4.
periuries.][.] *om.* Qq.Ff.
95. *laughs*] *laught* F1.
97. *thinkest*] *think'st* Q5.
101. *maiest*] *mayest* F2, 4. *maist* F3, Q5.
behauior] *hauiour* F2, 3, 4.
103. *coying*] *more coying* Q4, 5. *more coyning* F2, 3, 4.
106. *truloue*] *trueloue* Q3. *true loue* Q4. *true Loues* Ff. Q5.
109. *blessed*] om. Ff.
111. *inconstant*] *unconstant* F3, 4.
112. *circle*] *circled* Qq. Ff.

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Leaſt that thy loue proue likewiſe variable.
Ro: Now by
Iul: Nay doo not ſweare at all,
Or if thou ſweare, ſweare by thy glorious ſelfe,
Which art the God of my Idolatrie,
And Il'e beleeue thee.
Ro: If my true harts loue
Iul: Sweare not at al, though I doo ioy in thee,
I haue ſmall ioy in this contract to night,
It is too raſh, too ſodaine, too vnaduiſde,
* Too like the lightning that doth ceaſe to bee
Ere one can ſay it lightens.

I heare ſome comming,
Deare loue adew, ſweet *Mountague* be true,
Stay but a little and il'e come againe.
Ro: O bleſſed bleſſed night, I feare being night,
All this is but a dreame I heare and ſee,
Too flattering true to be ſubſtantiall.
Iul: Three wordes good *Romeo* and good night in-deed.
If that thy bent of loue be honourable?
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow

By

Leaſt that thy loue proue likewiſe variable.
Ro. What ſhall I ſweare by?
Iu. Do not ſweare at all:
Or if thou wilt, ſweare by thy gracious ſelfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Ro. If my hearts deare loue.
Iu. Well do not ſweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too raſh, too vnaduiſd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to bee,
Ere one can ſay, it lightens, ſweete goodnight:
This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,
May proue a bewtious floure when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as ſweete repoſe and reſt,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breſt.
Ro. O wilt thou leaue me ſo vnſatisfied?
Iuli. What ſatisfaction canſt thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy loues faithful vow for mine.
Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Ro. Woldſt thou withdraw it, for what purpoſe loue?
Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I haue,
My bountie is as boundleſſe as the ſea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare ſome noyſe within, deare loue adue:
Anon good nurſe, ſweete *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Ro. O bleſſed bleſſed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering ſweete to be ſubſtantiall.
Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow,

By

119. *loue.*] [-] F2, 3, 4.
120. *sweare,*] [,] om. F2, 3, 4.
thee: [,] Q5, F2, 3, 4.
124. *say,* [,] om. Q5.
lightens, [:] Q5.
sweete] *Sweete* Ff. ([,] F4.)
134. it,] [?] F3, 4.
[Cals within.] Ff. (Calls F4.)
[Enter.] F2, 3, 4.

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By one that il'e procure to come to thee:
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And al my fortunes at thy foote il'e lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

Ro: Loue goes toward loue like ſchoole boyes from their bookes,
But loue from loue, to ſchoole with heauie lookes.
Iul: *Romeo, Romeo,* O for a falkners voice,
To lure this Taſſell gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarſe and may not crie aloud,
Els would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies
And make her airie voice as hoarſe as mine,
With repetition of my *Romeos* name.
Romeo?
Ro: It is my ſoule that calles vpon my name,
How ſiluer ſweet ſound louers tongues in night.
Iul: Romeo?
Ro: Madame.
Iul: At what a clocke to morrow ſhall I ſend?

Ro: At the houre of nine.
Iul: I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.
Romeo I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
* *Rom:* Let me ſtay here till you remember it.
Iul: I ſhall forget to haue thee ſtill ſtaie here,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.
Rom: And il'e ſtay ſtill to haue thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iu: Tis almoſt morning I would haue thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird, Who

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By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my fortunes at thy foote ile lay,
And follow thee my L. throughout the world. Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meaneſt not well,
I do beſeech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To ceaſe thy ſtrife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I ſend.
Ro. So thriue my ſoule.
Iu. A thouſand times goodnight.
Ro. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light,
Loue goes toward loue as ſchooleboyes from their bookes,
But loue from loue, toward ſchoole with heauie lookes.
Enter Iuliet *againe.*
Iuli, Hiſt *Romeo* hiſt, *ô* for a falkners voyce,
To lure this Taſſel gentle back againe,
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeake aloude,
Elſe would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarſe, then
With repetition of my *Romeo.*
Ro. It is my ſoule that calls vpon my name.
How ſiluer ſweete, ſound louers tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſicke to attending eares.
Iu. Romeo.
Ro. My Neece.
Iu. What a clocke to morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Ro. By the houre of nine.
Iu I will not faile, tis twentie yeare till then,
I haue forget why I did call thee backe.
Ro. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.
Iu. I ſhall forget to haue thee ſtill ſtand there,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.
Ro. And Ile ſtill ſtay, to haue thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iu. Tis almoſt morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons bird, That

150. *right*] *rite* F3, 4. *rights* Q4. *rites* Q5.
152. *L.*] *Loue* Q4, 5. *Lord* Ff.
[Within: *Madam.*] Ff.
153. *meaneſt*] *meanſt* Q5.
[Within: *Madam.*] Ff.
155. *ſtrife*] *ſute* Q4. *ſuit* Q5.
[Exit.] Ff.
159. *light*] *ſight* Q4, 5.
161. *toward*] *towards* Ff.
166,7. *then With*] *then with The* F2, 3, 4. (*than* F4.) *then myne With* Q4. *than mine With* Q5.
167. *Romeo.*] [.] F2.
168. *ſoule*] *loue* Q4, 5.
172. *Neece*] *Deere* Q4, 5. *sweete* F2. *sweet* F3. *Sweet* F4.
176. *yeare*] *yeares* Qq. Ff.
179. *forget*] [.] Q3, 4, Ff.
184. *farther*] *further* Ff.

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Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a pore priſoner in his twiſted giues,
And with a ſilke thred puls it backe againe,
Too louing iealous of his libertie.
Ro: Would I were thy bird.
Iul: Sweet ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cherriſhing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,

That I ſhall ſay good night till it be morrow. (breaſt,
Rom: Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy
I would that I were ſleep and peace of ſweet to reſt.

Now will I to my Ghoſtly fathers Cell,
His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.

Enter Frier Francis. (night, II. 3.
Frier: The gray ey'd morne ſmiles on the frowning
Checkring the Eaſterne clouds with ſtreakes of light,
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheeles:
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie,
We muſt vp fill this oſier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers,

Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In hearbes, plants, ſtones, and their true qualities:
For

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That lets it hop a litle from his hand,
Like a poore priſoner in his twiſted giues,
And with a ſilken threed, plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his libertie.
Ro. I would I were thy bird.
Iu. Sweete ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing:
Good night, good night.
Parting is ſuch ſweete ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good night, till it be morrow.
Iu. Sleep dwel vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt.
Ro. Would I were ſleepe and peace ſo ſweet to reſt
The grey eyde morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eaſterne Clouds with ſtreaks of light
And darkneſſe fleckted like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies pathway, made by *Tytans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghoſtly Friers cloſe cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

187. *threed*] *thred* Qq. Ff. *backe*] om. F2, 3, 4.
193,4. *Parting . . . morrow*] Given to Rom. Q3, Ff.
195. *Sleep . . . breast*] Given to Rom. Q4, 5. [Exit.] F2, 3, 4.
196. Ro.] om. Q4, 5.
197-200. *The . . . wheeles.*] om. Q4, 5.
199. *fleckted*] *fleckeld* Q3. *fleckel'd* Ff.
201. *Friers*] *Fries* F1, 2.

Exit.

II. 3. ACT II. SCENE 3.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. The grey-eyed morne ſmiles on the frowning (night,
Checking the Eaſterne clowdes with ſtreaks of light:
And fleckeld darkneſſe like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the ſun aduance his burning eie,
The day to cheere, and nights dancke dewe to drie,
I muſt vpfill this oſier cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuyced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kinde,
We ſucking on her naturall boſome finde:
Many for many, vertues excellent:
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, hearbes, ſtones, and their true quallities:

1-4. *The . . . wheeles*] om. F2, 3, 4.
2. *Checking*] *Checkring* Qq. F1.
3. *fleckeld*] *fleckled* F1.
13. *many,*] [.] om. Qq. Ff.

For

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For nought ſo vile, that vile on earth doth liue,
* But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth giue:
Nor nought ſo good, but ſtraind from that faire vſe,
Reuolts to vice and ſtumbles on abuſe:
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſapplied,
And vice ſometimes by action dignified.

Within the infant rinde of this ſmall flower,
Poyſon hath reſidence, and medecine power:
For this being ſmelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,
Being taſted ſlaies all ſences with the hart.
Two ſuch oppoſed foes incampe them ſtill,
In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the canker death eats vp that plant.
Rom: Good morrow to my Ghoſtly Confeſſor.
Fri: *Benedicite*, what earlie tongue ſo ſoone ſaluteth (me?
Yong ſonne it argues a diſtempered head,
So ſoone to bid good morrow to my bed.
Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, ſleep can neuer lie:
But where vnbruſed youth with vnſtuft braines
Doth couch his limmes, there golden ſleepe remaines:
Therefore thy earlines doth me aſſure,
Thou art vprowſ'd by ſome diſtemperature.
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it righ
Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.
Ro: The laſt was true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.
Fr: God pardon ſin, wert thou with *Roſaline?*
Ro: With *Roſaline* my Ghoſtly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe. (then?
Fri: Thats my good ſonne: but where haſt thou bin
Ro: I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,
I haue bin feaſting with mine enemie:
* Where on the ſodaine one hath wounded mee

Thats

For nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth giue:
Nor ought ſo good but ſtraind from that faire vſe,
Reuolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſapplied,
And vice ſometime by action dignified.
Enter Romeo.
Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyſon hath reſidence, and medicine power:
For this being ſmelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being taſted, ſtaies all ſences with the hart.
Two ſuch oppoſed Kings encamp them ſtill,
In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.
Ro. Goodmorrow father.
Fri. Benedicitie.
What early tongue ſo ſweete ſaluteth me?
Young ſonne, it argues a diſtempered hed,
So ſoone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodges, ſleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbruſed youth with vnſtuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden ſleepe doth raigne.
Therefore thy earlineſſe doth me aſſure,
Thou art vprouſd with ſome diſtemprature:
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed to night.
Ro. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.
Fri. God pardon ſin, waſt thou with *Roſaline?*
Ro. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names wo.
Fri. Thats my good ſon, but wher haſt thou bin thē?
Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I haue bene feaſting with mine enemie,
Where on a ſudden one hath wounded me:

25. *smelt with that part,*] *smelt, with that part* Ff.
26. *staies*] *slayes* Qq. F1, 2, 3, *slays* F4.
34. *distempered*] *distemper'd* Q5, F4.
37. *lodges*] *lodgeth* F2, 3, 4.
41. *distemprature*] *distemperature* F3, 4.
46. *father no,*] *Father? No,* Ff.

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Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy help and holy phiſicke lies,
I beare no hatred bleſſed man: for loe
My interceſsion likewiſe ſteades my foe.
Frier: Be plaine my ſonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſsion findes but ridling ſhrift.
Rom: Then plainely know my harts deare loue is ſet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, ſo hers likewiſe on mine,
And all combind, ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
Il'e tell thee as I paſſe: But this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.
Fri: Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Roſaline* whome thou didſt loue ſo deare
So ſoone forſooke, lo yong mens loue then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.
Ieſu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline*?
How much ſalt water caſt away in waſte,
To ſeaſon loue, that of loue doth not taſte.
The ſunne not yet thy ſighes from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If euer thou wert thus, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline*,
And art thou changde, pronounce this ſentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no ſtrength in men.
Rom: Thou chidſt me oft for louing *Roſaline*.
Fr: For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.
Rom: And badſt me burie loue.
Fr: Not in a graue,
To lay one in another out to haue.
Rom: I pree thee chide not, ſhe whom I loue now

Doth

From this point to the end of the play a smaller type is used in the original edition, and the running title is changed from * '*The most excellent Tragedie, of Romeo and Iuliet*' to '*The excellent Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.*'

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Thats by me wounded both, our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phiſicke lies:
I beare no hatred bleſſed man: for loe
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. Be plaine good ſonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſſion, findes but ridling ſhrift.
Ro. Then plainly know, my harts deare loue is ſet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine,
And all combind, ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage, when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we paſſe, but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.
Fri. Holy S. *Frauncis* what a change is here
Is *Roſaline* that thou didſt loue ſo deare,
So ſoone forſaken? young mens loue then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.
Ieſu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline*?
How much ſalt water throwne away in waſte,
To ſeaſon loue, that of it doth not taſte.
The Sun not yet thy ſighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If ere thou waſt thy ſelfe, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline*.
And art thou chang'd, pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when theres no ſtrength in men.
Ro. Thou chidſt me oft for louing *Roſaline*.
Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.
Ro. And badſt me burie loue.
Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in an other out to haue.
Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now.

Doth

52. *wounded both,*] *wounded, both* Q3, 4. *wounded: both* Ff. *wounded; both* Q5.
56. *and*] *rest* Ff.
66. *S.*] *Saint* F4.
73. *taste.*] [?] F4.
75. *ringing*] *ring* Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.
76. *mine*] *my* Q3, 4, Ff.
80. *chang'd,*] [?] Qq. Ff.
86. *in*] [,] Qq. F1, 3, 4.

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Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow :
The other did not ſo.
Fr: Oh ſhe knew well
Thy loue did read by rote, and could not ſpell.
But come yong Wauerer, come goe with mee,
In one reſpect Ile thy aſsiſtant bee :
For this alliaunce may ſo happie proue,
To turne your Houſholds rancour to pure loue. *Exeunt.*

II. 4.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.

Mer: Why whats become of *Romeo?* came he not home to night?
Ben: Not to his Fathers, I ſpake with his man.
Mer: Ah that ſame pale hard hearted wench, that *Ro-*
Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad. (*ſaline,*
Mer: Tybalt the Kinſman of olde *Capolet*
Hath ſent a Letter to his Fathers Houſe :
Some Challenge on my life.
Ben: Romeo will anſwere it.
Mer: I, anie man that can write may anſwere a letter.
Ben: Nay, he will anſwere the letters maſter if hee bee challenged.
Mer: Who, *Romeo?* why he is alreadie dead: ſtabd with a white wenches blacke eye, ſhot thorough the eare with a loue ſong, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde bow-boyes but-ſhaft. And is he a man to encounter *Tybalt?*
Ben: Why what is *Tybalt?*
Mer: More than the prince of cattes I can tell you. Oh he is the couragious captaine of complements. Catſo, he fightes as you ſing pricke-ſong, keepes time dyſtance and proportion, reſts me his minum reſt one two and the thirde in your boſome, the very butcher of a ſilken button, a Duellift a Duellift, a gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the firſt and

Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow :
The other did not ſo.
Fri. O ſhe knew well,
Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not ſpell :
But come young wauerer, come go with me,
In one reſpect ile thy aſſiſtant be :
For this alliance may ſo happie proue,
To turne your houſholds rancor to pure loue.
Ro. O let vs hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſt.
Fri. Wiſely and ſlow, they ſtumble that run faſt.
Exeunt.

92. *go*] *and goe* Q4, 5.
95. *houſholds*] *houſhould* Ff.

II. 4. ACT II. SCENE 4.

Enter Benuolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule ſhould this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night?
Ben. Not to his fathers, I ſpoke with his man.
Mer. Why that ſame pale hard hearted wench, that *Roſaline*, Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.
Ben. *Tibalt*, the kiſman to old *Capulet*, hath ſent a leter to his fathers houſe.
Mer. A challenge on my life.
Ben. *Romeo* will anſwere it.
Mer. Any man that can write may anſwere a letter.
Ben. Nay, he wil anſwere the letters maiſter how he dares, being dared.
Mercu. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is alreadie dead, ſtabd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue ſong, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde bowe-boyes but-ſhaft, and is hee a man to encounter *Tybalt*?
Ro. Why what is *Tybalt*?
Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the couragious captain of Complements: he fights as you ſing prickſong, keeps time, diſtance & proportion, he reſts, his minum reſts, one two, and the third in your boſome: the very butcher of a ſilke button, a dualiſt a dualiſt, a gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the

6. *kisman*] *kinsman* Qq. Ff.
13. *dead, stabd*] [,]om. F1.
18. Ro.] Ben. Ff.
20. *prickſong*] *Pricke-ſong* Q5. *prick-*[*ſongs* F3. 4.
21. *he reſts,*] [,] om. Qq. Ff. *minum reſts*] *minum* Ff.
23. *duelist*] *Duellist* F4 (bis).

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and ſecond cauſe, ah the immortall Paſſado, the Punto reuerſo, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

Me: The Poxe of ſuch limping antique affecting fantaſticoes theſe new tuners of accents. By Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why graundſir is not this a miſerable caſe that we ſhould be ſtil afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies: theſe faſhionmongers, theſe pardonmees, that ſtaud ſo much on the new forme, that they cannot ſitte at eaſe on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr bones.

Ben. Heere comes *Romeo*.

Mer: Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O fleſh fleſh how art thou fiſhified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowdin: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchin drudg, yet ſhe had a better loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy Cleopatra a Gypſie, *Hero* and *Hellen* hildings and harletries: *Thiſbie* a gray eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo* bon iour, there is a French curteſie to your French flop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yeſternight.

Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?

Me: The ſlip the ſlip, can you not conceiue?

Rom: I cry you mercy my buſines was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer: Oh thats as much to ſay as ſuch a caſe as yours wil conſtraine a man to bow in the hams.

Rom: A moſt curteous expoſition.

Me: Why I am the very pinke of curteſie.

Rom: Pinke for flower?

Mer: Right.

Rom: Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:

Mer: Well ſaid, follow me nowe that ieſt till thou haſt worne out thy Pumpe, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn the ieſt may remaine after the wearing ſole ſinguler. *Rom*: O

firſt and ſecond cauſe, ah the immortall Paſſado, the Punto reuerſo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of ſuch antique liſping affecting phantacies, theſe new tuners of accent: by Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamētable thing graundſir, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtraunge flies: theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe pardons mees, who ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo,

Ben. Here Comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering, O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? now is he for the numbers that Petrach flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie ſhe had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipſie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo, Bonieur*, theres a French ſalutation to your French ſlop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Ro. Goodmorrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The ſlip ſir, the ſlip, can you not conceiue?

Ro. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my buſineſſe was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer. Thats as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours, conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Ro. Meaning to curſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Ro. A moſt curtuous expoſition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pinck of curteſie.

Ro. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit follow me this ieaſt, now till thou haſt worne out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worne, the ieaſt may remaine after the wearing, ſoly ſingular. *Ro.* O

27. *phantacies*] *phantasies* Q5, F3, 4.
28. *accent*] *accents* Q5. *by Jesu*] *Jesu* Ff.
31. *pardons mees*] *pardon mees* Q3. *pardon-mee's* Ff. (*me's* F3, 4.) *pardona-mees* Q4, 5.
36. *Petrach*] *Petrarch* Qq. Ff.
40. *Bonieur*] *Bon ieur* Q3. *Bon iour* F1. *Boniour* F2, 3. *Bon jour* Q5. *Bonjour* F4.
46. *good*] om. Ff.
50. *cursie*] *courtesie* F2, 3, 4.
52. *curtuous*] *curteous* Qq. F1. *courteous* F2, 3, 4.
57. *wit*] [,] Qq. Ff. *ieast,*] [,] om. F4.
59. *soly singular*] *sole-singular* Ff.

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Rom: O ſingle ſoald ieſt ſolie ſinguler for the ſinglenes.
Me. Come between vs good *Benuolio*, for my wits faile.
Rom: Swits and ſpurres, ſwits & ſpurres, or Ile cry a match.
Mer: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgooſe chaſe, I haue done: for I am ſure thou haſt more of the gooſe in one of thy wits, than I haue in al my fiue: Was I with you there for the gooſe?
Rom: Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the gooſe.
Me: Ile bite thee by the eare for that ieſt.
Rom: Nay good gooſe bite not.
Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter ſweeting, a moſt ſharp ſauce
Rom: And was it not well ſeru'd in to a ſweet gooſe?
Mer: Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that ſtretcheth from an ynch narrow to an ell broad.
Rom: I ſtretcht it out for the word broad, which added to the gooſe, proues thee faire and wide a broad gooſe.
Mer: Why is not this better now than groning for loue? why now art thou ſociable, now art thou thy ſelfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.
Ben: Stop there.
Me: Why thou wouldſt haue me ſtopp my tale againſt the haire.
Ben: Thou wouldſt haue made thy tale too long?
Mer: Tut man thou art deceiued, I meant to make it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.
Rom: Heers goodly geare. *Enter Nurſe and her man.*
Mer: A ſaile, a ſaile, a ſaile.
* *Ben:* Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmocke.
Nur: Peter, pree thee giue me my fan.
Mer: Pree thee doo good *Peter*, to hide her face: for her fanne is the fairer of the two.
Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

Mer:

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Ro O ſingle ſolde ieaſt, ſolie ſingular for the ſingleneſſe.
Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.
Ro. Swits and ſpurs, ſwits and ſpurres, or ile crie a match.
Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wildgooſe chaſe, I am done: For thou haſt more of the wildgooſe in one of thy wits, then I am ſure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the gooſe?
Ro. Thou waſt neuer with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.
Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieaſt.
Rom. Nay good gooſe bite not.
Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting, it is a moſt ſharp ſawce.
Rom. And is it not then well ſeru'd in to a ſweete gooſe?
Mer. Oh heres a wit of Cheuerell, that ſtretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.
Ro. I ſtretch it out for that word broad, which added to the gooſe, proues thee farre and wide a broad gooſe.
Mer. Why is not this better now then groning for loue, now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature, for this driueling loue is like a great naturall that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.
Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.
Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the haire.
Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe haue made thy tale large.
Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.
Ro. Heeres goodly geare. *Enter Nurſe and her man.*
A ſayle, a ſayle.
Mer. Two two, a ſhert and a ſmocke.
Nur. Peter:
Peter. Anon.
Nur. My fan *Peter.*
Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.
Nur. God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

60. *solie*] *Solely* F4.
61. *wits faints*] *wit faints* F2, 3, 4. *wits fiint* Q5.
67. *Thou wast*] *Thou was* F2, 3, 4.
71. *bitter sweeting*] *Bitter-sweeting* Ff.
72. *then*] om. Qq. Ff.
in to] *into* Ff.
sweete goose] *Sweet-goose* F1, 2.
76. *wide*] [,] Qq. Ff.
a broad] *abroad* Ff.
77. *Why*] [?] Q4.
80. *bable*] *bauble* F4.
83. *desirest*] *desir'st* F1, 2, 3.
85. *for*] *or* F1, 2, 3.
[Enter etc] between lines 87 & 88 Ff.
90. *shert*] *shirt* Qq. Ff.

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Mer: God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.
Nur: Is it godyegooden I pray you.
Mer: Tis no leſſe I aſſure you, for the baudie hand of the diall is euen now vpon the pricke of noone.
Nur: Fie, what a man is this?
Rom: A Gentleman Nurſe, that God hath made for himſelfe to marre.
Nur: By my troth well ſaid: for himſelfe to marre quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong *Romeo?*
Rom: I can: but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you haue found him, than he was when you ſought him. I am the yongeſt of that name for fault of a worſe.
Nur: Well ſaid.
Mer: Yea, is the worſt well? mas well noted, wiſely, wiſely.
Nu: If you be he ſir, I deſire ſome conference with ye.
Ben: O, belike ſhe meanes to inuite him to ſupper.
Mer: So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.
Rom: Why what haſt found man?
Mer: No hare ſir, vnleſſe it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is ſomewhat ſtale and hoare ere it be eaten.

He walkes by them, and ſings.

And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore
is verie good meate in Lent:
But a hare thats hoare is too much for a ſcore,
if it hore ere it be ſpent.

Youl come to your fathers to ſupper?
Rom: I will.
Mer. Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell ſweete Ladie.

Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio:

* *Nur:* Marry farewell. Pray what ſaucie merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperipe?
Rom: A gentleman Nurſe that loues to heare himſelfe talke, and will ſpeake more in an houre than hee will ſtand to in a month.
Nur: If hee ſtand to anie thing againſt mee, Ile take him downe if he were luſtier than he is: if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that ſhall: I am none of his flurtgills, I am none of his skaines mates. *She*

Mer. God ye goodden faire gentlewoman.
Nur. Is it good den?
Mer. Tis no leſſe I tell yee, for the bawdie hand of the dyal, is now vpon the prick of noone.
Nur. Out vpon you, what a man are you?
Ro. One gentlewoman, that God hath made, himſelf to mar.
Nur. By my troth it is well ſaid, for himſelfe to mar quoth a? Gētlemē cā any of you tel me wher I may find the yong *Romeo?*
Ro. I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.
Nur. You ſay well.
Mer. Yea is the worſt wel, very wel took, ifaith, wiſely, wiſely.
Nur. If you be he ſir, I deſire ſome confidence with you.
Ben. She will endite him to ſome ſupper.
Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.
Ro. What haſt thou found?
Mer. No hare ſir, vnleſſe a hare ſir in a lenten pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent.
An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meate in lent.
But a hare that is hore, is too much for a ſcore, when it hores ere it be ſpent.
Romeo, will you come to your fathers? weele to dinner thither.
Ro. I will follow you.
Mer. Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.
Exeunt.
Nur. I pray you ſir, what ſawcie merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperie?
Ro. A gentleman Nurſe, that loues to heare himſelfe talke, and will ſpeake more in a minute, then hee will ſtand too in a moneth.
Nur. And a ſpeake any thing againſt me, Ile take him downe, and a were luſtier then he is, and twentie ſuch Iacks: and if I cannot, ile finde thoſe that ſhall: ſcuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt gills, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou muſt ſtand

98. *yee*] *you* Qq. Ff.
102. *well ſaid*] *ſaid* F1, 2, 3. *ſad* F4.
109. *If you*] *If thou* Q4, 5.
110. *endite*] *envite* F2. *invite* F3, 4.
[Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.] Ff.
123. *roperie*] *roguery* F4.
125. *too*] *to* Qq. Ff.
130. *flurt gills*] *flurt-gils* Ff. *gil-flurts* Q4, 5. *skaines mates*] *skainsmates* F4.

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She turnes to Peter her man.

And thou like a knaue muſt ſtand by, and ſee euerie Iacke vſe me at his pleaſure.

Pet: I ſee no bodie vſe you at his pleaſure, if I had, I would ſoone haue drawen: you know my toole is as ſoone out as anothers if I ſee time and place.

Nur: Now afore God he hath ſo vext me, that euerie member about me quiuers: ſcuruie Iacke. But as I ſaid, my Ladie bad me ſeeke ye out, and what ſhee bad mẽ tell yee, that Ile keepe to my ſelfe: but if you ſhould lead her into a fooles paradice as they ſaye, it were a verie groſſe kinde of behauiour as they ſay, for the Gentlewoman is yong. Now if you ſhould deale doubly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

Rom: Nurſe, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I proteſt.

Nur: Good heart: yfaith Ile tell her ſo: oh ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

Nur: That you doo proteſt: which (as I take it) is a Gentlemanlike proffer.

Rom: Bid her get leaue to morrow morning
To come to ſhrift to Frier *Laurence* cell:
And ſtay thou Nurſe behinde the Abbey wall,
My man ſhall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled ſtaire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy
Muſt be my conduct in the ſecret night.
Hold, take that for thy paines.

Nur: No, not a penie truly.

Rom: I ſay you ſhall not chuſe.

Nur: Well, to morrow morning ſhe ſhall not faile.

Rom: Farewell, be truſtie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit*

Nur:

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ſtand by too and ſuffer euery knaue to vſe me at his pleaſure.

Pet. I ſaw no man vſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhuld quickly haue bin out: I warrant you, I dare draw aſſoone as an other man, if I ſee occaſion in a goodquarel, & the law on my ſide.

Nur. Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruie knaue: pray you ſir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould leade her in a fooles paradiſe, as they say, it were a very groſſe kind of behauior as they ſay: for the Gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you ſhould deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offred to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady and Miſtreſſe, I proteſt vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I wil tel her as much: Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Ro. What wilt thou tell her Nurſe? thou dooeſt not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her ſir, that you do proteſt, which as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Ro. Bid her deuiſe ſome means to come to ſhrift this afternoon,
And there ſhe ſhall at Frier *Laurence* Cell
Be ſhrieued and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly ſir not a penny.

Ro. Go too, I ſay you ſhall.

Nur. This afternoone ſir, well ſhe ſhall be there.

Ro. And ſtay good Nurſe behinde the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cordes made like a tackled ſtayre,
Which to the high topgallant of my ioy,
Muſt be my conuoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell be truſtie, and ile quit thy paines:
Farewel, commend me to thy Miſtreſſe.

Nur. Now

134. *out:*] [,] Q3, 4. Ff.
assoone] *as soon* I 3, 4.

144. *offred*] *offered* Qq. Ff.

147. *thee.*] [—] F2, 3, 4.

151. *me?*] [.] Q5.

153. *a*] om. Q4.

158. *too*] *to* F2, 3, 4.

160. *stay*] *stay thou* Ff.
Nurse] [,] F4.
wall.] [:] Q5.

162. *thee*] *the* F2, 3.
tackled] *tackling* Q5.

165. *quit*] *quite* Qq. Ff.

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Nur: *Peter*, take my fanne, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Iuliet. II. 5.

Jul: The clocke ſtroke nine when I did ſend my Nurſſe
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſt to returne.
Perhaps ſhe cannot finde him. Thats not ſo.
Oh ſhe is lazie, Loues heralds ſhould be thoughts, 4
And runne more ſwift, than haſtie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

Compare lines 67, 68, Act V. Sc. 1 of Q2, and corresponding lines of (Q1).

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Nur. Now God in heauen bleſſe thee, harke you ſir.
Ro. What ſaiſt thou my deare Nurſe?
Nur. Is your man ſecret, did you nere here ſay, two may keep counſell putting one away.
Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as ſteele.
Nur. Well ſir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a litle prating thing. O there is a Noble man in town one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboord: but ſhe good ſoule had as leeue ſee a tode, a very tode as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe lookes as pale as any clout in the verſall world, doth not Roſemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?
Ro. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an *R*.
Nur. A mocker thats the dog, name *R*. is for the no, I know it begins with ſome other letter, and ſhe hath the pretieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemarie, that it would do you good to heare it.
Ro. Commend me to thy Lady.
Nur. I a thouſand times *Peter*.
Pet. Anon.
Nur. Before and apace.
Exit.

169. *here*] *heare* Ff.
170. *away.*] [?] Q5, F4.
171. *Warrant*] *I warrant* F2, 3, 4.
mans] *man* Ff.
175. *see a*] *a see* F1.
181. *dog, name R.*] *dogs-name. R.* Q3, F1. *dogges* or *dogs name. R.* The rest.
no,] [.] Q5.
[Exit Nurse and Peter] Ff.

II. 5. *Enter* Iuliet.

ACT II. SCENE 5.

Iu. The clocke ſtrooke nine when I did ſend the Nurſe,
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed to returne,
Perchance ſhe cannot meete him, thats not ſo:
Oh ſhe is lame, loues heraulds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides then the Suns beames,
Driuing backe ſhadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble piniond doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind ſwift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoſt hill,
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is there long houres, yet ſhe is not come,
Had ſhe affections and warme youthfull bloud,

2. *promised*] *promis'd* Q5.
4. *heraulds*] *Herauld* F1, 3. *Heraud* F2.
5. *glides*] *glide* F4.
8. *wind swift*] Hyphened Q3, 5, Ff.
11. *Is there*] *Is three* Qq. *I three* Ff.

She

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Enter Nurſe.

Oh now ſhe comes. Tell me gentle Nurſe,
What ſayes my Loue?

Oh wheres . . . aqua vitæ] See Q2, Act III. Sc. 2, l. 90.

Nur: Oh I am wearie, let mee reſt a while. Lord how my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me ſome aqua vitæ.

Iul: I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes.

Nur: Fie, what a iaunt haue I had: and my backe a tother ſide. Lord, Lord, what a caſe am I in.

Jul: But tell me ſweet Nurſe, what ſayes *Romeo?*

Nur: *Romeo*, nay, alas you cannot chuſe a man. Hees no bodie, he is not the Flower of curteſie, he is not a proper man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy way wench, thou haſt it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head beates?

Iul: What of all this? tell me what ſayes he to our mariage?

Nur:

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She would be as ſwift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandie her to my ſweete loue.
M. And his to me, but old folks, many fain as they wer dead,
Vnwieldie, ſlowe, heauie, and pale as lead.
Enter Nurſe.
O God ſhe comes, ô hony Nurſe what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.
Nur. *Peter* ſtay at the gate.
Iu. Now good ſweete *Nurſe*, O Lord, why lookeſt thou ſad?
Though newes be ſad, yet tell them merily.
If good, thou ſhameſt the muſicke of ſweete newes,
By playing it to me, with ſo ſower a face.
Nur. I am a wearie, giue me leaue a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunce haue I?
Iu. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee ſpeake, good good Nurſe ſpeake.
Nur. Ieſu what haſte, can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee that I am out of breath?
Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe that thou doeſt make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doeſt excuſe.
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,
Say either, and ile ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, iſt good or bad?
Nur. Well, you haue made a ſimple choyſe, you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face be better then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a hand and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are paſt compare: he is not the flower of curteſie, but ile warrant him, as gentle as a lamme: go thy wayes wench, ſerue God. What haue you dinde at home?
Iu. No, no. But all this did I know before.
What ſayes he of our marriage, what of that?
Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twentie peeces.

13. *She would*] *She'ld* F2, 3, 4.
15. M.] om. Q4, 5, Ff. *fain*] *faine* Qq. F1, 2. Two lines, first ending *folks* Ff.
20. *lookeſt*] *look'ſt* Q4, 5. F4. *lookes* F2. *looks* F3.
22. *shameſt*] *sham'ſt* Q4, 5. Ff.
25. *iaunce*] *jaunt* Q4, 5. Ff.
I ſ] *I had ſ* Qq. Ff.
27. *good good*] *good* F2, 3, 4.
28. *haste,*] *hast ſ* Ff.
29. *that*] om. F2. *how* F3, 4.
39. *leg excels*] *legs excels* F1, 2, 3 *legs excell* F4.
40. *a body*] *body* Q4, 5. *a bawdy* F2, 3, 4.
41. *ile*] *I* F2, 3, 4.
42. *as a*] *a* Ff.
44. *this*] *this this* F1.

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Nur: Marry he ſayes like an honeſt Gentleman, and a kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?

Iul: Lord, Lord, how odly thou replieſt? He ſaies like a kinde Gentleman, and an honeſt, and a vertuous; wheres your mother?

Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you ſtay a while? is this the poulteſſe for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue done, euen doot your ſelfe.

Iul: Nay ſtay ſweet Nurſe, I doo intreate thee now,
What ſayes my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo?*

Nur: Goe, hye you ſtraight to Friar *Laurence* Cell,
And frame a ſcuſe that you muſt goe to ſhrift:
There ſtayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I muſt prouide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord muſt clime a birdes neſt ſoone.
I muſt take paines to further your delight,
But you muſt beare the burden ſoone at night.
Doth this newes pleaſe you now?

Iul: How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.
Thankes gentle Nurſe, diſpatch thy buſines,
And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, *Frier.* II. 6.

Rom: Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant
Conſiſts the good of me and *Iuliet.*

Fr: Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.

Rom:

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My back a tother ſide, a my backe, my backe :
Beſhrewe your heart for ſending me about
To catch my death with iaunſing vp and downe.
Iu. Ifaith I am ſorrie that thou art not well.
Sweete, ſweete, ſweete Nurſe, tell me what ſayes my loue ?
Nur. Your loue ſayes like an honeſt gentleman,
And a Courteous, and a kinde, and a handſome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother ?
Iu. Where is my mother, why ſhe is within, wher ſhuld ſhe be ?
How odly thou repliеſt :
Your loue ſayes like an honeſt gentleman,
Where is your mother ?
Nur. O Gods lady deare,
Are you ſo hot, marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones :
Henceforward do your meſſages your ſelfe.
Iu. Heres ſuch a coyle, come what ſaies *Romeo* ?
Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to ſhrift to day ?
Iu. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There ſtayes a husband to make you a wife :
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Theile be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any newes :
Hie you to Church, I muſt an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your loue
Muſt climbe a birds neaſt ſoone when it is darke,
I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight :
But you ſhall beare the burthen ſoone at night.
Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Iuli. Hie to high fortune, honeſt Nurſe farewell.

Exeunt.

II. 6. *Enter Frier and* Romeo. ACT II. SCENE 6.

Fri. So ſmile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with ſorrow chide vs not.
Ro. Amen, amen, but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That

48. *a my*] *o my* F1. *O my* F2, 3, 4. *ah my* Q5.
50. *iaunsing*] *iaunting* Ff. Q4, 5.
51. *not well*] *so well* F1. *so ill* F2, 3, 4.
56. Two lines, first ending *mother ?* Ff.
57. *repliest*] *repli'st* Ff.
59. *your*] *my* F2, 3, 4.
61. *hot,*] [?] Ff.
62. *bones :*] [?] Ff.
67. *high*] *hie* Q5, F4.

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Rom: This morning here ſhe pointed we ſhould meet,
And conſumate thoſe neuer parting bands,
Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands,
And come ſhe will.
Fr: I geſſe ſhe will indeed,
Youths loue is quicke, ſwifter than ſwifteſt ſpeed.

Enter Iuliet ſomewhat faſt, and embraceth Romeo.

See where ſhe comes. 16
So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:
Of loue and ioy, ſee ſee the ſoueraigne power,
Iul: Romeo.
* *Rom:* My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloaſd in Nights myſts) attend the frolicke Day,
So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet*,
And thou art come.
Jul: I am (if I be Day)
Come to my Sunne: ſhine foorth, and make me faire.
Rom: All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.
Iul: *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth ariſe.
Fr: Come wantons, come, the ſtealing houres do paſſe
Defer imbracements till ſome fitrer time,
Part for a while, you ſhall not be alone, 36
Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.
Rom: Lead holy Father, all delay ſeemes long.
Iul: Make haſt, make haſt, this lingring doth vs wrong.
Fr: O, ſoft and faire makes ſweeteſt worke they ſay.
Haſt is a common hindrer in croſſe way. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter

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That one ſhort minute giues me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is inough I may but call her mine.
Fri. Theſe violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fier and powder:
Which as they kiſſe conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in his owne deliciouſneſſe,
And in the taſte confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth ſo,
Too ſwift arriues, as tardie as too ſlowe.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh ſo light a foote
Will nere weare out the euerlaſting flint,
A louer may beſtride the goſſamours,
That ydeles in the wanton ſommer ayre,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanitie.
Iu. Good euen to my ghoſtly confeſſor.
Fri. Romeo ſhall thanke thee daughter for vs both.
Iu. As much to him, elſe is his thankes too much.
Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the meaſure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blaſon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre and let rich muſicke tongue,
Vnfold the imagind happines that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.
Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to ſuch exceſſe,
I cannot ſum vp ſum of halfe my wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort (worke,
For by your leaues, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

[Exeunt.] F2, 3, 4.

10. *triumph*] [:] F1.
18. *gossamours*] *gossamour* F4.
19. *ydeles*] *ydles* Q3, F1, 2. *idles* Q4, 5, F3, 4.
23. *is*] *in* Q4, 5, F1, 2, 3.
27. *musicke*] *musickes* Qq. Ff.
34. *sum of*] *some of* Q4, 5, Ff.

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Enter Benuolio, Mercutio. III. 1.

Ben: I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.

Mer: Thou art like one of thoſe, that when hee comes into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the boord, and ſayes, God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben: Am I like ſuch a one?

Mer: Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude, and as ſoone mooude to be moodie, and as ſoone moodie to be mooud.

Ben: And what too?

Mer: Nay, and there were two ſuch, wee ſhould haue none ſhortly. Didſt not thou fall out with a man for cracking of nuts, hauing no other reaſon, but becauſe thou hadſt hafill eyes? what eye but ſuch an eye would haue pickt out ſuch a quarrell? With another for coughing, becauſe hee wakd thy dogge that lay a ſleepe in the Sunne? With a Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Eaſter: and with another for tying his new ſhoes with olde ribands. And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

Ben: By my head heere comes a *Capolet.*

Enter Tybalt.

Mer: By my heele I care not.

Tyb: Gentlemen a word with one of you.

Mer:

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III. 1. *Enter* Mercutio, Benuolio, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* abroad:
And if we meete we ſhall not ſcape a brawle, for now theſe hot
daies, is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of theſe fellowes, that when he enters
the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his ſword vpon the table,
and ſayes, God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation
of the ſecond cup, draws him on the drawer, when indeed there
is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode as
any in *Italie*: and aſſoone moued to be moodie, and aſſoone
moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two ſuch, we ſhould haue none
ſhortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt
quarell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leſſe in his
beard, then thou haſt: thou wilt quarell with a man for cracking
Nuts, hauing no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt haſel eyes:
what eye, but ſuch an eye wold ſpie out ſuch a quarrel? thy head
is as full of quarelles, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy
head hath bene beaten as addle as an egge for quarelling: thou
haſt quareld with a man for coffing in the ſtreete, becauſe hee
hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine aſleep in the ſun. Didſt
thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet be-
fore Eaſter, with an other for tying his new ſhooes with olde ri-
band, and yet thou wilt tuter me from quarelling?

Ben. And I were ſo apt to quarell as thou art, any man ſhould
buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple, ô ſimple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchiò, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

2. *Capels*] *Capulets* Q4, 5, Ff.

5. *these*] *those* F4.

27. *from*] *for* Q5.

30. *fee-simple,*] [?] Ff.

31. *comes*] *come* Q5, F2, 3, 4.

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Mer: But one word with one of vs? You had beſt couple it with ſomewhat, and make it a word and a blow.

Tyb: I am apt enough to that if I haue occaſion.

Mer: Could you not take occaſion?

Tyb: *Mercutio* thou conſorts with *Romeo*?

Mer: Conſort. Zwounes conſort? the ſlaue wil make fidlers of vs. If you doe ſirra, look for nothing but diſcord: For heeres my fiddle-ſticke.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb: Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.

Mer: But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary go before into the field, and he may be your follower, ſo in that ſence your worſhip may call him man.

Tyb: Romeo the hate I beare to thee can affoord no better words then theſe, thou art a villaine.

Rom: *Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuſe the appertaining rage to ſuch a word: villaine am I none, therfore I well perceiue thou knowſt me not.

Tyb: Bace boy this cannot ſerue thy turne, and therefore drawe.

Ro: I doe proteſt I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee better than thou canſt deuiſe, till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my loue.

Mer: O diſhonorable vile ſubmiſſion.

Allaſtockado

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Mer. And but one word with one of vs, couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blowe.

Tib. You ſhall find me apt inough to that fir, and you wil giue me occaſion.

Mercu. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giuing?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou conſorteſt with *Romeo*.

Mer. Conſort, what doeſt thou make vs Minſtrels? and thou make Minſtrels of vs, looke to hear nothing but diſcords: heeres my fiddleſticke, heeres that ſhall make you daunce: zounds conſort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto ſome priuate place,
Or reaſon coldly of your greeuances:
Or elſe depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well peace be with you ſir, here comes my man.

Mer. But ile be hangd ſir if he weare your liuerie:
Marrie go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

Ro. *Tybalt*, the reaſon that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting: villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell, I ſee thou knoweſt me not.

Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the iniuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I do proteſt I neuer iniuried thee,
But loue thee better then thou canſt deuiſe:
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my loue,
And ſo good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as mine owne, be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calme, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion:

35. *us,*] [?] Qq. Ff.
37. *wil*] *shall* Q5.
41. *consortest*] *consort'st* Ff. *Romeo.*] [,] F2.
44. *sounds*] *Come* Ff.
60. *villaine am I none*] (*I am* Q5) om. F2, 3, 4.
61. *knowest*] *know'st* Q4, 5, Ff.
64. *iniuried*] *iniured* Q3, 4. *injur'd* Q5, Ff.
65. *loue*] *low'd* Ff. *deuise*:] [,] Q5. [:] F4.
68. *mine*] *my* Qq. Ff.
69. *calme,*] [,] om. Q4, 5.

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Allaſtockado caries it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

Tyb: What wouldeſt with me?

Mer: Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your ſcabard, leaſt mine be about your eares ere you be aware.

Rom: Stay *Tibalt*, hould *Mercutio*: *Benuolio* beate downe their weapons.

Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thruſts Mercutio, in and flyes.

Mer: Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your houſes.

Rom: What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

Mer: Noe not ſo deepe as a Well, nor ſo wide as a barne doore, but it will ſerue I warrant. What meant you to come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom: I did all for the beſt.

Mer: A poxe of your houſes, I am fairely dreſt. Sirra goe fetch me a Surgeon.

Boy: I goe my Lord.

Mer: I am pepperd for this world, I am ſped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to morrow you ſhall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houſes, I ſhall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens ſhoulders: For your houſe of the *Mountegues* and the *Capolets*: and then ſome peaſantly rogue, ſome Sexton, ſome baſe ſlaue ſhall write my Epitapth, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Princes Lawes, and *Mercutio* was ſlaine for the firſt and ſecond cauſe. Wher's the Surgeon?

Boy: Hee's come ſir.

Mer: Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other ſide, come *Benuolio*, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houſes.

Exeunt

Rom:

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Alla ſtucatho carries it away,
Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?
Tib. What wouldſt thou haue with me?
M. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you ſhall vſe mee hereafter drie beate the reſt of the eight. Will you plucke your ſword out of his pilcher by the eares? make haſte, leaſt mine be about your eares ere it be out.
Tib. I am for you.
Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.
Mer. Come ſir, your Paſſado.
Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beate downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for ſhame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, Mercutio, the Prince expreſly hath
Forbid this bandying in *Verona* ſtreetes,
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Auay Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houſes, I am ſped,
Is he gone and hath nothing.
Ben. What art thou hurt?
Mer. I, I, a ſcratch, a ſcratch, marrie tis inough,
Where is my Page? go villaine, fetch a Surgion.
Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No tis not ſo deepe as a well, nor ſo wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, twill ſerue: aske for me to morrow, and you ſhall finde me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houſes, ſounds a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death: a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the book of arithmatick, why the deule came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.
Ro. I thought all for the beſt.
Mer. Helpe me into ſome houſe *Benuolio*,

Or

72. *wouldst*] *wouls* Q3, 4, F1, 2, 3.
84. *Forbid this*] *Forbid* Q3, 4, 5. *Forbidden* Ff. *Verona*] *Verona's* Q5.
[Exit Tybalt] Ff.
87. *a both*] *a both the* F1. *of both the* F2, 3, 4.
88. *nothing.*] [?] Qq. Ff.
95. *peppered*] *pepper'd* Ff.
96. *a both*] *of both* F2, 3, 4. *sounds*] *'sounds* Q5. *What* Ff.
98. *deule*] *deu'le* Q3, 4, F1, 2. *dev'll* Q5. *dev'l* F3. *Div'l* F4.

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Rom: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie.
My very frend hath tane this mortall wound
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtaind
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my kinſman. Ah *Iuliet*
* Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftens valors ſteele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben: Ah *Romeo Romeo* braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath a ſpir'd the cloudes,
Which too vntimely ſcornd the lowly earth.
Rom: This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
This but begins what other dayes muſt end.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben: Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.
Rom: A liue in tryumph and *Mercutio* ſlaine?
Away to heauen reſpectiue lenity:
And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe,
Which late thou gau'ſt me: for *Mercutios* ſoule,
Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,
And ſtaies for thine to beare him company.
Or thou, or I, or both ſhall follow him.

Fight, Tibalt falles.

Ben: Romeo away, thou ſeeſt that *Tibalt's* ſlaine,
The Citizens approach, away, begone
Thou wilt be taken.

Rom:

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Or I ſhall faint, a plague a both your houſes,
They haue made wormes meate of me,
I haue it, and ſoundly, to your houſes. *Exit.*

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath got this mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtaind
With *Tybalts* ſlaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath bene my Cozen, O ſweete *Iuliet*,
Thy bewtie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valours ſteele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo, Romeo,* braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the Clowdes,
Which too vntimely here did ſcorne the earth.
Ro. This dayes blacke fate, on mo daies doth depēd,
This but begins, the wo others muſt end.
Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* backe againe.
Ro. He gan in triumph and *Mercutio* ſlaine,
Away to heauen, reſpectiue lenitie,
And fier end furie, be my conduct now,
Now *Tybalt* take the villaine backe againe,
That late thou gaueſt me, for *Mercutios* ſoule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, muſt go with him.
Ty. Thou wretched boy that didſt cōfort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Ro. This ſhall determine that.
They Fight. Tibalt *falles.*
Ben. Romeo, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* ſlaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince wil doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence be gone away.
Ro. O

102. *a both*] *o' both* F4.
104. *soundly,*] [,] om. Qq. Ff.
to] *too* F2. *too,* F3, 4.
houses.] [—] Q4, 5.
106. *got this*] *gott his* Q3. *got his* Q4, 5, Ff.
112. *Mercutio is*] *Mercutio's is* F1. *Mercutio's* Q5, F2, 3, 4.
115. *mo*] *moe* Q4. *more* Q5, F4.
doth] *doe* F2. *do* F3. *does* F4.
[Enter Tybalt] Ff.
116. *begins,*] [.] om. Q5, F4.
118. *gan*] *gon* Q3, 4, F1, 2. *gone* Q5, F3, 4.
slaine,] [?] Ff.
120. *fier end*] *fier and* Q3. *fire and* Q4, 5, F1, 2. *fire, and* F3, 4.
122. *gauest*] *gau'st* Ff. Q5.
131. *amazed*] *amaz'd* Ff. Q5.

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Rom: Ah I am fortunes ſlaue.

Exeunt

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's he that ſlue *Mercutio*, T*ybalt* that villaine?

Ben: There is that T*ybalt.*

[*Watch*: Vp] catchword in the original.

[*Watch*: Vp]

Vp ſirra goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can diſcouer all
The moſt vnlucky mannage of this brawle.
Heere lyes the man ſlaine by yong R*omeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman braue *Mercutio*,
M: *Tibalt, Tybalt*, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie ſight? Ah the blood is ſpilt
Of my deare kinſman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, ſhed bloud of *Mountageu*.

Pry: Speake *Benuolio* who began this fray?

Ben: *Tibalt* heere ſlaine whom R*omeos* hand did ſlay.
R*omeo* who ſpake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was.

But *Tibalt* ſtill perſiſting in his wrong,

The ſtout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the ſtorme,

Which R*omeo* ſeeing cal'd ſtay Gentlemen,
And on mè cry'd, who drew to part their ſtrife

And

Ro. O I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citti. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio?*
Tybalt that mutherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that *Tybalt.*
Citi. Vp ſir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet, *their wiues and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince, I can diſcouer all:
The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,
There lies the man ſlaine by young *Romeo,*
That ſlew thy kiſman, braue *Mercutio.*
Capu. Wi. Tybalt, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the bloud is ſpild
Of my deare kiſman, Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, ſhead bloud of Mountague.
O Cozin, Cozin.
Prin. Benuolio, who began this bloudie fray?
Ben. Tybalt here ſlain, whom *Romeos* hand did ſlay,
Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarell was, and vrgd withall
Your high diſpleaſure all this vtrered,
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteele at bold *Mercutios* breaſt,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly poynt to poynt,
And with a Martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It backe to *Tybalt,* whoſe dexteritie
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and ſwifter then his tongue,

His

140. *vile*] *vild* F2, 3.
141. *all:*] [:] om. Ff. Q5.
144. *kisman*] *kinsman* Qq. Ff.
147. *kisman*] *kinsman* Qq. Ff.
150. *bloudie*] om. Ff.
152. *bid*] *bad* Q5.
154. *vtrered*] *vttered* Qq. Ff.
155. *bowed*] *bow'd* Ff.
157. *Tybalt*] *Tybalts* F1.

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And with his agill arme yong *Romeo*,
As faſt as tung cryde peace, ſought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thruſts and blows,
Vnder yong R*omeos* laboring arme to part,
The furious *Tybalt* caſt an enuious thruſt,
That rid the life of ſtout *Mercutio*.
With that he fled, but preſently return'd,
And with his rapier braued R*omeo*:
That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,
And this way R*omeo* fled.
Mo: He is a *Mountagew* and ſpeakes partiall,
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke ſtrife:
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
* I doo intreate ſweete Prince thoult iuſtice giue,
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue.

Prin: And for that offence
Immediately we doo exile him hence.
I haue an intereſt in your hates proceeding,
My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with ſo large a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares nor prayers ſhall purchaſe for abuſes.

Pittie ſhall dwell and gouerne with vs ſtill:

Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet. III. 2
Iul: Gallop apace you fierie footed ſteedes

To

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His aged arme beates downe their fatall poynts,
And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,
An enuious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled,
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertaind reuenge,
And toote they go like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.
Ca. Wi. He is a kisman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for Iustice which thou Prince must giue:
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not liue.
Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.
Capu. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
The life of *Tybalt*.
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But ile amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore vse none, let *Romeo* hence in hast,
Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercie but murders, pardoning those that kill.
Exit.

III. 2. *Enter* Iuliet alone.

Gallop apace, you fierie footed steedes,

165. *aged*] *agill* Q4, 5. *able* F2, 3, 4.
171. *toote*] *too't* Q4, 5. F1, 2. *to't* F3, 4.
175. *kisman*] *kinsman* Qq. Ff.
Mountague] *Mountagues* Q5.
182. *owe.*] [?] Q3.
183. Capu.] Cap. Q3, Ff. Moun. Q4. Mou. Q5.
192. *It will*] *I will* Q4, 5. F2, 3, 4.
193. *out*] *our* Ff.
195. *his*] *the* Q5.
[Exeunt.] Ff.
ACT III. SCENE 2.

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To *Phœbus* manſion, ſuch a Waggoner
As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,
And ſend in cloudie night immediately.

Enter Nurſe wringing her hands, with the ladder of cordes in her lap.

But how now Nurſe: O Lord, why lookſt thou ſad?
What haſt thou there, the cordes?

Nur:

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Towards *Phœbus* lodging, ſuch a wagoner
As *Phaetan* would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to theſe armes, vntalkt of and vnſeene,
Louers can ſee to do their amorous rights,
And by their owne bewties, or if loue be blind,
It beſt agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou ſober ſuted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to looſe a winning match,
Plaide for a paire of ſtainleſſe maydenhoods.
Hood my vnmand bloud bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till ſtrange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted ſimple modeſtie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the winges of night,
Whiter then new ſnow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing black browd night,
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtarres,
And he will make the face of heauen ſo fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh Sun.
O I haue bought the manſion of a loue,
But not poſſeſt it, and though I am ſold,
Not yet enioyd, ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurſe.

Enter Nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings newes, and euery tongue that ſpeaks
But *Romeos* name, ſpeakes heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurſe, what newes? what haſt thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I,

3. *Phaetan*] *Phaeton* Qq. Ff.

6. *runnawayes*] *run-awayes* Q4, 5, F1. *run-awaies* F2, 3. *run-aways* F4.

9. *And by*] *By* Q4, 5. F2, 3, 4.

19. *new snow upon*] *new snow on* F2, 3, 4. *snow upon* Q4, 5.

21. *I*] *he* Q4, 5.

24. *will*] *shall* Q5.

34. *there,*] [?] Ff.

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Nur: I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone,
We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone.
Iul: What diuell art thou that torments me thus?
Nurſ: Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.
Jul: This torture ſhould be roard in diſmall hell.
Can heauens be ſo enuious?
Nur: *Romeo* can if heauens cannot.

I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes.
God ſaue the ſample, on his manly breaſt:
A bloodie coarſe, a piteous bloodie coarſe,
All pale as aſhes, I ſwounded at the ſight.
* *Iul*: Ah *Romeo, Romeo*, what diſaſter hap
Hath ſeuerd thee from thy true *Juliet*?
Ah why ſhould Heauen ſo much conſpire with Woe,
Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,
So ſoone to ſunder vs by timeleſſe Death?
Nur: O *Tybalt, Tybalt*, the beſt frend I had,
O honeſt *Tybalt*, curteous Gentleman.

Iul: What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie,
Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:
My deare loude couſen, and my deareſt Lord.
Then let the trumpet ſound a generall doome
Theſe two being dead, then liuing is there none.

Nur.

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Nur. I, I, the cords.
Iu. Ay me what news? why doſt thou wring thy hãds?
Nur. A weraday, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alack the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.
Iu. Can heauen be ſo enuious?
Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo, Romeo,*
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo?*
Iu. What diuell art thou that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be rored in diſmall hell,
Hath *Romeo* ſlaine himſelfe? ſay thou but I,
And that bare vowell I ſhall poyſon more
Then the death arting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be ſuch an I.
Or thoſe eyes ſhot, that makes thee anſwere I:
If he be ſlaine ſay I, or if not, no.
Briefe, ſounds, determine my weale or wo.
Nur. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
God ſaue the marke, here on his manly breſt,
A piteous coarſe, a bloudie piteous coarſe,
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawbde in bloud,
All in goare bloud, I ſounded at the ſight.
Iu. O break my hart, poore banckrout break at once,
To priſon eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth too earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe on heauie beare.
Nur. O *Tybalt, Tybalt,* the beſt friend I had,
O curteous *Tybalt,* honeſt Gentleman,
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead.
Iu. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My deareſt Cozen, and my dearer Lord,
Then dreadfull Trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if thoſe two are gone?

38. *weraday*] *weladay* Qq. F3, 4. *welady* F1, 2. *hees dead*] Twice only Ff.
46. *rored*] *roar'd* Ff.
49. *death arting*] *death-darting* Qq. Ff.
50. *an I.*] [,] Q5.
51. *thee*] *the* F2, 3, 4.
53. *Briefe, sounds,*] [, ,] om. Q5, F4.
my] *of my* Ff. Q5.
57. *bedawbde*] *bedawde* Q4. *bedeaw'd* Q5.
58. *sounded*] *swouned* Q5. *swooned* F4.
59. *banckrout*] *bankrupt* Q5, F4.
61. *too*] *to* Qq. Ff.
62. *on*] *one* Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4. *beare*] *beere* Q4, 5, F1, 2. *beer* F3, 4.

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Nur: *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that murdred him is baniſhed.
Iul: Ah heauens, did *Romeos* hand ſhed *Tybalts* blood?
Nur: It did, it did, alacke the day it did.
Iul: O ſerpents hate, hid with a flowring face:

O painted ſepulcher, including filth.

Was neuer booke containing ſo foule matter,
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo?*

Nur: There is no truth, no faith, no honeſtie in men:
All falſe, all faithles, periurde, all forſworne.

Shame come to *Romeo.*
Iul: A bliſter on that tung, he was not borne to ſhame:

Vpon his face Shame is aſhamde to ſit.

But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my Couſen?
That villaine Couſen would haue kild my husband.

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Nur. *Tybalt* is gone and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kild him he is baniſhed.
Iuli. O God, did *Romeos* hand ſhead *Tibalts* bloud?
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Nur. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flowring face,
Iu. Did euer draggon keepe ſo faire a Caue?
Bewtifull tirant, fiend angelicall:
Rauenous doueſeatherd rauē, woluiſh rauening lamb,
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of diuineſt ſhowe:
Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,
A dimme ſaint, an honourable villaine:
O nature what hadſt thou to do in hell
When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend,
In mortall paradiſe of ſuch ſweete fleſh?
Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter
So fairely bound? o that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgious Pallace.
Nur. Theres no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,
All periurde, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers,
Ah wheres my man? giue me ſome Aqua-vitæ:
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo*.
Iu. Bliſterd be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to ſhame:
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For tis a throane where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vniuerſal earth.
O what a beaſt was I to chide at him?
Nur. Wil you ſpeak wel of him that kild your cozin?
Iu. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poor my lord, what tongue ſhal ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my Cozin?
That villaine Cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your natiue ſpring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which

73. Iuli. *O God*] Separate line Ff.
did] Nur. *Did* F2, 3.
74. *It did*] Nur. *It did* Q5, F4.
75. Nur.] Jul. F2, 3, 4, Q5.
76 Iu.] om. F2, 3, 4, Q5.
78. Two lines Ff., the first ending *rauen.*
doueſeatherd] *Doue-feather'd* F1. *doue, feathred* Q4, 5. *Doue, feather'd* F2, 3, 4.
81. *dimme*] *dimne* F1. *damned* Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.
83. *bower*] *power* Q4. *poure* Q5.
93. *Bliſterd*] *Bliſtered* Qq.
98. *at him*] *him* F1. *him ſo* F2, 3, 4.

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All this is comfort. But there yet remaines
VVorſe than his death, which faine I would forget:
But ah, it preſſeth to my memorie,
Romeo is baniſhed. Ah that word Baniſhed
Is worſe than death. R*omeo* is baniſhed,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, I*uliet*,
All killd, all ſlaine, all dead, all baniſhed.
Where are my Father and my Mother Nurſe?
Nur: VVeeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarſe.
VVill you goe to them?
Iul: I, I, when theirs are ſpent,
Mine ſhall he ſhed for R*omeos* baniſhment.

Nur:

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Which you miſtaking offer vp to ioy,
My husband liues that *Tybalt* would haue ſlaine,
And *Tybalts* dead that would haue ſlain my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
Some word there was, worſer then *Tybalts* death
That murdred me, I would forget it faine,
But oh it preſſes to my memorie,
Like damned guiltie deeds to ſinners mindes,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* baniſhed:
That baniſhed, that one word baniſhed,
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tybalts*: *Tybalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if ſower woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be ranckt with other griefes,
Why followed not when ſhe ſaid *Tybalts* dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue moued,
But with a reareward following *Tybalts* death,
Romeo is baniſhed: to ſpeake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
All ſlaine, all dead: *Romeo* is baniſhed,
There is no end, no limit, meaſure bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe ſound.
Where is my father and my mother Nurſe?
Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* courſe,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Iu. Waſh they his wounds with teares? mine ſhall be (ſpent,
When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* baniſhment.
Take vp thoſe cordes, poore ropes you are beguilde,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exilde:
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widowed.
Come cordes, come Nurſe, ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden head.
Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile finde *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

109. *Tybalts*] *Tibalt* Ff. *ſlain*] *kil'd* F2. *kill'd* F3, 4.
111. *word there was*] *words there was* Q3, 4, F1. *words there were* Q5.
112. *murdred*] *murdered* Q4, F1, 3, 4.
121. *followed*] *follow'd* Q5.
123. *moued*] *mou'd* Ff. Q5.
124. *reareward*] *rere-ward* Ff. *rereward* Q5.
128. *meaſure*] [,] Qq. Ff.
131. *courſe*] *coarſe* Ff. Q5. *corſe* Q4.
133. *teares?*] [:] Q3, 4. Ff. [,] Q5.
136. */]* [,] Q5, F3, 4.
137. *a*] *an* F4.
139. *cordes*] *cord* Qq. Ff.

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Nur: Ladie, your Romeo will be here to night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell. 144
Iul: Doo ſo, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his laſt farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier. III. 3
Fr: Romeo come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamourd on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.
Enter Romeo.
Rom: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome, 4
VVhat Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
VVhich yet we know not.
Fr: Too familiar
Is my yong ſonne with ſuch ſowre companie: 8
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Rom: VVhat leſſe than doomes day is the Princes doome?
Fr: A gentler iudgement vaniſht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment. 12
Rom: Ha, Baniſhed? be mercifull, ſay death:
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Than death it ſelfe, doo not ſay Baniſhment.
Fr: Hence from *Verona* art thou baniſhed: 16
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom: There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it ſelfe.
Hence baniſhed, is baniſht from the world: 20
And world exilde is death. Calling death baniſhment,

Thou cutſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmileſt vpon the ſtroke that murders me. 24
Fr: Oh monſtrous ſinne, O rude vnthankfulnes:
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
(Taking thy part) hath ruſhd aſide the law,
* And turnd that blacke word death to baniſhment: 28

This

Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night,
144 Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iu. O find him, giue this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his laſt farewell.

Exit.

III. 3. *Enter Frier and* Romeo. ACT III. SCENE 3.

Fri. Romeo come forth, come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enamourd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
4 *Ro.* Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?
What ſorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
8 Is my deare ſonne with ſuch ſowre companie?
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What leſſe then doomesday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vaniſht from his lips,
12 Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, baniſhment? be mercifull, ſay death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, do not ſay baniſhment.
16 *Fri.* Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it ſelfe:
20 Hence baniſhed, is blaniſht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then baniſhed,
Is death, miſtermd, calling death baniſhed,
Thou cutſt my head off with a golden axe,
24 And ſmileſt vpon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin, ô rude vnthankfulnes,
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath ruſht aſide the law,
28 And turnd that blacke word death to baniſhment.

This

5. *acquaintance*] *admittance* F4.
11. *gentler*] *gentle* F4.
20. *blanisht*] *banisht* Qq. Ff.
24. *smilest*] *smil'st* Q5, F3, 4.

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This is meere mercie, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom: Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where *Iuliet* liues: and euerie cat and dog,
And little mouſe, euerie vnworthie thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip liues
In carrion flyes, than *Romeo:* they may ſeaze
On the white wonder of faire *Iuliets* skinne,
And ſteale immortall kiſſes from her lips;

But *Romeo* may not, he is baniſhed.
Flies may doo this, but I from this muſt flye.
Oh Father hadſt thou no ſtrong poyſon mixt,
No ſharpe ground knife, no preſent meane of death,
Though nere ſo meane, but baniſhment
To torture me withall: ah, baniſhed.
O Frier, the damned vſe that word in hell:
Howling attends it. How hadſt thou the heart,
Being a Diuine, a ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A ſinne abſoluer, and my frend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word, Baniſhment?
Fr: Thou fond mad man, heare me but ſpeake a word.
Rom: O, thou wilt talke againe of Baniſhment.
Fr: Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
Aduerſities ſweete milke, philoſophie,
To comfort thee though thou be baniſhed.
Rom: Yet Baniſhed? hang vp philoſophie,
Vnleſſe philoſophie can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a Towne, reuerſe a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fr: O, now I ſee that madmen haue no eares.
Rom: How ſhould they, when that wiſe men haue no eyes. *Fr*:

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This is deare mercie, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Ro. Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery cat and dog,
And litle mouſe, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip liues
In carrion flies, then *Romeo:* they may ſeaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And ſteale immortall bleſſing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and veſtall modeſtie
Still bluſh, as thinking their owne kiſſes ſin.
This may flyes do, when I from this muſt flie,
And ſayeſt thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, he is baniſhed.
Flies may do this, but I from this muſt flie:
They are freemen, but I am baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no poyſon mixt, no ſharpe ground knife,
No ſudden meane of death, though nere ſo meane,
But baniſhed to kill me: Baniſhed?
O Frier, the damned vſe that word in hell:
Howling attends it, how haſt thou the heart
Being a Diuine, a ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A ſin obſoluer, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word baniſhed?
Fri. Then fond mad man, heare me a little ſpeake.
Ro. O thou wilt ſpeake againe of baniſhment.
Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduerſities ſweete milke, Philoſophie,
To comfort thee though thou art baniſhed.
Ro. Yet baniſhed? hang vp philoſophie,
Vnleſſe Philoſophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Diſplant a towne, reuerſe a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I ſee, that mad man haue no eares.
Ro. How ſhould they when that wiſe men haue no eyes.
Fri. Let

36. *seaze*] *seize* F3, 4.
38. *blessing*] *blessings* F4.
42. *sayest*] *saist* Qq. Ff.
44, 45. om. Ff.
50. *Howling attends*] *Howlings attends* F1. *Howlings attend* F2, 3, 4.
52. *sin obsoluer*] *Sin-Absoluer* Ff.
54. *Then*] *Thou* Q4, 5. om. F2, 3, 4. *a little*] om. Ff.
63. *man*] *men* Qq. Ff.
64. *that*] om. Qq. Ff.

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Fr: Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom: Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feele.
* Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy Loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdred.
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mightſt thou ſpeake, then mightſt thou teare thy hayre.
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.
Nurſe knockes.
Fr: Romeo ariſe, ſtand vp thou wilt be taken,

I heare one knocke, ariſe and get thee gone.

Nu: Hoe Fryer.

Fr: Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

Shee knockes againe.

Nur: Hoe Fryer open the doore,
Fr: By and by I come. Who is there?
Nur: One from Lady *Iuliet.*
Fr: Then come neare.
Nur: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's *Romeo*?
Fr: There on the ground, with his owne teares made drunke.
Nur: Oh he is euen in my Miſtreſſe caſe.
Iuſt in her caſe. Oh wofull ſimpathy,
Pitteous predicament, euen ſo lyes ſhee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping:
Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man.
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand,
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an *O*.
He riſes.
Romeo: Nurſe. *Nur*:

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Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Ro. Thou canſt not ſpeak of that thou doſt not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mighteſt thou ſpeake,
Then mightſt thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.
Enter Nurſe, and knocke.
Fri. Ariſe one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy ſelfe.
Ro. Not I, vnleſſe the breath of hartſicke grones,
Myſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.
They knocke.
Fri. Hark how they knock (whoſe there) *Romeo* ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken, ſtay a while, ſtand vp.
Slud knock.
Run to my ſtudie by and by, Gods will
What ſimplenes is this? I come, I come.
Knocke.
Who knocks ſo hard? whēce come you? whats your will?
Enter Nurſe.
Nur. Let me come in, and you ſhal know my errant:
I come from Lady *Iuliet*.
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Wheres my Ladyes Lord? wheres *Romeo?*
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my miſtreſſe caſe,
Iuſt in her caſe. O woſull ſimpathy:
Pitious prediccament, euen ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an O?
Rom. Nurſe. *Nur.* Ah

67. *as I, Iuliet thy*] *as Iuliet my* Ff.
70. *mighteſt*] *mightſt* Q5, F3, 4.
[Enter . . . knockes] Q3, Ff. [Nurse knocks.] Q4, 5.
75. *hartsicke*] *heart-sicke* Q4, 5, F4.
[Knocke.] Q4, 5, Ff.
77. *whose*] *who's* Q4, 5, Ff.
78. (*stay a while*) Q4, 5.
[Knocke againe.] Q4, 5. [Knocke.] Ff.
79. (*by and by*) Q4, 5.
82. *errant*] *errand* Q4, 5, Ff.

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Nur: Ah ſir, ah ſir. Wel death's the end of all.
Rom: Spakeſt thou of *Iuliet*, how is it with her?
Doth ſhe not thinke me an olde murderer,
Now I haue ſtainde the childhood of her ioy,
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? And what ſayes
My conceal'd Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur: Oh ſhe ſaith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,
And *Tybalt* cryes, and then on *Romeo* calles.
Rom: As if that name ſhot from the deadly leuel of a gun
Did murder her, as that names curſed hand
Murderd her kinſman. Ah tell me holy Fryer
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may ſacke
The hatefull manſion?
He offers to ſtab himſelfe, and Nurſe ſnatches the dagger away.
Nur: Ah?
Fr: Hold, ſtay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme
Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
The vnreſonable furyes of a beaſt.
Vnſeemely woman in a ſeeming man,
Or ill beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both.
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temperd,
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou ſlay thy ſelfe?
And ſlay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?

Rouſe

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Nur. Ah ſir, ah ſir, deaths the end of all.
Ro. Spakeſt thou of *Iuliet?* how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue ſtaind the childhood of our ioy,
With bloud remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur. Oh ſhe ſayes nothing ſir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name ſhot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names curſed hand
Murderd her kinſman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may ſacke
The hatefull manſion.
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womaniſh, thy wild acts deuote
The vnreaſonable furie of a beaſt.
Vnſeemely woman in a ſeeming man,
And ilbeſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temperd.
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt?* wilt thou ſley thy ſelfe?
And ſley thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy ſelfe?
Why rayleſt thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen, and earth all three do meet,
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldſt looſe.
Fie, fie, thou ſhameſt thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vſurer aboundſt in all:
And vſeſt none in that true vſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedecke thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble ſhape is but a forme of waxe,

97. *deaths*] *death is* Q5.
98. *Spakest*] *Speak'st* Ff. *Spak'st* Q5. *is it*] *ist* Q5. *is't* F4.
99. *not she*] *she not* Q5.
100. *childhood*] *child-head* Q5.
101. *remoued*] *remov'd* Q5.
103. *canceld*] *conceal'd* Ff.
116. *deuote*] *denote* Q4, 5, F1. *doe note* F2. *do note* F3, 4.
123. *lies*] *lives* F4.
125. *raylest*] *rayl'st* Ff. Q5.
127. *loose*] *lose* Q5, F3, 4.
128. *shamest*] *sham'st* Q5, Ff.
129. *a*] *an* Q5, F4.

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Rouſe vp thy ſpirits, thy Lady *Iuliet* liues,
For whoſe ſweet ſake thou wert but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlueſt *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.

A packe of bleſſings lights vpon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his beſt array:
But like a misbehaude and ſullen wench
Thou frownſt vpon thy Fate that ſmilles on thee.
* Take heede, take heede, for ſuch dye miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed:
Aſcend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet:
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*.

Nurſe prouide all things in a readines,
Comfort thy Miſtreſſe, haſte the houſe to bed,
Which heauy ſorrow makes them apt vnto.
Nur: Good Lord what a thing learning is.
I could haue ſtayde heere all this night
To heare good counſell. Well Sir,
Ile tell my Lady that you will come.
Rom: Doe ſo and bidde my ſweet prepare to childe,
Farwell good Nurſe.

Nurſe

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Digreſſing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue ſworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou haſt vowd to cheriſh,
Thy wit, that ornament, to ſhape and loue,
Miſhapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe ſouldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What rowſe thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happie, *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſleweſt *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of bleſſings light vpon thy backe,
Happines courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a miſhaued and ſullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heede, take heede, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt liue till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
With twentie hundred thouſand times more ioy
Then thou wentſt forth in lamentation.
Go before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauie ſorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.
Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſtaid here all the night,
To heare good counſell, oh what learning is:
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.
Ro. Do ſo, and bid my ſweete prepare to chide.
Nur. Here

139. *a fier*] *on fire* Q5.
144. *slewest*] *slew'st* Ff.
happie] *happy too* F2, 3, 4.
145. *becomes*] *became* Ff.
146. *turnes*] *turne* Q3. *turn'd* Ff.
147. *light*] *lights* Q4.
149. *mishaued*] *misbehau'd* Q4, 5.
150. *puts vp*] *powts vpon* Q4. *poutst upon* Q5. *puttest vp* Ff.
158. *the*] *thy* Q3, Ff.
165. *the*] om. Ff.

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Nurſe offers to goe in and turnes againe.

Nur: Heere is a Ring Sir, that ſhe bad me giue you,
Rom: How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

Exit Nurſe.

Fr: Soiorne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time:
Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere.
Farwell.
Rom: But that a ioy, paſt ioy cryes out on me,
It were a griefe ſo breefe to part with thee.

Enter olde Capolet and his wife, with County Paris. III. 4

Cap: Thinges haue fallen out Sir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.
Looke yee Sir, ſhe lou'd her kinſman dearely,
And ſo did I. Well, we were borne to dye,
Wife wher's your daughter, is ſhe in her chamber?
I thinke ſhe meanes not to come downe to night.

Par: Theſe times of woe affoord no time to wooe,
Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.

Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet calles him againe.

Cap: Sir *Paris*? Ile make a deſperate tender of my child.
I thinke ſhe will be rulde in all reſpectes by mee:

But ſoft what day is this?
Par: Munday my Lord.
Cap: Oh then Wenſday is too ſoone,
On Thurſday let it be: you ſhall be maried.

Wee'le

Nur. Here ſir, a Ring ſhe bid me giue you ſir:
Hie you, make haſt, for it growes very late.
Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.
Fri. Go hẽce, goodnight, & here ſtands al your ſtate:
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguiſe from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here:
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.
Ro. But that a ioy paſt ioy calls out on me,
It were a griefe, ſo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, *his wife and* Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out ſir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, ſhe lou'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearely
And ſo did I. Well we were borne to die.
'Tis very late, ſheele not come downe to night:
I promiſe you, but for your companie,
I would haue bene a bed an houre ago.
Paris. Theſe times of wo affoord no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.
La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night ſhees mewed vp to her heauines.
Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my childes loue: I thinke ſhe will me rulde
In all reſpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my ſonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me? on wendſday next.
But ſoft, what day is this? — — — — — —
Pa. Monday my Lord.
Ca. Monday, ha ha, well wendſday is too ſoone,
A thurſday let it be, a thurſday tell her

169. *bid*] *bids* Q4. 5.
174. *disguise*] *disguis'd* Qq. Ff.

III. 4. ACT III. SCENE 4.

11. *shees*] *she is* Qq. Ff.
12. *me*] *be* Qq. Ff.
16. *here, of*] *hereof*, Q3. *here of* Q4, F3, 4. *here with* Q5.
17. *next.*] [,] Qq. Ff.

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Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or ſo:
For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo lately,
It will be thought we held him careleſſye:
If we ſhould reuell much, therefore we will haue
Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.
But what ſay you to Thurſday.
Par: My Lorde I wiſhe that Thurſday were to morrow.
Cap: Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to bed.
Acquaint her with the County *Paris* loue,
Fare well my Lord till Thurſday next.
Wife gette you to your daughter. Light to my Chamber.
Afore me it is ſo very very late,
That we may call it earely by and by.
Exeunt.

* *Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.* III. 5.
Iul: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke
That pierſt the fearfull hollow of thine eare:
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon Pomegranate tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.
Rom: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,
And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious ſtrakes
Doo lace the ſeuering clowdes in yonder Eaſt.
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day
Stands tiptoes on the myſtie mountaine tops.
I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and dye.
Iul: Yon light is not day light, I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Then ſtay awhile, thou ſhalt not goe ſoone.
Rom: Let me ſtay here, let me be tane, and dye:
If thou wilt haue it ſo, I am content.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,

It

She ſhall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haſte?
Well, keepe no great ado, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly
Being our kinſman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue ſome halfe a doozen friends,
And thete an end, but what ſay you to Thurſday?
Paris. My Lord, I would that thurſday were to morrow.
Ca. Well get you gone, a Thurſday be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,
Afore mee, it is ſo very late that wee may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

III. 5. *Enter* Romeo *and* Iuliet *aloft.*

Iu. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierſt the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.
Rom. It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,
No Nightingale, looke loue what enuious ſtreakes
Do lace the ſeuering cloudes in yonder Eaſt:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocand day
Stands tipto on the myſtie Mountaine tops,
I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and die.
Iu. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Therefore ſtay yet, thou needſt not to be gone.
Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, ſo thou wilt haue it ſo.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the the mornings eye,

Tis

24. *Well, keepe*] *Weele keepe* Q3, 4, F1, 2. (*Wee'll* Q5. *Wee'l* F3, 4.)
28. *doozen*] *dozen* Qq. Ff.
35. *very*] om. Ff.

ACT III. SCENE 5.

1. *It . . . day*] om. F2, 3, 4.
9. *iocand*] *iocond* Q3, 4, F1, 2. *jocond* Q5, F3. *jocund* F4.
10. *tipto*] *tip-toe* Q4, 5. *tiptoe* F4.
Mountaine] *Mountaines* Qq. F1.
13. *exhale*] *exhales* Q3, 4, Ff.
16. *yet,*] [,] om. F4.
needst not to be] *needest not be* Q5.
19. *the the*] *the* Qq. Ff.

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It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.
Ile ſay it is the Nightingale that beates
The vaultie heauen ſo high aboue our heads,
And not the Larke the Meſſenger of Morne.
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it ſo.
What ſayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.
Jul: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords and vnpleaſing Sharpes.
Some ſay, the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion:
This doth not ſo: for this diuideth vs.
Some ſay the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntſvp to the day.
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.
Rom: More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Farewell my Loue, one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.
He goeth downe.
Jul: Art thou gone ſo, my Lord, my Loue, my Frend?
I muſt heare from thee euerie day in the hower:
For in an hower there are manie minutes,
Minutes are dayes, ſo will I number them:
Oh, by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,
Ere I ſee thee againe.
Rom: Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.
Iul: Oh, thinkſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe.
Rom: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe ſhall ſerue
For ſweete diſcourſes in the time to come.

Jul:

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Tis but the pale reflex of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whoſe noates do beate
The vaultie heauen ſo high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to ſtay then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it ſo.
How iſt my ſoule? lets talke it is not day.
Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords, and vnpleaſing Sharpes.
Some ſay, the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion:
This doth not ſo: for ſhe diuideth vs.
Some ſay the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntſup to the day.
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.
Romeo. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Enter Madame and Nurſe.

Nur. Madam.
Iu. Nurſe.
Nur. Your Lady Mother is cūming to your chāber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.
Iuli. Then window let day in, and let life out.
Ro. Farewell, farewell, one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.
Iu. Art thou gone ſo loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,
I muſt heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*
Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no opportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.
Iu. O thinkſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerue
For ſweete diſcourſes in our times to come.

22. *heauen*] *heavens* F3, 4.
25. *talke*] [,] Q4, 5, Ff.
44. *so*] [,] Q3. [?] Ff. *ay*] *ah* F2, 3, 4.
52. *thinkst*] *thinkest* Q3, 4, Ff.
54. *times*] *time* Qq. Ff.

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Jul: Oh God, I haue an ill diuining ſoule.
Me thinkes I ſee thee now thou art below
Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:
Either mine ey-ſight failes, or thou lookſt pale.
Rom: And truſt me Loue, in my eye ſo doo you,
Drie ſorrow drinkes our blood: adieu, adieu. *Exit.*

Enter Nurſe haſtely.

Nur: Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,
Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all ſure.
She goeth downe from the window.
Enter Iuliets Mother, Nurſe.
Moth: Where are you Daughter?
Nur: What Ladie, Lambe, what *Iuliet?*
Iul: How now, who calls?
Nur: It is your Mother.
Moth: Why how now *Juliet?*
Iul: Madam, I am not well.
Moth: What euermore weeping for your Coſens death:
I thinke thoult waſh him from his graue with teares.

Iul: I cannot chuſe, hauing ſo great a loſſe.
Moth: I cannot blame thee.
But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.
Iul: What Villaine Madame?
Moth: That Villaine *Romeo.*
Iul: Villaine and he are manie miles a ſunder.

Moth:

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Ro. O God I haue an ill diuining ſoule,
Me thinkes I ſee thee now, thou art ſo lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-ſight failes, or thou looke'ſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me loue, in my eye ſo do you:
Drie ſorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.
Exit.
Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renowmd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But ſend him backe.
Enter Mother.
La. Ho daughter, are you vp?
Iu. Who iſt that calls? It is my Lady mother.
Is ſhe not downe ſo late or vp ſo early?
What vnaccuſtomd cauſe procures her hither?
La. Why how now *Iuliet?*
Iu. Madam I am not well.
La. Euermore weeping for your Cozens death?
What wilt thou waſh him from his graue with teares?
And if thou couldſt, thou couldſt not make him liue:
Therfore haue done, ſome griefe ſhews much of loue,
But much of greefe, ſhewes ſtill ſome want of wit.
Iu. Yet let me weepe, for ſuch a feeling loſſe.
La. So ſhall you feele the loſſe, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Iu. Feeling ſo the loſſe,
I cannot chuſe but euer weepe the friend.
La. Wel gyrle, thou weepſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which ſlaughterd him.
Iu. What villaine Madam?
La. That ſame villaine *Romeo.*
Iu. Villaine and he be many miles a ſunder:
God padon, I do with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth greeue my heart.
La. That

55. Ro.] Jul. Q4, 5, Ff.
56. *thee now,*] [,] om. Q5.
58. *lookest*] *look'st* Ff. Q5.
63. *renowmd*] *renowm'd* Q4. *renown'd* Q5, Ff.
67. *It is*] *Is it* Ff.
mother.] [?] F2, 3, 4.
73. *What*] [?] Q5.
83. *slaughterd*] *slaughtered* Qq.
86. *a sunder*] *assunder* F1, 2, 3. *asunder* Q5, F4.
87. *padon*] *pardon* Q3, F1. *pardon him* Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.

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Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I ſoone would ſend to *Mantua* where he is,

That ſhould beſtow on him ſo ſure a draught,
As he ſhould ſoone beare *Tybalt* companie.

Iul: Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde ſuch a man:
For whileſt he liues, my heart ſhall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
Thus for a Kinſman vext?

(newes?
Moth: Well let that paſſe. I come to bring thee ioyfull
Iul: And ioy comes well in ſuch a needfull time.

Moth: Well then, thou haſt a carefull Father Girle,
And one who pittying thy needfull ſtate,
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.

Iul: What day is that I pray you?
Moth: Marry my Childe,
* The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Early next Thurſday morning muſt prouide,
To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.
Iul: Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.

Are

La. That is becauſe the Traytor murderer liues.
Iu. I Madam from the reach of theſe my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozens death.
La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile ſend to one in *Mantua*,
Where that ſame banniſht runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him ſuch an vnaccuſtomd dram,
That he ſhall ſoone keepe *Tybalt* companie:
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatisfied.
Iu. Indeed I neuer ſhall be ſatisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart ſo for a kinſman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyſon, I would temper it:
That *Romeo* ſhould vpon receit thereof,
Soone ſleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozen,
Vpon his body that hath ſlaughterd him.
Mo. Find thou the means, and Ile find ſuch a man,
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.
Iu. And ioy comes well in ſuch a needie time,
What are they, beſeech your Ladyſhip?
M. Well, well, thou haſt a carefull father child,
One who to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
Iu. Madam in happie time, what day is that?
M. Marrie my child, early next Thurſday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee there a ioyfull Bride.
Iu. Now by S. *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he that ſhould be husband comes to wooe:
I pray

89. *murderer*] om. Qq. Ff.
106. *Cozen,*] *Cozin, Tybalt* F2, 3, 4.
107. *slaughterd*] *slaughtered* Q3, 4.
111. *beseech*] *I beseech* Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.
116. *that*] *this* Ff.
120. *happily*] *happly* Q3, 4. *there*] om. Ff.
121. *S.*] *Saint* Qq. Ff.
124. *should*] *must* Q5.

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Are theſe the newes you had to tell me of?
Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie yet.
And when I doo, it ſhalbe rather *Romeo* whom I hate,
Than Countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.

Enter olde Capolet.

Moth: Here comes your Father, you may tell him ſo.

Capo: Why how now, euermore ſhowring?
In one little bodie thou reſembleſt a ſea, a barke, a ſtorme:

For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,
And toſt with ſighes ariſing from thy hart:
Will without ſuccour ſhipwracke preſently.
But heare you Wife, what haue you ſounded her, what ſaies ſhe to it?
Moth: I haue, but ſhe will none ſhe thankes ye:
VVould God that ſhe were married to her graue.

Capo: What will ſhe not, doth ſhe not thanke vs, doth ſhe not wexe proud?

Iul: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.

Capo: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud. VVhats here, chop logicke.
Proud me no prouds, nor thanke me no thankes,
But fettle your fine ioynts on Thurſday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.

Out

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I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I do, I ſweare
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, theſe are newes indeed.
M. Here comes your father, tell him ſo your ſelfe:
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.
Enter Capulet *and Nurſe.*
Ca. When the Sun ſets, the earth doth driſle deaw,
But for the Sunſet of my brothers ſonne,
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girle, what ſtill in tears
Euermore ſhowring in one litle body?
Thou countefaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebbe and flowe with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this ſalt floud, the windes thy ſighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a ſudden calme will ouerſet
Thy tempeſt toſſed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
La. I ſir, but ſhe will none, ſhe giue you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will ſhe none? doth ſhe not giue vs thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Vnworthy as ſhe is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride?
Iu. Not proud you haue, but thankful that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.
Ca. How, how, howhow, chopt lodgick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud miſtreſſe minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine Ioynts gainſt Thurſday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

You

131. *earth*] *ayre* Q4. *aire* Q5.
133. *It . . . downright*] separate line Ff.
now] [?] Ff.
tears] [:] Q4. [?] Ff.
134. *showring*] [:] Q4. [?] Q5.
body?] [?] om. Q5.
135. *Thou countefaits. A*] (—*terfaits. A* Q3. —*terfeits, a* Q4. —*terfeit'st a* Q5. —*terfaits a* F1. —*terfeits a* F2.) *Thy counterfeits a* F3. (—*terfeit's a* F4.)
137. *is:*] *is* F1. om. F2, 3, 4.
139. *thy*] *the* Ff.
141. *wife,*] *wise,* Q4. *wife?* Q5, Ff.
143. *giue*] *giues* Qq. Ff.
thankes,] [.] Q5. [?] F4.
146. *How*] [,] Ff. [?] Q5.
149. *Bride*] *Bridegroom* Qq. Ff.
152. *that is meant*] *that's meant in* Q5.
153. *How, how, howhow,*] *How now, how now,* Q3, 4. *How now? How now?* Q5, Ff.
155. *And . . . you*] om. Ff.
proud] [:] Q4, 5.
you?] , *you,* Q5.
157. *fettle*] *settle* F2, 3, 4.

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* Out you greene ſicknes baggage, out you tallow face.

Iu: Good father heare me ſpeake?

She kneeles doune.

Cap: I tell thee what, eyther reſolue on thurſday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church:
Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch.
Why wife, we thought that we were ſcarcely bleſt
That God had ſent vs but this onely chyld:
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we haue a croſſe in hauing her.

Nur: Mary God in heauen bleſſe her my Lord,
You are too blame to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why my Lady wiſedome? hold your tung,
Good prudence ſmatter with your goſſips, goe.
Nur: Why my Lord I ſpeake no treaſon.
Cap: Oh goddegodden.

Vtter your grauity ouer a goſſips boule,
For heere we need it not.
Mo: My Lord ye are too hotte.
Cap: Gods bleſſed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or ſleeping,
Still my care hath beene to ſee her matcht.
And hauing now found out a Gentleman,
Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
Stuft as they ſay with honorable parts,
Proportioned as ones heart coulde wiſh a man:
And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
To ſay I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon mee? But

Out you greene ſickneſſe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Iu. Good Father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to ſpeake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage, diſobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thurſday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, replie not, do not anſwere me.
My fingers itch, wife, we ſcarce thought vs bleſt,
That God had lent vs but this onely childe,
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curſe in hauing her:
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heauen bleſſe her:
You are to blame my Lord to rate her ſo.
Fa. And why my Lady wiſdome, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence ſmatter, with your goſſips go.
Nur. I ſpeake no treaſon,
Father, ô Godigeden,
May not one ſpeake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Goſhips bowle,
For here we need it not.
Wi. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, ſtill my care hath bene
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly liand,
Stuft as they ſay, with honourable parts,
Proportiond as ones thought would wiſh a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To anſwere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me. But

161. *You*] *Out you* F4.
169. *itch, wife,*] *itch, wife:* Ff. *itch: Wife,* Q5.
177. *Prudence smatter,*] *Prudence, smatter* Q3, 4. Ff. *Prudence smatter* Q5.
gossips] *gossips,* Qq. *goſsip,* Ff.
179. *Father, ô Godigeden,*] Fa. *O Godigeden.* Q4, 5. *O Godigoden,* Fa. 3. *O God gi goode'en* F4.
180. *May*] Nur. *May* Q4, 5.
190. *liand*] *allied* Qq. Ff.

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But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you,
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me.
Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vſe to ieſt.
* I tell yee what, Thurſday is neere,
Lay hand on heart, aduiſe, bethinke your ſelfe,
If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend:
If not, hang, drowne, ſtarue, beg,
Dye in the ſtreetes: for by my Soule
Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,
Nor what I haue ſhall euer doe thee good,
Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vſe to ieſt. *Exit.*
Iul: Is there no pitty hanging in the cloudes,
That lookes into the bottom of my woes?
I doe beſeech you Madame, caſt me not away,
Defer this mariage for a day or two,
Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed
In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyes.
Moth: Nay be aſſured I will not ſpeake a word.
Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*

Iul: Ah Nurſe what comfort? what counſell canſt thou giue me.
Nur: Now truſt me Madame, I know not what to ſay:
Your *Romeo* he is baniſht, and all the world to nothing
He neuer dares returne to challendge you.

Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, *Romeo* is but a diſhclout
In reſpect of him. I promiſe you

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But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me,
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vſe to ieſt.
Thurſday is neare, lay hand on hart, aduiſe,
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, beg, ſtarue, dye in the ſtreets,
For by my ſoule ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall neuer do thee good:
Truſt too't, bethinke you, ile not be forſworne.
Exit.
Iu. Is there no pittie ſitting in the cloudes
That ſees into the bottome of my greeſe?
O ſweet my Mother caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.
Mo. Talke not to me, for ile not ſpeake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.
Exit.
Iu. O God, ô Nurſe, how ſhall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnleſſe that husband ſend it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? comfort me, counſaile me:
Alack, alack, that heauen ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Vpon ſo ſoft a ſubiect as my ſelfe.
What ſayſt thou, haſt thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurſe.
Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is baniſhed and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come back to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I thinke it beſt you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
Romios a diſhclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not ſo greene, ſo quick, ſo faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beſhrow my very hart, I

204. *never*] *ever* Q4, 5.
223. *Faith . . . is,*] separate line Ff.
227. *Countie*] *count* F2,3,4.
229. *Romios*] *Romeos* Q3, 4, F1, 2. *Romeo's* Q5, F3, 4.
231. *beshrow*] *beshrew* Q5, F4.

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I thinke you happy in this ſecond match.
As for your husband he is dead:
Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vſe of him.
Iul: Speakſt thou this from thy heart?
Nur: I and from my ſoule, or els beſhrew them both.
Iul: Amen.
Nur: What ſay you Madame?
Iul: Well, thou haſt comforted me wondrous much,
I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother
Tell her I am gone hauing diſpleaſde my Father.
To Fryer *Laurence* Cell to confeſſe me,
And to be abſolu'd.
* *Nur*: I will, and this is wiſely done. *She lookes after Nurſe.*
Iul: Auncient damnation, O moſt curſed fiend.
Is it more ſinne to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe him with the ſelfe ſame tongue
That thou haſt praiſde him with aboue compare
So many thouſand times? Goe Counſellor,
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhal be twaine.
Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,
If all faile els, I haue the power to dye. *Exit.*

Enter Fryer and Paris. IV. 1.

Fr: On Thurſday ſay ye: the time is very ſhort,
Par: My Father *Capolet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlacke to ſlow his haſt.
Fr: You ſay you doe not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.
Par: Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares,
Now Sir, her father thinkes it daungerous:
That ſhe doth giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway.
And in his wiſedome haſts our mariage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone
May be put from her by ſocietie. Now

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I thinke you are happie in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt, or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here, and you no vſe of him.
Iu. Speakſt thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my ſoule too, elſe beſhrew them both.
Iu. Amen.
Nur. What?
Iu. Well thou haſt comforted me maruellous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing diſpleaſ'd my father, to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confeſsion, and to be obſolu'd.
Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wiſely done.
Iu. Auncient damnation, ô moſt wicked fiend,
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue,
Which ſhe hath praiſde him with aboue compare,
So many thouſand times? Go Counſellor,
Thou and my boſome henceforth ſhall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all elſe faile, my ſelfe haue power to die.
Exit.

IV. 1. *Enter Frier and Countie* Paris.
Fri. On Thurſday ſir: the time is very ſhort.
Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlacke his haſte.
Fri. You ſay you do not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares.
Now ſir, her father counts it daungerous
That ſhe do giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway:
And in his wiſedome haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone
May be put from her by ſocietie. Now

236. *Speakſt*] *Speakest* Qq. Ff.
237. *elſe*] *or elſe* Qq. Ff. Two lines, *And . . . too*| *Or elſe . . . both*, Ff.
240. *maruellous*] *marue'lous* F1. *marv'lous* F2, 3, 4.
243. *obſolu'd*] *abſolu'd* Qq. F1, 2, 3. *Abſolved* F4.
244. [Exit.] Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.
[Exeunt] Ff.
ACT IV. SCENE I. [Count F2, 3, 4.]
7. *talke*] *talkt* Q5.
10. *do*] *doth* Qq. F1, 2. *ſhould* F3, 4.

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Now doe ye know the reaſon of this haſt.
Fr: I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlowd.
* *Enter Paris.*
Heere comes the Lady to my cell,
Par: Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife:
Iu: That may be ſir, when I may be a wife,
Par: That may be, muſt be loue, on thurſday next.
Iu: What muſt be ſhalbe.
Fr: Thats a certaine text.
Par: What come ye to confeſſion to this Fryer.
Iu: To tell you that were to confeſſe to you.
Par: Do not deny to him that you loue me.
Iul: I will confeſſe to you that I loue him,
Par: So I am ſure you will that you loue me.
Iu: And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,
Being ſpoke behinde your backe, than to your face.
Par: Poore ſoule thy face is much abuſ'd with teares.
Iu: The teares haue got ſmall victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their ſpite.
Par: Thou wrongſt it more than teares by that report.
Iu: That is no wrong ſir, that is a truth:
And what I ſpake I ſpake it to my face.
Par: Thy face is mine and thou haſt ſlaundred it.
Iu: It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leaſure holy Father now:
Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe?
Fr: My leaſure ſerues me penſiue daughter now.
My Lord we muſt entreate the time alone.
Par: God ſheild I ſhould diſturbe deuotion,
Iuliet farwell, and keep this holy kiſſe.
Exit Paris.

Iu: Goe ſhut the doore and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me that am paſt cure, paſt help,
Fr: Ah *Iuliet* I already know thy griefe,

I heare thou muſt and nothing may proroge it, On

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Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte.
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlowed.
Looke ſir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.
Enter Iuliet.
Pa. Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Iu. That may be ſir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be, muſt be loue, on Thurſday next.
Iu. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. Thats a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this Father?
Iu. To aunſwere that, I ſhould confeſſe to you.
Pa. Do not denie to him, that you loue me.
Iu. I will confeſſe to you that I loue him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure that you loue me.
Iu. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poor ſoule thy face is much abuſde with tears.
Iu. The teares haue got ſmall victorie by that,
For it was bad inough before their ſpight.
Pa. Thou wrongſt it more then tears with that report.
Iu. That is no ſlaunder ſir, which is a truth,
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.
Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlandred it.
Iu. It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leiſure, holy Father now,
Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe?
Fri. My leiſure ſerues me penſiue daughter now,
My Lord we muſt entreate the time alone.
Par. Godſhield, I ſhould diſturbe deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thurſday early will I rowſe yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kiſſe.
Exit.
Iu. O ſhut the doore, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me, paſt hope, paſt care, paſt help.
Fri. O *Iuliet* I already know thy greefe,
It ſtraines me paſt the compaſſe of my wits,
I heare thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it, On

15. *haste.*] [?] Qq. Ff.
16. *slowed*] *slow'd* Ff.
17. *toward*] *towards* Qq. Ff.
20. *may be.*] [,] om. Q4.
41. *we*] *you* F1. *I* F2, 3, 4.
[Exit Paris] Ff.
46. *care*] *cure* Q5.

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* On Thurſday next be married to the Countie.
Iul: Tell me not Frier that thou hearſt of it,
Vnleſſe thou tell me how we may preuent it.

Giue me ſome ſudden counſell: els behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife
Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that
Which the Commiſsion of thy yeares and arte
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring.
Speake not, be briefe: for I deſire to die,
If what thou ſpeakſt, ſpeake not of remedie.
Fr: Stay *Juliet*, I doo ſpie a kinde of hope,
VVhich craues as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſperate we would preuent.
If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength or will to ſlay thy ſelfe,
Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chyde away this ſhame,
That coapſt with death it ſelfe to flye from blame.
And if thou dooſt, Ile giue thee remedie.
Jul: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chaine me to ſome ſteepie mountaines top,
VVhere roaring Beares and ſauage Lions are:
Or ſhut me nightly in a Charnell-houſe,

VVith reekie ſhankes, and yeolow chaples ſculls:
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:

Things

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On Thurſday next be married to this Countie.
Iu. Tell me not Frier, that thou heareſt of this,
Vnleſſe thou tell me, how I may preuent it:
If in thy wiſedome thou canſt giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife ile helpe it preſently.
God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos* thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* ſeald:
Shall be the Labell to an other deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to an other, this ſhall ſley them both:
Therefore out of thy long experienſt time,
Giuē me ſome preſent counſell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudie knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy yeares and art,
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeake, I long to die,
If what thou ſpeakſt, ſpeake not of remedie.
Fri. Hold daughter, I do ſpie a kind of hope,
Which craues as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſtay thy ſelfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That coapſt with death, himſelfe to ſcape from it:
And if thou dareſt, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,
From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in ~~theeuiſh wayes, or bid~~ me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares,
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel houſe,
Orecouerd quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie ſhanks and yealow chapels ſculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his,

Things

50. *Countie*] *count* F2, 3, 4.
51. *hearest*] *hear'st* Q5.
56. *Romeos*] [,] Qq. Ff.
57. *Romeos*] *Romeo* Ff. *Romeo's* Q5.
60. *sley*] *slay* Qq. Ff.
73. *stay*] *slay* Q4, 5, F3, 4. *lay* F2.
74. *is it*] *it is* F3, 4.
76. *death, himselfe*] *death himselfe,* Qq. Ff.
77. *darest*] *dar'st* Ff.
79. *of the*] *off the* Q5, F3, 4.
84. *chapels*] *chappels* Q3, F1. *chaplesse* The rest.
86. *his*] *his shroud* Q4, 5. *his graue* Ff.

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Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;
And I will doo it without feare or doubt, 88
To keep my ſelfe a faithfull vnſtaind VViſe
To my deere Lord, my deereſt *Romeo*.
Fr: Hold *Iuliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy Nurſe lye with thee in thy Chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
And this diſtilled Liquor drinke thou off:
VVhen preſently through all thy veynes ſhall run 96
A dull and heauie ſlumber, which ſhall ſeaze
* Each vitall ſpirit: for no Pulſe ſhall keepe
His naturall progreſſe, but ſurceaſe to beate:
No ſigne of breath ſhall teſtifie thou liuſt.

And in this borrowed likenes of ſhrunke death,
Thou ſhalt remaine full two and fortie houres.

And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault, 112

Ile ſend in haſt to *Mantua* to thy Lord, 116
And he ſhall come and take thee from thy graue.

Iul:

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Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will do it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnſtaind wife to my ſweete loue.
Fri. Hold then, go home, be merrie, giue conſent,
To marrie *Paris:* wendſday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not the Nurſe lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this diſtilling liquor drinke thou off,
When preſently through all thy veines ſhall run,
A cold and drowzie humour: for no pulſe
Shall keepe his natiue progreſſe but ſurceaſe,
No warmth, no breaſt ſhall teſtifie thou liueſt,
The roſes in thy lips and cheekes ſhall fade:
Too many aſhes, thy eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he ſhuts vp the day of life.
Each part depriu'd of ſupple gouernment,
Shall ſtiffe and ſtarke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likeneſſe of ſhrunke death
Thou ſhalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our countrie is,
Is thy beſt robes vncouered on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou ſhall be borne to that ſame auncient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come, an he and I
Will watch thy walking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua.*
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no inconſtant toy nor womaniſh feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Iu. Giue

93. *the Nurse*] *thy Nurse* Qq. Ff.

99. *breast*] *breath* Qq. Ff. *liuest*] *liv'st* Q5.
100. *fade:*] [:] om. Qq. Ff.
101. *Too many*] *To many* F1. *To mealy* F2, 3, 4. *Too paly* Q4. *To paly* Q5.
thy] *the* Q3, 4, Ff.

105. *borrowed*] *borrow'd* Q5.

111. *Is*] *In* Qq. Ff.
vncouered] *vncouerd* Qq. Ff.
113. *shall*] *shalt* Qq. Ff.

117, 118. *an . . . walking*] *and . . . waking* Qq. om. Ff.

121. *inconstant*] *unconstant* F3, 4.
toy] *ioy* Q4. *joy* Q5.

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Iul: Frier I goe, be ſure thou ſend for my deare *Romeo*.
Exeunt.

Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurſe, and Seruingman. IV. 2.

Capo: Where are you ſirra?
Ser: Heere forſooth.
Capo: Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe them by licking their fingers.
Capo: How canſt thou know them ſo?
Ser: Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fingers.
Capo: Well get you gone.
Exit Seruingman.
But wheres this Head-ſtrong?
Moth: Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier *Laurence* Cell
To be confeſt.
Capo: Ah, he may hap to doo ſome good of her,
A headſtrong ſelfewild harlotrie it is.
Enter Iuliet.
Moth: See here ſhe commeth from Confeſsion,
Capo: How now my Head-ſtrong, where haue you bin gadding?
Iul: Where I haue learned to repent the ſin
Of froward wilfull oppoſition
Gainſt you and your beheſts, and am enioynd
By holy *Laurence* to fall proſtratè here,
And craue remiſsion of ſo foule a fact.
She kneeles downe.
Moth: Why thats well ſaid.
Capo: Now before God this holy reuerent Frier
All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.
Goe tell the Countie preſently of this,
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow. *Iul*:

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Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare
Fri. Hold get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolue, ile ſend a Frier with ſpeed
To *Mantua*, with my Letters to thy Lord.
Iu. Loue giue me ſtrength, and ſtrength ſhall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. (*Exit.*

Enter Father Capulet, *Mother, Nurſe, and Seruing men, two or three.*

Ca. So many gueſts inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser. You ſhall haue none ill ſir, for ile trie if they can lick their fingers.
Capu. How canſt thou trie them ſo?
Ser. Marrie ſir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fingers: therefore hee that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.
Ca. Go be gone, we ſhall be much vnfurniſht for this time:
What is my daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?
Nur. I forſooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her,
A peeuiſh ſelfewield harlottry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where ſhe comes from ſhrift with merie looke.
Ca. How now my headſtrong, where haue you bin gadding?
Iu. Where I haue learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition,
To you and your beheſts, and am enioynd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall proſtrate here,
To beg your pardon, pardon I beſeech you,
Henceforward I am euer rulde by you.
Ca. Send for the Countie, go tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Iu. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomd loue I might,
Not ſtepping ore the bounds of modeſtie.
Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is wel, ſtand vp,
This is aſt ſhould be, let me ſee the Countie:
I marrie go I ſay and fetch him hither. Now

123. *of feare*] *ofcare* F1.
[Exeunt] Q4, 5.
IV. 2. ACT IV. SCENE 2.
9, 10. Prose in Ff.
13. *ſelfewield*] *ſelfe willde* Q3. *ſelfe-will'd* Q4, 5. *ſelfe-wild* F1, 2, 3. *ſelf-wild* F4.
16. *me*] om. Q4, 5.
22. *Countie*] *Count* F2,3,4.
25. *becomd*] *becomed* Ff. *becommed* Q4, 5.
28. *aſt*] *as't* Q4, 5, Ff.

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Jul: Nurſe, will you go with me to my Cloſet, 32
To ſort ſuch things as ſhall be requiſite
Againſt to morrow.
Moth: I pree thee doo, good Nurſe goe in with her,
Helpe her to ſort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
And I will come vnto you preſently,
Nur: Come ſweet hart, ſhall we goe:
Iul: I pree thee let vs.
Exeunt Nurſe and Iuliet.
Moth: Me thinks on Thurſday would be time enough.
Capo: I ſay I will haue this diſpatcht to morrow,
Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.
Moth: I pray my Lord, let it be Thurſday.
Capo: I ſay to morrow while ſhees in the mood.
Moth: We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion.
Capo: Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is paſsing light,
To ſee her thus conformed to our will. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nurſe, Iuliet. IV. 3.

Nur: Come, come, what need you anie thing elſe?
Iul: Nothing good Nurſe, but leaue me to my ſelfe:
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.
Nur: Well theres a cleane ſmocke vnder your pillow,
and ſo good night. *Exit.*

Enter Mother.

Moth: What are you buſie, doo you need my helpe?
Iul: No Madame, I deſire to lye alone,
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.

Moth: Well then good night, be ſtirring *Iuliet*,
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow. *Exit.*
Iul:

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Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.
Iu. Nurſe, will you go with me into my Cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thurſday, there is time inough.
Fa. Go Nurſe, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.
Mo. We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion,
Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tuſh, I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my ſelfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Againſt to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame wayward Gyrle is ſo reclaymd.
Exit.

IV. 3. *Enter* Iuliet *and Nurſe.*

Iu. I thoſe attires are beſt, but gentle Nurſe
I pray thee leaue me to my ſelfe to night:
For I haue need of many oryſons,
To moue the heauens to ſmile vpon my ſtate,
Which well thou knowest, ~~is croſſe~~ and full of ſin.
Enter Mother.
Mo. What are you buſie ho? need you my helpe?
Iu. No Madam, we haue culd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoofefull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurſe this night ſit vp with you,
For I am ſure you haue your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
Mo. Good night.
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need. *Exeunt.*
Iu. Farewell,

30. *reuerend holy*] *holy reverend* Q5.

[Exeunt Iuliet and Nurse.] Ff.

45. *vp him*] *him vp* Ff.

[Exeunt.] Q4, 5. [Exeunt Father and Mother.] Ff. ACT IV. SCENE 3.

5. *knowest*] *know st* Ff. Q5.

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Iul: Farewell, God knowes when wee ſhall meete againe.

Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.

What if this Potion ſhould not worke at all,
~~Muſt~~ I of force be married to the Countie?
This ſhall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the Frier ſhould giue me this drinke 24
To poyſon mee, for feare I ſhould diſcloſe
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man:
I will not entertaine ſo bad a thought.

What if I ſhould be ſtifled in the Toomb?

[O] catchword in the original * [O]

Awake an houre before the appointed time:

Ah then I feare I ſhall be lunaticke,

And playing with my dead forefathers bones, Daſh

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Iu. Farewell, God knowes when we ſhall meete againe,
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almoſt freezes vp the heate of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurſe, what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmall ſceane I needs muſt act alone.
Come Violl, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be ~~married then to morrow~~ morning?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it, lie thou there,
What if it be a poyſon which the Frier
Subtilly hath miniſtred to haue me dead,
Leaſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonourd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill bene tried a holy man.
How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me, theres a fearfull poynt:
Shall I not then be ſtiffled in the Vault?
To whoſe foule mouth no healthſome ayre breaths in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Togither with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an auncient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred yeares the bones
Of all my buried aunceſtors are packt,
Where bloudie *Tybalt* yet but greene in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhroude, where as they ſay,
At ſome houres in the night, ſpirits reſort:
Alack, alack, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmels,
And ſhrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them run mad:
O if I walke, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Inuironed with all theſe hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts? And

17. *life*] *fire* Ff.
21. *Violl*] *Viall* Qq. F1 2, 3. *Vial* F4.
22. *then*] om. F4.
29 *a*] *an* Q5.
33. *ſtiffled*] *ſtifled* Ff. Q5.
38. *Togither*] *Together* Qq. Ff.
40. *this*] *these* Qq. Ff.
47. *shrikes*] *shrieks* F4.
49. *O if I walke*] *Or if I wake* Q4, 5. *Or if I walke* F2, 3, 4. (*walk* F4.)

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Daſh out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I ſee
My Coſin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,
Seeking for *Romeo*: ſtay *Tybalt* ſtay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.
She fals vpon her bed within the Curtaines.
Enter Nurſe with hearbs, Mother. IV. 4.
Moth: Thats well ſaid Nurſe, ſet all in redines,
The Countie will be heere immediatly.
Enter Oldeman.
Cap: Make haſt, make haſt, for it is almoſt day,
The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke,
Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.

Nur: Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you will be ſicke anone.

Cap: I warrant thee Nurſe I haue ere now watcht all night, and haue taken no harme at all.
Moth: I you haue beene a mouſe hunt in your time.

Enter Seruingman with Logs & Coales.
Cap: A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood: How now ſirra? What haue you there?

Ser: Forſooth Logs.
Cap: Goe, goe chooſe dryer. Will will tell thee where thou ſhalt fetch them.
Ser: Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to * chooſe a Log.
Exit.
Cap: Well goe thy way, thou ſhalt be logger head.
Come, come, make haſt call vp your daughter,
The Countie will be heere with muſicke ſtraight.

Gods

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And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhrowde,
And in this rage with ſome great kinſmans bone,
As with a club daſh out my deſprate braines.
O looke, me thinks I ſee my Cozins Ghoſt,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did ſpit his body
Vpon a Rapiers poynt: ſtay *Tybalt*, ſtay?
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.

IV. 4. *Enter Lady of the houſe and Nurſe.*

La. Hold take theſe keies & fetch more ſpices Nurſe.
Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the Paſtrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond Cock hath crowed.
The Curphew bell hath roong, tis three a clock:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for coſt.
Nur. Go you cot-queane go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be ſicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Ca. No not a whit, what I haue watcht ere now,
All night for leſſer cauſe, and nere bene ſicke.
La. I you haue bene a mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurſe.

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with ſpits and logs, and Baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke ſir, but I know not what.
Ca. Make haſte, make haſte ſirra, fetch drier logs.
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head ſir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Ca. Maſſe and well ſaid, a merrie horſon, ha,
Twou ſhalt be loggerhead, good father tis day.

Play Muſicke.

The Countie will be here with muſicke ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would, I heare him neare.
Nurſe, wife, what ho, what Nurſe I ſay? *Enter*

54. *desprate*] *desperate* Qq. Ff.
57. *a*] *my* F1. *his* F2, 3, 4.
ACT IV. SCENE 4.
3. *crowed*] *crow'd* Ff.
4. *roong*] *roung* Q3, 4. *rung* Q5, F1.
11. *lesser*] *lesse* Qq. F1. *a lesse* F2, 3. *a less* F4.
14. *what is*] *what* F1. *whats* F2. *what's* F3, 4. Two lines, the second beginning *Now*, in Ff.
16. *haste sirra*] *haste, sirrah* Ff. *haste; sirrah* Q5.
21. *Twou*] *Thou* Qq. Ff. *father*] *faith* Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.

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Gods me hees come, Nurſe call vp my daughter.

Nur: Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady birde? faſt I warrant. What *Iuliet*? well, let the County take you in your bed: yee ſleepe for a weeke now, but the next night, the Countie *Paris* hath ſet vp his reſt that you ſhal reſt but little. What lambe I ſay, faſt ſtill: what Lady, Loue, what bride, what *Iuliet*? Gods me how ſound ſhe ſleeps? Nay then I ſee I muſt wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on your bed, dreſt in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the day, ſome Aqua vitæ hoe. IV. 5. 8 12 16

Enter Mother.

Moth: How now whats the matter?
Nur: Alack the day, ſhees dead, ſhees dead, ſhees dead.
Moth: Accurſt, vnhappy, miſerable time.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Come, come, make haſt, wheres my daughter? 24

Moth: Ah ſhees dead, ſhees dead.
Cap: Stay, let me ſee, all pale and wan.
Accurſed time, vnfortunate olde man.

Enter

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Enter Nurſe.

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haſte,
Make haſt, the bridgroome, he is come already, make haſt I ſay.
IV. 5. *Nur.* Miſtris, what miſtris, *Iuliet*, faſt I warrant her ſhe,
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you ſluggabed,
Why Loue I ſay, Madam, ſweete heart, why Bride:
4 What not a word, you take your penniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath ſet vp his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little, God forgiue me.
8 Marrie and Amen: how ſound is ſhe a ſleepe:
I needs muſt wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?
12 What dreſt, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I muſt needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead.
Oh wereaday that euer I was borne,
16 Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord my Lady.
Mo. What noiſe is here?
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. What is the matter?
20 *Nur.* Looke, looke, oh heauie day!
Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life.
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

24 *Fa.* For ſhame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. Shees dead: deceaſt, ſhees dead, alack the day.
M. Alack the day, ſhees dead, ſhees dead, ſhees dead.
Fa. Hah let me ſee her, out alas ſhees cold,
28 Her bloud is ſetled, and her ioynts are ſtiffe:
Life and theſe lips haue long bene ſeparated,
Death lies on her like an vntimely froſt,
Vpon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.

27. Two lines, the first ending *already*, Ff.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

1. *mistris, Juliet,*] *Mistris, Juliet:* Q5. *Mistris? Juliet?* Ff. *she*] om. F2, 3, 4.
4. *penniworths*] *penniworth* Q5.
9. *needs must*] *must needs* Qq. Ff.
15. *wereaday*] *weleaday* Q3. *weladay* Q4, 5, F1, 2, 3. *wel-a-day* F4.
[Enter Mother.] Ff.

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Enter Fryer and Paris.

Par: What is the bride ready to goe to Church?
Cap: Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as ſhe is,
Deflowerd by him, ſee, where ſhe lyes,
Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue.
Par: Haue I thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it now preſent ſuch prodegies?
Accurſt, vnhappy, miſerable man,
Forlorne, forſaken, deſtitute I am:
Borne to the world to be a ſlaue in it.
Diſtreſt, remediles, and vnfortunate.
O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To liue ſo vile, ſo wretched as I ſhall.
Cap: O heere ſhe lies that was our hope, our ioy,
And being dead, dead ſorrow nips vs all.

All at once cry out and wring their hands.

All cry: And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, loſt, vndone, abſented, wholy fled.
Cap: Cruel, vniuſt, impartiall deſtinies,
Why to this day haue you preſeru'd my life?
To ſee my hope, my ſtay, my ioy, my life,
Depriude of ſence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vniuſt, impartiall deſtinies.
Cap: O ſad fac'd ſorrow map of miſery,
Why this ſad time haue I deſird to ſee.
This day, this vniuſt, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop'd to ſee my comfort full,
To be depriude by ſuddaine deſtinie.
Moth: O woe, alacke, diſtreſt, why ſhould I liue?
To ſee this day, this miſerable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne.
To be partaker of this deſtinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.

Fr:

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Nur. O lamentable day!
Mo. O wofull time!
Fa. Death that hath tane her hēce to make me waile
Ties vp my tongue and will not let me ſpeake.
Enter Frier and the Countie.
Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Fa. Ready to go but neuer to returne.
O ſonne, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflowred by him,
Death is my ſonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.
Par. Haue I thought loue to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it giue me ſuch a ſight as this?
Mo. Accurſt, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Moſt miſerable houre that ere time ſaw,
In laſting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,
But one thing to reioyce and ſolace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my ſight.
Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Moſt lamentable day, moſt wofull day
That euer, euer, I did yet bedold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was ſeene ſo blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.
Par. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlaine,
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell, thee quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.
Fat. Deſpiſde, diſtreſſed, hated, martird, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camſt thou now,
To murther, murther, our ſolemnitie?
O childe, O childe, my ſoule and not my childe,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried. *Fri.* Peace

[Enter . . . with the Musitians] Q4. [. . . with Musicians] Q5.

39. *there*] *see there* F2, 3. *See, there* F4.
40. *deflowred*] *deflowred now* F2. *deflour'd now* F3, 4.
43. *all life liuing.*] *all, life, liuing,* Q4, 5.
44. *loue*] *long* Qq. Ff.
54. *bedold*] *behold* Qq. Ff.

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Fr: O peace for ſhame, if not for charity.

Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to wiſh it otherwiſe.

* Come ſticke your Roſemary in this dead coarſe,
And as the cuſtome of our Country is,
In all her beſt and ſumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her Anceſtors lie tomb'd,

Cap: Let it be ſo, come wofull ſorrow mates,
Let vs together taſte this bitter fate.

They all but the Nurſe goe foorth, caſting Roſemary on her and ſhutting the Curtens.

Enter Muſitions.

Nur: Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull caſe. *Exit.*

1. I by my troth Miſtreſſe is it, it had need be mended.

Enter

Fri. Peace ho for ſhame, confuſions care liues not,
In theſe confuſions heauen and your ſelfe
Had part in this faire maide, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life,
The moſt you fought was her promotion,
For twas your heauen ſhe ſhould be aduanſt,
And weepe ye now, ſeeing ſhe is aduanſt
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as heauen it ſelfe.
O in this loue, you loue your child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:
Shees not well married, that liues married long,
But ſhees beſt married, that dies married young.
Drie vp your teares, and ſtick your Roſemarie
On this faire Coarſe, and as the cuſtome is,
And in her beſt array beare her to Church:
For though ſome nature bids vs all lament,
Yet natures teares are reaſons merriment.
Fa. All things that we ordained feſtiuall,
Turne from their office to black Funerall:
Our inſtruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheare to a ſad buriall feaſt:
Our ſolemne himnes to ſullen dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers ſerue for a buried Coarſe:
And all things change them to the contrarie.
Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam go with him,
And go ſir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarſe vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you for ſome ill:
Moue them no more, by croſſing their high wil.
Exeunt manet.
Muſi. Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.
Nur. Honeſt goodfellowes, ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull caſe.
Fid. I my my troath, the caſe may be amended. [*Exit omnes.*

68. *confusions care*] *confusions, care* Qq. *confusions: Care* Ff.
69. *confusions*] [,] Q3, 4, Ff. [:] Q5.
75. *she*] *that sh* F2, 3, 4.
77. *it selfe*] *himselfe* Q5.
85. *some*] *fond* F2, 3, 4. *us all*] *all us* Ff.
90. *buriall*] *funerall* Q5.
[Exeunt manent Musici] Q4, 5. [Exeunt] Ff.
99. Musi.] Mu. Ff.
102. Fid.] Mu. Ff. *my my*] *by my* Qq. Ff. [Exeunt omnes] Qq. om. Ff.

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Enter Seruingman.

Ser: Alack alack what ſhal I doe, come Fidlers play me ſome mery dumpe.

1. A ſir, this is no time to play.

Ser: You will not then?

1. No marry will wee.

Ser: Then will I giue it you, and ſoundly to.

1. What will you giue us?

Ser: The fidler, Ile re you, Ile ſa you, Ile ſol you.

1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.

Ser: I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with my wodden wit. Come on Simon ſound Pot, Ile poſe you,

1 Lets heare.

Ser: When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumps the minde oppreſſe:
Then muſique with her ſiluer ſound,
Why ſiluer ſound? Why ſiluer ſound?

1. I thinke becauſe muſicke hath a ſweet ſound.

Ser: Pretie, what ſay you Mathew minikine?

2. I thinke becauſe Muſitions ſound for ſiluer.

Ser: Prettie too: come, what ſay you?

3. I ſay nothing.

Ser: I thinke ſo, Ile ſpeake for you becauſe you are the Singer. I ſaye Siluer ſound, becauſe ſuch Fellowes as you haue ſildome Golde for ſounding. Farewell Fidlers, farewell. *Exit.*

1. Farewe'l

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Enter Will Kemp. Enter Peter.] Q4, 5, Ff.

Peter. Muſitions, oh Muſitions, harts eaſe, harts eaſe,
O, and you will haue me liue, play harts eaſe.
Fidler. Why harts eaſe? 105. Fidler.] Mu. Ff.
Peter. O Muſitions, becauſe my hart it ſelfe plaies my hart is full: 106. *is full*] *is full of woe* Q4, 5.
O play me ſome merie dump to comfort me. 107. *O . . . comfort me*] om. Ff.
Minſtrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now. 108. Minstrels.] Mu. Ff.
Peter. You will not then?
Minſt. No. 110. Minst.] Mu. Ff.
Peter. I will then giue it you ſoundly.
Minſt. What will you giue vs? 112. Minst.] Mu. Ff.
Peter. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minſtrell. 114. *Minstrell*] *minstrell* F2, 3, 4.
Minſtrel. Then will I giue you the Seruing-creature. 115. Minstrel.] Mu. Ff.
Peter. Then will I lay the ſeruing-creatures dagger on your pate. 116. *lay*] *say* Q4.
I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, Ile fa
You, do you note me?
Minſt. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs. 119. Minst.] Mu. Ff.
2. *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit. 121. *Then . . . wit.*] Given to Peter Q4, 5.
Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my yron dagger.
Anſwere me like men.
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then muſique with her ſiluer ſound.
Why ſiluer ſound, why muſique, with her ſiluer ſound, what ſay you Simon Catling?
Minſt. Mary ſir, becauſe ſiluer hath a ſweet ſound. 128. Minst.] Mu. Ff.
Peter. Prates, what ſay you Hugh Rebick? 129. *Prates*] *Pratest* Q3, Ff. *Pratee* Q4, 5.
2. *M.* I ſay ſiluer ſound, becauſe Muſitions ſound for ſiluer.
Peter. Prates to, what ſay you Iames ſound poſt? 131. *Prates to,*] *Pratest to,* Q3. F1, 2. *Pratee to,* Q4. *Pratee too:* Q5. *Pratest too,* F3, 4. *sound post*] *Sound-Post* Ff.
3. *M.* Faith I know not what to ſay. 132. 3. M.] 3 Mu. Ff.
Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the ſinger.
I will ſay for you, it is muſique with her ſiluer ſound,
Becauſe Muſitions haue no gold for ſounding:
Then Muſique with her ſiluer ſound with ſpeedy help doth lend redreſſe. *Exit.*
Minſt.

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1. Farewell and be hangd: come lets goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo. V. 1.

Rom: If I may truſt the flattering Eye of Sleepe,
My Dreame preſagde ſome good euent to come.
My boſome Lord ſits chearfull in his throne,
And I am comforted with pleaſing dreames.
Me thought I was this night alreadie dead:
(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)
And that my Ladie *Iuliet* came to me,
And breathd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

Enter Balthaſar his man booted.

Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthaſar*,

How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?
How fares my *Juliet?* that I aske againe:
If ſhe be well, then nothing can be ill.
Balt: Then nothing can be ill, for ſhe is well,
Her bodie ſleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.

Pardon me Sir, that am the Meſſenger of ſuch bad tidings.

Rom: Is it euen ſo? then I defie my Starres.
* Goe get me incke and paper, hyre poſt horſe,
I will not ſtay in *Mantua* to night.
Balt: Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus,
Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare:
I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet.
Rom: Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,
And hyre thoſe horſe: ſtay not I ſay. *Exit*

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Min. What a peſtilent knaue is this ſame?
M. 2. Hang him Iack, come weele in here, tarrie for the mourners, and ſtay dinner.
Exit.

V. 1. *Enter* Romeo.

Ro. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleepe,
My dreames preſage ſome ioyfull newes at hand,
My boſomes L. ſits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccuſtomd ſpirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with chearfull thoughts,
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that giues a deadman leaue to thinke,
And Breathd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how ſweete is loue it ſelfe poſſeſt
When but loues ſhadowes are ſo rich in ioy.

Enter Romeos man.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*,
Doſt thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady, is my Father well:
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill if ſhe be well.
Man. Then ſhe is well and nothing can be ill,
Her body ſleepes in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues.
I ſaw her laid lowe in her kindreds vault,
And preſently tooke poſte to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office ſir.
Rom. Is it in ſo? then I denie you ſtarres.
Thou knoweſt my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire poſt horſes, I will hence to night.
Man. I do beſeech you ſir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and do import
Some miſaduenture.
Ro. Tuſh thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do. Haſt

138. Min.] Mu. Ff.
[Exeunt.] Q4, 5.
ACT V. SCENE 1.
3. *L.*] *Lord* Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4. *in*] *on* Q5.
4. *this day an*] *thisan day an* F1. *this winged* F2, 3, 4. *vnac. ustomd*] *vccustom'd* F1.
7. *dreame that giues*] *dreames that giues* Q4. *dreames that give* Q5.
[Enter Romeos man Balthazer] Q4, 5.
18. *Capels*] *Capulets* F4.
24. *in*] *even* Qq. Ff. *denie*] *deny* F2, 3, 4, Q5.
25. *knowest*] *know'st* Q5.

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Exit Balthaſar.

Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Lets ſee for meanes. As I doo remember

Here dwells a Pothecarie whom oft I noted

As I paſt by, whoſe needie ſhop is ſtufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:
And in the ſame an *Aligarta* hangs,

Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roſes,
Are thinly ſtrewed to make vp a ſhow.
Him as I noted, thus with my ſelfe I thought:
And if a man ſhould need a poyſon now,
(Whoſe preſent ſale is death in *Mantua*)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwels.

Being Holiday the Beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I ſay.

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo: VVho calls, what would you ſir?

Rom: Heeres twentie duckates,
Giue me a dram of ſome ſuch ſpeeding geere,

As will diſpatch the wearie takers life,

As ſuddenly as powder being fierd

From

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Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
Man. No my good Lord.
Exit. [Exit Man.] Ff.
Ro. No matter get thee gone,
And hyre thoſe horſes, Ile be with thee ſtraight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets ſee for meanes, O miſchiefe thou art ſwift,
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men.
I do remember an Appothacarie,
And here abouts a dwells which late I noted, 40. *a*] om. F1. *he* F2, 3, 4. Q5.
In tattred weeds with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of ſimples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miſerie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie ſhop a tortoyes hung,
An allegater ſtuft, and other skins
Of ill ſhapte fiſhes, and about his ſhelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and muſtie ſeedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcattered, to make vp a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to my ſelfe I ſaid,
An if a man did need a poyſon now, 52. *An*] *And* Q5, F3, 4.
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Catiffe wretch would ſell it him.
O this ſame thought did but forerun my need,
And this ſame needie man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember this ſhould be the houſe,
Being holy day, the beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho Appothecarie. [Enter Appothecarie.] Ff.
Appo. Who calls ſo lowd?
Rom. Come hither man, I ſee that thou art poore, 61. Kom.] Rom. Qq. Ff.
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyſon, ſuch ſoone ſpeeding geare, 63. *speeding*] *spreading* Q5.
As will diſpearſe it ſelfe through all the veines, 65 *life-wearie-taker*] *life-wearie taker* Q5.
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be diſchargd of breath,
As violently, as haſtie powder fierd Doth

From forth a Cannons mouth.
Apo: Such drugs I haue I muſt of force confeſſe,
But yet the law is death to thoſe that ſell them.
* *Rom*: Art thou ſo bare and full of pouertie,
And dooſt thou feare to violate the Law?
The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend,
And therefore make no conſcience of the law:
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miſerie,
And ſtarued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.

Apo: My pouertie but not my will conſents.
Rom: I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.
Apo: Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing you will, and it will ſerue had you the liues of twenty men.

Rom: Hold, take this gold, worſe poyſon to mens ſoules

Than this which thou haſt giuen me. Goe hye thee hence,

Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into fleſh.
Come cordiall and not poyſon, goe with mee
To *Iuliets* Graue: for there muſt I vſe thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier Iohn. V. 2.
John: VVhat Frier *Laurence*, Brother, ho?

Laur: This ſame ſhould be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*.
VVhat newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romeo* come?

Iohn: Going to ſeeke a barefoote Brother out,
One of our order to aſſociate mee,
Here in this Cittie viſiting the ſick,
VVhereas the infectious peſtilence remaind:
And being by the Searchers of the Towne
Found and examinde, we were both ſhut vp.

Laur:

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Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.
Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* lawe
Is death to any he that vtters them.
Ro. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſſe,
And feareſt to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppreſſion ſtarueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggerie hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affoords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.
Poti. My pouertie, but not my will conſents.
Ro. I pray thy pouertie and not thy will.
Poti. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twentie men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.
Ro. There is thy Gold, worſe poyſon to mens ſoules,
Doing more murther in this loathſome world,
Then theſe poore cõpounds that thou maieſt not ſell,
I ſell thee poyſon, thou haſt ſold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy ſelfe in fleſh.
Come Cordiall and not poyſon, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there muſt I vſe thee.
Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn *to Frier* Lawrence.
Ioh. Holy *Franciſcan* Frier, brother, ho.
Enter Lawrence.
Law. This ſame ſhould be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*,
Welcome from *Mantua*, what ſayes *Romeo*?
Or if his minde be writ, giue me his Letter.
Ioh. Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to aſſotiate me,
Here in this Citie viſiting the ſicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe,
Where the infectious peſtilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid. *Law.* Who

69. Poti.] App. & Ap. Ff. (also at lines 78, 80.)
72. *feareſt*] *fear'ſt* Ff. Q5.
73. *thy*] *thine* Q5, F3, 4.
74. *hangs upon*] *hang on* F2, 3, 4. *hang upon* Q5.
79. *pray*] *pay* Q4, 5.
83. *There is*] *There's* Ff.
84. *murther*] *murthers* Q4. *murder* F3, 4. *murders* Q5.
85. *maieſt*] *mai'ſt* Q4. *maiſt* Q5, F3, 4.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

[Enter Frier Lawrence] Ff.

4. *if his*] *if* F2, 3, 4.

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Laur: VVho bare my letters then to *Romeo?*
Iohn: I haue them ſtill, and here they are.

Laur: Now, by my holy Order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.

Goe get thee hence, and get me preſently
* A ſpade and mattocke.

Iohn: Well I will preſently go fetch thee them. *Exit.*
Laur: Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Leaſt that the Ladie ſhould before I come
Be wakde from ſleepe. I will hye
To free her from that Tombe of miſerie. *Exit.*

Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers and ſweete water. V. 3
Par: Put out the torch, and lye thee all along
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare cloſe to the hollow ground.
And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard,
Staight giue me notice.
Boy: I will my Lord.
Paris ſtrewes the Tomb with flowers.
Par: Sweete Flower, with flowers I ſtrew thy Bridale bed:
Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite doſt containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie:
Faire *Iuliet* that with Angells doſt remaine,
Accept this lateſt fauour at my hands,
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praiſes doo adorne thy Tombe.

Boy

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Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo?*
Iohn. I could not ſend it, here it is againe,
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.
Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my Brotherhood,
The Letter was not nice but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it ſtraight
Vnto my Cell.
Iohn. Brother ile go and bring it thee. (*Exit.*
Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beſhrewe me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua,*
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarſe, cloſde in a dead mans Tombe.
Exit.

Enter Paris *and his Page.*

Par. Giue me thy Torch boy, hence and ſtand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare cloſe to the hollow ground,
So ſhall no foote vpon the Church-yard tread,
Being looſe, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou ſhalt heare it, whiſtle then to me
As ſignall that thou heareſt ſome thing approach,
Giue me thoſe flowers, do as I bid thee, go.
Pa. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone,
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will aduenture.
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I ſtrew
O woe, thy Canapie is duſt and ſtones,
Which with ſweete water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares diſtild by mones,
The obſequies that I for thee will keepe:
Nightly

25. *this*] *these* Q5.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

1. *aloofe*] *aloft* F1, 2, 3.
3. *young*] *yong* Q4.
along] *alone* F2, 3.
4. *Holding*] *Laying* F3, 4.
10. *alone*] *along* F2.
[Exit.] F2, 3, 4.
12. *strew*] [,] Q3, 4. [:] The rest.
13. *Canapie*] *Canopie* F1. *Canopy* Q5, F2, 3, 4.
14. *dewe*] *new* Q5.

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Boy whiſtles and calls. My Lord.

Enter Romeo and Balthaſar, with a torch, a a mattocke, and a crow of yron.

Par: The boy giues warning, ſomething doth approach.
What curſed foote wanders this was to night,
To ſtay my obſequies and true loues rites?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

Rom: Giue mee this mattocke, and this wrentching Iron.
And take theſe letters, early in the morning,
See thou deliuer them to my Lord and Father.

So get thee gone and trouble me no more.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,
But chiefly to take from her dead finger,
A precious ring which I muſt vſe
In deare imployment. but if thou wilt ſtay,
Further to prie in what I vndertake,

By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And ſtrewe thys hungry churchyard with thy lims.
The time and my intents are ſauage, wilde.

Balt: Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.
Rom: So ſhalt thou win my fauour, take thou this,
Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.
Balt: Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

Romeo opens the tombe.

Rom: Thou deteſtable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorde with the deareſt morſell of the earth.
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.

Par: This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murderd my loues coſen, I will apprehend him. Stop

Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy graue and weepe.
Whiſtle Boy.
The Boy giues warning, ſomething doth approach,
What curſed foote wanders this way to night,
To croſſe my obſequies and true loues right?
What with a Torch? muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Peter.

Ro. Giue me that mattocke and the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light vpon thy life I charge thee,—
What ere thou heareſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,—
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I muſt vſe,
In deare imployment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous doſt returne to prie
In what I farther ſhall intend to doo,
By heauen I will teare thee Ioynt by Ioynt,
And ſtrew this hungry Church-yard with thy lims:
The time and my intents are ſauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring ſea.
Pet. I will be gone ſir, and not trouble ye.
Ro. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhid, take thou that,
Liue and be proſperous, and farewell good fellow.
Pet. For all this ſame, ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
Ro. Thou deteſtable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in deſpight ile cram thee with more foode.
Pa. This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my loues Cozin, with which greefe It

19. *way*] *wayes* F1.
21. *muffle me night*] *night muffle me* Q5.
[Enter Romeo and Balthazer his man] Q4, 5.
22. *that*] *the* Qq.
26. *hearest*] *hear'st* Ff. Q5.
34. *farther*] *further* Ff.
40. Pet.] Balt. Q4, 5. (also at line 43.)
ye] *you* Qq. Ff.
41. *friendshid*] *friendship* Qq. Ff.
[Exit.] F2, 3, 4.

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Stop thy vnhallowed toyle vile *Mountague.*
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
I doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou muſt dye,
Rom: I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good youth be gone, tempt not a deſperate man.

* Heape not another ſinne vpon my head
By ſheding of thy bloud, I doe proteſt
I loue thee better then I loue my ſelfe:
For I come hyther armde againſt my ſelfe,

Par: I doe defie thy coniurations:
And doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
Rom: What doſt thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.
They fight.
Boy: O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.
Par: Ah I am ſlaine, if thou be merciſull
Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet.*
Rom: Yfaith I will, let me peruſe this face,
Mercutios kinſman, noble County *Paris?*
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not regard him as we paſt along.
Did he not ſay *Paris* ſhould haue maried
Iuliet? eyther he ſaid ſo, or I dreamd it ſo.

But I will ſatisfie thy laſt requeſt,
For thou haſt prizd thy loue aboue thy life.

Death

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It is ſuppoſed the faire creature died,
And here is come to do ſome villainous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth tempt not a deſprate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee youth,
Put not an other ſin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, ô be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my ſelfe,
For I come hither armde againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not, begone, liue, and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.
O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Par. O I am ſlaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*,
Rom. I faith I will, let me peruſe this face,
Mercutios kinſman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould haue married *Iuliet*.
Said he not ſo? or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was ſo? O giue me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſowre misfortunes booke,
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue, O no. A Lanthorne ſlaughtred youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her bewtie makes
This Vault a feaſting preſence full of light.

Death

59. *desprate*] *desperate* Qq. Ff.
60. *these*] *those* Ff.
67. *bid*] *bad* Q5.
68. *commiration*] *commisseration* Q3, F1. *commiseration* Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.
71. Given to Pet. Ff., to Page. Q4, 5, and printed in rom.
75. *Mercutios*] *Mercutius* Q3, F1, 2, 3.

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Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft haue many at the houre of death
Beene blith and pleaſant? which their keepers call
A lightning before death But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Iuliet*,

How well thy beauty doth become this graue?
O I beleeue that vnſubſtanciall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my loue.

Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
Set vp my euerlaſting reſt
With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.

Come deſperate Pilot now at once runne on
The daſhing rockes thy ſea-ſicke weary barge.
Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are ſwift: thus with a kiſſe I dye. *Falls.*

Enter

Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they bene merie? which their keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,
Death that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewtie:
Thou art not conquerd, bewties enſigne yet
Is crymſon in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt lyeſt thou there in thy bloudie ſheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To ſunder his that was thine enemie?
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*
Why art thou yet ſo faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue that vnſubſtantiall death is amorous,
And that the leane abhorred monſter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his parramour?
For feare of that I ſtill will ſtaie with thee,
And neuer from this pallat of dym night.
Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumbleſt in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.
Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here
Will I ſet vp my euerlaſting reſt:
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtarres,
From this world wearied fleſh, eyes looke your laſt:
Armes take your laſt embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, ſeale with a righteous kiſſe
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingroſſing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnſauoury guide,
Thou deſperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing Rocks, thy ſeaſick weary barke:
Heeres to my Loue. O true Appothecary:
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.

100. *thine*] *thy* Ff.

107. *pallat*] *pallace* Qq. Ff.
night.] [.] om. Qq. Ff.
108—111. *Depart . . . die*] om. Q4, 5.
108. *arme*] *armes* Ff.

116. *world wearied*] Hyphened Qq. F1. *worlds wearied* F2, 3, 4.

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* *Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.*

How oft to night haue theſe my aged feete
Stumbled at graues as I did paſſe along.
Whoſe there?
Man. A frend and one that knowes you well.
Fr: Who is it that conſorts ſo late the dead,
What light is yon? if I be not deceiued,
Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument?
Man It doth ſo holy Sir, and there is one
That loues you dearely.
Fr. Who is it?
Man: *Romeo.*
Fr: How long hath he beene there?
Man: Full halfe an houre and more.
Fr: Goe with me thether.
Man: I dare not ſir, he knowes not I am heere:
On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
And not for to diſturbe him in his enterprize.
Fr: Then muſt I goe: my minde preſageth ill.

Fryer ſloops and lookes on the blood and weapons.

What bloud is this that ſtaines the entrance
Of this marble ſtony monument?
What meanes theſe maiſterles and goory weapons?
Ah me I doubt, whoſe heere? what *Romeo* dead?
Who and *Paris* too? what vnluckie houre
Is acceſſary to ſo foule a ſinne?

Iuliet riſes.

The Lady ſturres.

[*Iul:*] catchword in the original.

[*Iul:*]

* Ah comfortable Fryer.
I doe remember well where I ſhould be,
And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot ſee
Him for whoſe ſake I vndertooke this hazard.
Fr: Lady come foorth, I heare ſome noiſe at hand, We

Entrer Frier with Lanthorne, Crowe, and Spade.

Entrer . . .] Enter . . . Qq. Ff.

Frier. S. Frances be my ſpeede, how oft to night
Haue my old feet ſtumbled at graues? Whoes there?

125. *S*] *St.* Q3, Ff. *Saint* Q4, 5. *Frances*] *Francis* Qq. Ff.

Man. Heeres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.

127. Man.] Balt. Q4, 5 (also at lines 132, 134, 136, 138, 144).

Frier. Bliſſe be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſſe ſculles: as I diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.

131. *Capels*] *Capulet's* F4.

Man. It doth ſo holy ſir, and theres my maiſter, one that you (loue.

132. *It . . . sir*] separate line Ff.

Frier. Who is it?

Man. *Romeo.*

Frier. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Frier. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not ſir.
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death
If I did ſtay to looke on his entents.

Frier. Stay then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare ſome ill vnthriftie thing.

142. *feare comes*] *feares comes* F1. *feares come* F2, 3, 4.

Man. As I did ſleepe vnder this yong tree heere,
I dreampt my maiſter and another fought,
And that my maiſter ſlew him.

143. *vnthriftie*] *unlucky* Qq. Ff.
144. *yong*] *young* Qq. Ff.

Frier. *Romeo.*
Alack alack, what bloud is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane theſe maiſterleſſe and goarie ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale! who elſe, what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in bloud? ah what an vnkind hower
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirres.

Iuli. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo?*

156. *where is*] *where's* Ff.

Frier. I heare ſome noyſe Lady, come from that neſt Of

We ſhall be taken, *Paris* he is ſlaine,
And *Romeo* dead: and if we heere be tane
We ſhall be thought to be as acceſſarie.
I will prouide for you in ſome cloſe Nunery.
Iul: Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.
Fr· I heare ſome noiſe, I dare not ſtay, come, come.
Iul: Goe get thee gone.
Whats heere a cup cloſde in my louers hands?
Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.

Enter watch.

Watch: This way, this way.
Iul: I, noiſe? then muſt I be reſolute.
O happy dagger thou ſhalt end my feare,
Reſt in my boſome, thus I come to thee.
She ſtabs herſelfe and falles.

Enter watch.

Cap: Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?
See frends where *Iuliet* two daies buried,
New bleeding wounded, ſearch and ſee who's neare.
Attach and bring them to vs preſently.

Enter one with the Fryer.

1. Captaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,

Fitte

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Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall ſleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
Thy huſband in thy boſome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too, come ile diſpoſe of thee,
Among a Siſterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming,
Come go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer ſtay.

Exit.

Iuli. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
Whats heere? a cup cloſd in my true loues hand?
Poiſon I ſee hath bin his timeleſſe end:
O churle, drunke all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after, I will kiſſe thy lips,
Happlie ſome poyſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a reſtoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Leade boy, which way.
Iuli. Yea noiſe? then ile be briefe. O happy dagger
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me dye.
Watch boy. This is the place there where the torch doth burne.
Watch. The ground is bloudie, ſearch about the Churchyard.
Go ſome of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull ſight, heere lies the Countie ſlaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newlie dead:
Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe vp the *Mountagues*, ſome others ſearch,
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lye,
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter Romeos man.

Watch. Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churchyard.
Chief. watch. Hold him in ſafetie till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. *Watch.* Here is a Frier that trembles, ſighes, and weepes,
We

171. *drunke all,*] *drinke all*, Qq. F4. *drinke all?* F1, 2, 3. *left*] *leaue* Q5.
176. *way.*] [?] Qq. Ff.
177. *Yea noiſe*] separate line Ff.
178. *This is*] *Tis is* Q3. *Tis in* Ff. [Kils herselfe] Ff.
179. Watch boy.] Boy Q4, 5, Ff.
184. *this*] *these* Qq. Ff.
191. Chief. watch.] Con. Ff. *come*] *comes* F2, 3, 4.

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Fitte to ope a tombe.
Cap: A great ſuſpition, keep him ſafe.
* *Enter one with Romets Man.*
1. Heeres *Romeos* Man.
Capt: Keepe him to be examinde.
Enter Prince with others.
Prin: What early miſchiefe calls vs vp ſo ſoone.
Capt: O noble Prince, ſee here
Where *Juliet* that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,
Warme and freſh bleeding, *Romeo* and Countie *Paris*
Likewiſe newly ſlaine.
Prin: Search ſeeke about to finde the murderers.
Entor olde Capolet and his Wife.
Capo: What rumor's this that is ſo early vp?
Moth: The people in the ſtreetes crie *Romeo*,
And ſome on *Iuliet*: as if they alone
Had been the cauſe of ſuch a mutinie.

Capo: See Wife, this dagger hath miſtooke:
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong *Mountague*,
And it is ſheathed in our Daughters breaſt.

Enter olde Montague.
Prin: Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp,
To ſee thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.
Mount: Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,
And yong *Benuolio* is deceaſed too:
What further miſchiefe can there yet be found?
Prin: Firſt come and ſee, then ſpeake.
Mount: O thou vntaught, what manners is in this
To preſſe before thy Father to a graue.
Prin: Come ſeale your mouthes of outrage for a while,
And let vs ſeeke to finde the Authors out Of

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We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yards ſide.
Chief watch. A great ſuſpition, ſtay the Frier too too.
Enter the Prince.
Prin. What miſaduenture is ſo early vp,
That calls our perſon from our morning reſt?
Enter Capels.
Ca. What ſhould it be that is ſo ſhrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the ſtreet crie *Romeo,*
Some *Iuliet,* and ſome *Paris,* and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
Pr. What feare is this which ſtartles in your eares?
Watch. Soueraine, here lies the County *Paris* ſlain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kild. (comes.
Prin. Search, ſeeke & know how this foule murder
Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter *Romeos* man,
With Inſtruments vpon them, fit to open
Theſe dead mens Tombes.
Enter Capulet and his wife.
Ca. O heauens! O wife looke how our daughter
This dagger hath miſtane, for loe his houſe (bleeds!
Is emptie on the back of *Mountague,*
And it misſheathd in my daughters boſome.
Wife. O me, this ſight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a ſepulcher.
Enter Mountague.
Prin. Come *Mountague,* for thou art early vp
To ſee thy ſonne and heire, now earling downe.
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my ſonnes exile hath ſtopt her breath.
What further woe conſpires againſt mine age?
Prin. Looke and thou ſhalt ſee.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what maners is in this,
To preſſe before thy father to a graue?
Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare theſe ambiguities, And

194. *Church-yards*] *Church-yard* Q3, Ff. *Churchyard* Q4, 5.
195. Chief watch] Con. Ff. *too too.*] *too, too.* Q3, 4. *too.* Q5. Ff.
197. *morning*] *mornings* Q4, 5, Ff.
[Enter Capulet and his Wife] Q4, 5, Ff.
198. *is so shrike*] *they so shrike* Qq. Ff. (*shriek* F4.)
207. *Slaughter*] *Slaughterd* Qq. Ff.
[Enter . . .] om. Q4, 5, Ff. (see above).
210. *heauens*] *heaven* Qq. Ff.
213. *if*] *is* Qq. Ff. *missheathd*] *misheathed* F1, 2, 3, Q5. *mis-sheathed* F4.
217. *earling*] *early* Qq. Ff.
220. *mine*] *my* Qq. Ff.
224. *outrage*] *out-rage* Q4, F3, 4.

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Of ſuch a hainous and ſeld ſeene miſchaunce.

Bring forth the parties in ſuſpition.
Fr: I am the greateſt able to doo leaſt.
Moſt worthie Prince, heare me but ſpeake the truth.
* And Ile informe you how theſe things fell out.
Juliet here ſlaine was married to that *Romeo*,
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:
The Nurſe was priuie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this vnhappie marriage,
VVas *Tybalts* doomeſday: for which *Romeo*
VVas baniſhed from hence to *Mantua*.
He gone, her Father ſought by foule conſtraint
To marrie her to *Paris*: But her Soule
(Loathing a ſecond Contract) did refuſe
To giue conſent; and therefore did ſhe vrge me
Either to finde a meanes ſhe might auoyd
VVhat ſo her Father ſought to force her too:
Or els all deſperately ſhe threatned
Euen in my preſence to diſpatch her ſelfe.
Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)
A potion that ſhould make her ſeeme as dead:
And told her that I would with all poſt ſpeed
Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo*,
That he might come and take her from the Toombe.
But he that had my Letters (Frier *John*)
Seeking a Brother to aſſociate him,
VVhereas the ſicke infection remaind,
VVas ſtayed by the Searchers of the Towne,
But *Romeo* vnderſtanding by his man,
That *Iuliet* was deceaſde, returnde in poſt
Vnto *Verona* for to ſee his loue.
VVhat after happened touching *Paris* death,
Or *Romeos* is to me vnknowne at all.

But

And know their ſpring, their head, their true diſcent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And leade you euen to death, meane time forbeare,
And let miſchance be ſlaue to patience,
Bring foorth the parties of ſuſpition.
Frier. I am the greateſt able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected as the time and place
Doth make againſt me of this direfull murther:
And heere I ſtand both to impeach and purge
My ſelfe condemned, and my ſelfe excuſde.
Prin. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this?
Frier. I will be briefe, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And ſhe there dead, thats *Romeos* faithfull wife:
I married them, and their ſtolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomeſday, whoſe vntimely death
Baniſht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie.
For whome, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pinde.—
You to remoue that ſiege of griefe from her
Betrothd and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deuiſe ſome meane
To rid her from this ſecond mariage:
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe.
Then gaue I her (ſo tuterd by my art)
A ſleeping potion, which ſo tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he ſhould hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, Frier *Iohn*,
Was ſtayed by accident, and yeſternight
Returnd my letter back, then all alone
At the prefixed hower of her waking,

233. *Doth*] *Doe* Q5.

240. *thats*] *that's* Ff. *that* Q4, 5.

248. *meane*] *meanes* Qq. Ff.

259. *stayed*] *stay'd* Ff.

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But when I came to take the Lady hence,

I found them dead, and ſhe awakt from ſleep:
VVhom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,

VVhich ſhe refuſed ſeeing R*omeo* dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
VVhat afterhappened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought haue miſcaried.
* By me, or by my meanes let my old life
Be ſacrificd ſome houre before his time.
To the moſt ſtrickeſt rigor of the Law.
Pry: VVe ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man,
VVheres R*omeos* man, what can he ſay in this?
Balth: I brought my maiſter word that ſhee was dead,
And then he poaſted ſtraight from *Mantua*,
Vnto this Toombe. Theſe Letters he deliuered me,
Charging me early giue them to his Father.

Prin: Lets ſee the Letters, I will read them ouer.
VVhere is the Counties Boy that calld the VVatch?

Boy: I brought my Maſter vnto *Juliets* graue,
But one approaching, ſtraight I calld my Maſter.
At laſt they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.
And this is all that I can ſay or know.

Prin: Theſe letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,

Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountagewe*. VVhere

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Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keepe her clofely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could fend to *Romeo*.
But when I came, fome minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here vntimely lay,
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
And beare this worke of heauen with patience:
But then a noyfe did fcare me from the Tombe,
And fhe too defperate would not go with me:
But as it feemes, did violence on her felfe.
Al this I know, & to the marriage her Nurfe is priuie:
And if ought in this miſcaried by my fault,
Let my old life be facrific'd fome houre before his time,
Vnto the rigour of feuereſt law.
Prin. We ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Wheres *Romeos* man? what can he fay to this?
Balth. I brought my maiſter newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in poſte he came from *Mantua*,
To this ſame place. To this ſame monument
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.
Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that raiſd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your maiſter in this place?
Boy. He came with flowers to ſtrew his Ladies graue,
And bid me ſtand aloofe, and ſo I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my maiſter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.
Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their courſe of Loue, the tidings of her death,
And here he writes, that he did buy a poyſon
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall,
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be theſe enemies? *Capulet, Mountague?* See

266. *awakening*] *awaking* Qq. Ff.
268. *entreated her*] *intreat her to* F4.
273. *her*] *the* Q5.
275. *his*] *the* Qq. Ff.
277. *a*] *an* F4.
279. Balth] Boy Ff.
281. *place. To . . . monument*] *place, to . . . monument.* Ff. Q5.
288. Boy.] Page Ff.

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VVhere are theſe enemies? ſee what hate hath done,

Cap: Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
Can I beſtowe on her, thats all I haue.
Moun: But I will giue them more, I will erect
Her ſtatue of pure golde:
That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.
There ſhall no ſtatue of ſuch price be ſet,
As that of *Romeos* loued *Iuliet*.
Cap: As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.
Prin: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let vs hence,
To haue more talke of theſe ſad things.
Some ſhall be pardoned and ſome puniſhed:
For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,
Than this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.

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See what a ſcourge is laide vpon your hate?
That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,
And I for winking at your diſcords too,
Haue loſt a brace of kinſmen, all are puniſht.
Cap. O brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demaund.
Moun. But I can giue thee more,
For I will raie her ſtatue in pure gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There ſhall no figure at ſuch rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet.*
Capel. As rich ſhall *Romeos* by his Ladies lie,
Poore ſacrifices of our enmitie.
Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for ſorrow will not ſhew his head:
Go hence to haue more talke of theſe ſad things,
Some ſhall be pardoned, and ſome puniſhed.
For neuer was a Storie of more wo,
Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo.*

FINIS.

299. *hate?*] [,] Q5, Ff.
300. *loue,*] [;] Q5, Ff.
302. *brace*] *brase* Qq.
307. *raie*] *raise* Q4, 5, Ff.
309. *ſuch*] *that* Qq. Ff.
311. *Romeos . . . Ladies*] *Romeo . . . Lady* Ff. *Romeo's . . . Ladies* Q5.
313. *glooming*] *gloomy* F4.
316. *pardoned*] *pardon'd* Ff.
[Exeunt Omnes] Ff.

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Q?

New Shakspere Society.

SERIES II. 2.

PLAYS.

Romeo and Fuliet

V. 2

Reprint of (Q° 1) 1597.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR
The New Shakspere Society
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C., 1874.

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The following Publications of the *New Shakspere Society*

HAVE BEEN ISSUED FOR 1874:

Series I. *Transactions:* The New Shakspere Society's Transactions, Part I, containing four Papers by the Rev. F. G. Fleay, M.A., with Reports of the Discussions on them, a Table of the Quarto Editions of Shakspere's Works, 1593-1630, and a print of the genuine Parts of *Timon* and *Pericles;* with an Appendix containing, 1. Mr James Spedding's Paper on the several shares of SHAKSPERE and FLETCHER in *Henry VIII*, with the late Mr S. Hickson's, Mr Fleay's, and Mr Furnivall's independent confirmations of Mr Spedding's results. 2. The late Mr S. Hickson's Paper on the several shares of SHAKSPERE and FLETCHER (when young) in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, with Mr Fleay's and Mr Furnivall's Notes, and Tables of Metrical Tests, confirming Mr Hickson's results.

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This Edition is presented to the Society by H. R. H. Prince Leopold, one of its Vice-Presidents.

2, 3. The First two Quartos of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597 and 1599: simple Reprints, edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.

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Dr Ingleby presented to every Member of the Society who had paid his Subscription by Nov. 7, 1874, a copy of his Still Lion, *an attempt to establish a Science of Criticism of Shakspere's Text.*

The following Publications of the *New Shakspere Society* are in the Press:

Series I. *Transactions.* Part II. Containing Papers by Mr Hales, Mr Fleay, Mr Simpson, and Professor Ingram, with Reports of the Discussions on them.

Series II. *Plays:* 4. A revised Edition of the second, or 1599, Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet*, collated with the other Quartos and the Folios; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq. [*All in type.*

Series III. *Originals and Analogues.* Part I. *a.* The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell,[1] and nowe in Englishe by Ar[thur] Br[ooke], 1562; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq. *b.* The goodly hystory of the true and constant loue between Rhomeo and Julietta; from Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.

Series II. *Plays.* Preparing: 2. *Henry V: a.* Facsimile Reprints of the Quarto and first Folio; *b.* Parallel-Texts of the Quarto and First Folio, arranged so as to show their differences; *c.* a revised edition of the Play; the whole edited by Brinsley Nicholson, M.D.

3. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspere and Fletcher; *a.* A Reprint of the Quarto of 1636; *b.* a revised Edition, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index of all the words, distinguishing Shakspere's from Fletcher's, by Harold Littledale, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin.

4. *Cymbeline: a.* A Reprint of the Folio of 1623; *b.* a revised Edition with Introduction and Notes, by W. J. Craig, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Dublin.

The following works have been suggested for publication:—

1. Parallel Texts of the imperfect sketches of *b.* Hamlet, and its Quarto 2 (with the Folio and a revised Text); *c.* Merry Wives of Windsor, and Folio 1; *d.* The Contention, and Henry VI, Part 2, in F1; The True Tragedy, and Henry VI, Part 3, in F1.

[1] The original Italian story by Luigi da Porto, 1530, with a Translation, &c., by Prof. G. Pace-Sanfelice, can be had at Glaisher's, 265, High-Holborn, for 1*s.*; the facsimile Quarto of *Much Adoe*, 1600, for 1*s.*, and Booth's reprint of the Folio for 12*s.* 6*d.*

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Romeo and Juliet.

Reprint of (Q° 1) 1597.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR

The New Shakspere Society

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,

LONDON, E.C., 1874.

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Series II. No. 2.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

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NOTICE.

Romeo and Juliet.

(Q1) 1597.

This reproduction of the earliest, and imperfect, edition of Romeo and Juliet has been printed directly from the facsimile prepared by Mr E. W. Ashbee, under the direction of Mr J. O. Halliwell (Phillipps), and has been carefully compared with the Quarto in the British Museum (Press mark, C. 34. k. 58). It is printed line for line, and page for page, with the original.

The collation of Steevens's, Mommsen's, and the Cambridge Editors' reprints of this play, given with Mr H. H. Furness's reprint in the first volume of his 'New Variorum Shakespeare,' has been of great assistance to me in my endeavour to secure accuracy for this reprint.

One peculiarity of the original should be mentioned, as it is not here reproduced. From Signature E, inclusive, to the end of the play, a smaller type is used than that with which the preceding pages are printed; and the running title is changed from 'The moſt excellent Tragedie, of Romeo and Iuliet' to 'The excellent Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.'

In some few places I have not deemed it necessary to reproduce the typographical phenomena of the original, such as turned letters, &c.

For the loan of his valuable copy of the facsimile the Society is greatly indebted to the liberality of Mr F. W. Cosens.

P. A. Daniel.

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AN

EXCELLENT

conceited Tragedie

OF

Romeo and Iuliet.

As it hath been often (with great applaufe)
plaid publiquely, by the right Ho-
nourable the L. of *Hunſdon*
his Seruants.



LONDON,
Printed by Iohn Danter.
1597.

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The Prologue.

TVVo houſhold Frends alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona, *where we lay our Scene)*
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
VVhoſe ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of ſtarre-croſt Louers tooke their life:
VVhoſe miſaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their Fathers ſtrife,
And death-markt paſſage of their Parents rage)
Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
VVhat here we want wee'l ſtudie to amend.

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The most excellent Tragedie of
Romeo and Iuliet.

Enter 2. Seruing-men of the Capolets.

GRegorie, of my word Ile carrie no coales.

2 No, for if you doo, you ſhould be a Collier.

1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.

2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the the collar.

1 I ſtrike quickly being moou'd.

2 I, but you are not quickly moou'd to ſtrike.

1 A Dog of the houſe of the *Mountagues* moues me.

2 To mooue is to ſtirre, and to bee valiant is to ſtand to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't runne away.

1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take the wall of.

2 That ſhewes thee a weakling, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

1 Thats true, therefore Ile thruſt the men from the wall, and thruſt the maids to the walls: nay, thou ſhalt ſee I am a tall peece of fleſh.

2 Tis well thou art not fiſh, for if thou wert thou wouldſt be but poore Iohn.

1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile firſt begin with the maids, & off with their heads.

2 The heads of the maids?

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1 I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades, take it in what ſence thou wilt.

2 Nay let them take it in ſence that feele it, but heere comes two of the *Mountagues.*

Enter two Seruingmen of the Mountagues.

1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.

2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.

1 Nay let vs haue the law on our ſide, let them begin firſt. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my thumbe, which is diſgrace enough if they ſuffer it.

2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile come after and frowne.

1 *Moun:* Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe.

2 *Moun:* I but i'ſt at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our ſide?

2 No.

1 I bite my thumbe.

1 *Moun:* I but i'ſt at vs? *Enter Benevolio.*

2 Say I, here comes my Maſters kinſman.

They draw, to them enters Tybalt, *they fight, to them the Prince, old* Mountague, *and his wife, old* Capulet *and his wife, and other Citizens and part them.*

Prince: Rebellious ſubiects enemies to peace,
On paine of torture, from thoſe bloody handes
Throw your miſtempered weapons to the ground.
Three Ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,
By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague,*
Haue thrice diſturbd the quiet of our ſtreets.
If euer you diſturbe our ſtreets againe,

Your

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Your liues ſhall pay the ranſome of your fault:
For this time euery man depart in peace.
Come *Capulet* come you along with me,
And *Mouutague*, come you this after noone,
To know our farther pleaſure in this caſe,
To old free Towne our common iudgement place,
Once more on paine of death each man depart.

Exeunt.

M: wife. Who ſet this auncient quarrel firſt abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?

Benuo: Here were the ſeruants of your aduerſaries,
And yours cloſe fighting ere I did approch.

VVife: Ah where is *Romeo*, ſaw you him to day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben: Madame, an houre before the worſhipt ſunne
Peept through the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled thought drew me from companie:
Where vnderneath the groue *Sicamoure*,
That Weſtward rooteth from the Citties ſide,
So early walking might I ſee your ſonne.
I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thicket of the wood:
I noting his affections by mine owne,
That moſt are buſied when th'are moſt alone,
Purſued my honor, not purſuing his.

Moun: Black and portentious muſt this honor proue,
Vnleſſe good counſaile doo the cauſe remooue.

Ben: Why tell me Vncle do you know the cauſe?

Enter Romeo.

Moun: I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

Ben: See where he is, but ſtand you both aſide,
Ile know his grieuance, or be much denied.

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Mount: I would thou wert ſo happie by thy ſtay
To heare true ſhrift. Come Madame lets away.
Benuo: Good morrow Coſen.
Romeo: Is the day ſo young?
Ben: But new ſtroke nine.
Romeo: Ay me, ſad hopes ſeeme long.
Was that my Father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben: It was, what ſorrow lengthens *Romeos* houres?
Rom: Not hauing that, which hauing makes them (ſhort.
Ben: In loue.
Ro: Out.
Ben: Of loue.
Ro: Out of her fauor where I am in loue.
Ben: Alas that loue ſo gentle in her view,
Should be ſo tyrranous and rough in proofe.
Ro: Alas that loue whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will:
Where ſhall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue,
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O anie thing, of nothing firſt create!
O heauie lightnes ſerious vanitie!
Miſhapen *Caos* of beſt ſeeming thinges,
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſicke health,
Still waking ſleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.
Doeſt thou not laugh?
Ben: No Coſe I rather weepe.
Rom: Good hart at what?
Ben: At thy good hearts oppreſsion.
Ro: Why ſuch is loues tranſgreſsion,

Griefes

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Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,
Which thou wouldſt propagate to haue them preſt
With more of thine, this griefe that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne:
Loue is a ſmoke raiſde with the fume of ſighes
Being purgde, a fire ſparkling in louers eyes:
Being vext, a ſea raging with a louers teares.
What is it elſe? A madnes moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall, and a preſeruing ſweet. Farewell Coſe.
Ben: Nay Ile goe along.
And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.
Ro: Tut I haue loſt my ſelfe I am not here,
This is not *Romeo,* hee's ſome other where.
Ben: Tell me in ſadnes whome ſhe is you loue?
Ro: What ſhall I grone and tell thee?
Ben: Why no, but ſadly tell me who.
Ro: Bid a ſickman in ſadnes make his will.
Ah word ill vrgde to one that is ſo ill.
In ſadnes Coſen I doo loue a woman.
Ben: I aimde ſo right, when as you ſaid you lou'd.
Ro: A right good mark-man, and ſhee's faire I loue.
Ben: A right faire marke faire Coſe is ſooneſt hit.
Ro: But in that hit you miſſe, ſhee'le not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, ſhe hath *Dianaes* wit,
And in ſtrong proofe of chaſtitie well arm'd:
Gainſt *Cupids* childiſh bow ſhe liues vnharm'd,
Shee'le not abide the ſiedge of louing tearmes,
Nor ope her lap to Saint ſeducing gold,
Ah ſhe is rich in beautie, only poore,
That when ſhe dies with beautie dies her ſtore. *Exeu.*

Enter Countie Paris, *old* Capulet.

Of honorable reckoning are they both,

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And pittie tis they liue at ods ſo long:
But leauing that, what ſay you to my ſute?
Capu: What ſhould I ſay more than I ſaid before,
My daughter is a ſtranger in the world,
Shee hath not yet attainde to fourteene yeares:
Let two more ſommers wither in their pride,
Before ſhe can be thought fit for a Bride.
Paris: Younger than ſhe are happie mothers made.
Cap: But too ſoone marde are theſe ſo early maried·
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My word to her conſent is but a part.
This night I hold an old accuſtom'd Feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a gueſt,
Such as I loue: yet you among the ſtore,
One more moſt welcome makes the number more.
At my poore houſe you ſhall behold this night,
Earth treadding ſtars, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as doo luſty youngmen feele,
When well apparaild Aprill on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, euen ſuch delights
Amongſt freſh female buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe, heare all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merite moſt ſhalbe.
Such amongſt view of many myne beeing one,
May ſtand in number though in reckoning none.
Enter Seruingman.
Where are you ſirra, goe trudge about
Through faire *Verona* ſtreets, and ſeeke them out:
Whoſe names are written here and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome at their pleaſure ſtay.
Exeunt.
Ser: Seeke them out whoſe names are written here
and

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and yet I knowe not who are written here: I muſt to the learned to learne of them, that's as much to ſay, as the Taylor muſt meddle with his Laſte, the Shoomaker with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fiſher with his Penſill, I muſt to the learned.

Enter Benuolio and Romeo.

Ben: Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is leſſned with anothers anguiſh:
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,
One deſperate griefe cures with anothers languiſh.
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the ranke poyſon of the old will die.

Romeo: Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.

Ben: For what?

Romeo: For your broken ſhin.

Ben: Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom: Not mad, but bound more than a madman is.
Shut vp in priſon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser: Godgigoden, I pray ſir can you read,

Rom: I mine owne fortune in my miſerie.

Ser: Perhaps you haue learned it without booke: but I pray can you read any thing you ſee?

Rom: I if I know the letters and the language.

Seru: Yee ſay honeſtly, reſt you merrie.

Rom: Stay fellow I can read.

He reads the Letter.

SEigneur Martino *and his wife and daughters, Countie* Anſelme *and his beauteous ſiſters, the Ladie widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louelie Neeces,* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine, *mine vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters, my faire Neece* Roſaline *and*

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Liuia, Seigneur Valentio *and his Coſen* Tibalt, Lucio *and the liuelie* Hellena.

A faire aſſembly, whether ſhould they come?

Ser: Vp.

Ro: Whether to ſupper?

Ser: To our houſe.

Ro: Whoſe houſe?

Ser: My Maſters.

Ro: Indeed I ſhould haue askt thee that before.

Ser: Now il'e tel you without asking. My Maſter is the great rich *Capulet,* and if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues,* I pray come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merrie.

Ben: At this ſame auncient feaſt of *Capulets,*
Sups the faire R*oſaline* whom thou ſo loues
With all the admired beauties of *Verona,*
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhew,
And I will make thee thinke thy ſwan a crow.

Ro: When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fire,
And theſe who often drownde could neuer die,
Tranſparent Heretiques be burnt for liers
One fairer than my loue, the all ſeeing ſonne
Nere ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben: Tut you ſaw her faire none els being by,
Her ſelfe poyſd with her ſelfe in either eye:
But in that Criſtall ſcales let there be waide,
Your Ladyes loue, againſt ſome other maide
That I will ſhew you ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well that now ſeemes beſt.

Rom: Ile goe along no ſuch ſight to be ſhowne,

But

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But to reioyce in ſplendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.

VVife: Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.

Nurce: *Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid. VVher's this girle? what* Iuliet. *Enter Iuliet.*

Iuliet: How now who cals?

Nurce: *Your Mother.*

Iul: Madame I am here, what is your will?

VV: This is the matter. Nurſe giue leaue a while, we muſt talke in ſecret. Nurce come back again I haue remembred me, thou'ſe heare our counſaile. Thou knoweſt my daughters of a prettie age.

Nurce: *Faith I can tell her age vnto a houre.*

VVife: Shee's not fourteene.

Nurce: *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it ſpoken, I haue but foure, ſhee's not fourteene. How long is it now to* Lammas-tide?

VVife: A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurce: *Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come* Lammas *Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene.* Suſan *and ſhe God reſt all Chriſtian ſoules were of an age. VVell* Suſan *is with God, ſhe was too good for me: But as I ſaid on* Lammas *Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene, that ſhall ſhee marie I remember it well. Tis ſince the Earth-quake nowe eleauen yeares, and ſhe was weand I neuer ſhall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, ſitting in the ſun vnder the Doue-houſe wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I do beare a braine; But as I ſaid, when it did taſt the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole*

to

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to ſee it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-houſe twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and ſince that time it is aleauen yeare: for then could Iuliet *ſtande high lone, nay by the Roode, ſhee could haue wadled vp and downe, for euen the day before ſhee brake her brow, and then my husband God be with his ſoule, hee was a merrie man: Doſt thou fall forward,* Iuliet? *thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit: wilt thou not* Iuliet? *and by my holliidam, the pretty foole left crying and ſaid I. To ſee how a ieaſt ſhall come about, I warrant you if I ſhould liue a hundred yeare, I neuer ſhould forget it, wilt thou not* Iuliet? *and by my troth ſhe ſtinted and cried I.*

Iuliet: And ſtint thou too, I prethee Nurce ſay I.

Nurce: *VVell goe thy waies, God marke thee for his grace, thou wert the prettieſt Babe that euer I nurſt, might I but liue to ſee thee married once, I haue my wiſh.*

VVife: And that ſame marriage Nurce, is the Theame I meant to talke of: Tell me *Iuliet,* howe ſtand you affected to be married?

Iul: It is an honor that I dreame not off.

Nurce: *An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt wiſedome from thy Teat.*

VVife: Well girle, the Noble Countie *Paris* ſeekes thee for his Wife.

Nurce: *A man young Ladie, Ladie ſuch a man as all the world, why he is a man of waxe.*

VVife: Veronaes Summer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurce: *Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.*

VVife: Well *Iuliet,* how like you of *Paris* loue.

Iuliet: Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue,
But no more deepe will I engage mine eye,
Then your conſent giues ſtrength to make it flie.

Enter Clowne.

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Clowne: *Maddam you are cald for, ſupper is readie, the Nurce curſt in the Pantrie, all thinges in extreamitie, make haſt for I muſt be gone to waite.*

Enter Maskers with Romeo *and a Page.*

Ro: What ſhall this ſpeech bee ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without Apologie.

Benuoleo: The date is out of ſuch prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid* hudwinckt with a Scarfe,
Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath,
Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:
Nor no without booke Prologue faintly ſpoke
After the Prompter, for our entrance.
But let them meaſure vs by what they will,
Weele meaſure them a meaſure and be gone.

Rom: A torch for me I am not for this aumbling,
Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.

Mer: Beleeue me *Romeo* I muſt haue you daunce.

Rom: Not I beleeue me you haue dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles, I haue a ſoule of lead
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot ſtirre.

Mer: Giue me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor, what care I
What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

Rom: Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart
Tickle the ſenceles ruſhes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a Grandſire phraſe,
Ile be a candleholder and looke on,
The game was nere ſo faire and I am done.

Mer: Tut dun's the mouſe, the Cunſtables old word,
If thou beeſt Dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Of this ſurreuerence loue wherein thou ſtickſt.
Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.

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Rom: Nay thats not ſo. *Mer:* I meane ſir in delay,
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,
Take our good meaning for our iudgement ſits
Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.
Rom: So we meane well by going to this maske:
But tis no wit to goe.
Mer: Why *Romeo* may one aske?
Rom: I dreamt a dreame to night.
Mer: And ſo did I. *Rom:* Why what was yours?
Mer: That dreamers often lie. (true.
Rom: In bed a ſleepe while they doe dreame things
Mer: Ah then I ſee Queene Mab hath bin with you.
Ben: Queene Mab whats ſhe?
She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come
In ſhape no bigger than an Aggat ſtone
On the forefinger of a Burgomaſter,
Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,
Athwart mens noſes when they lie a ſleepe.
Her waggon ſpokes are made of ſpinners webs,
The couer, of the winges of Graſhoppers,
The traces are the Moone-ſhine watrie beames,
The collers crickets bones, the laſh of filmes,
Her waggoner is a ſmall gray coated flie,
Not halfe ſo big as is a little worme,
Pickt from the lafie finger of a maide,
And in this ſort ſhe gallops vp and downe
Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue:
O're Courtiers knees: who ſtrait on curſies dreame
O're Ladies lips, who dreame on kiſſes ſtrait:
Which oft the angrie Mab with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breathes with ſweetmeats tainted are:
Sometimes ſhe gallops ore a Lawers lap,

And

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And then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſute,
And ſometime comes ſhe with a tithe pigs taile,
Tickling a Parſons noſe that lies a ſleepe,
And then dreames he of another benefice:
Sometime ſhe gallops ore a ſouldiers noſe,
And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
Of breaches ambuſcados, countermines,
Of healthes fiue fadome deepe, and then anon
Drums in his eare: at which he ſtartes and wakes,
And ſweares a Praier or two and ſleepes againe.
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,
And proues them women of good cariage. (the night,
This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horſes in
And plats the Elfelocks in foule ſluttiſh haire,
Which once vntangled much miſfortune breedes.
Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkſt of nothing.
Mer: True I talke of dreames,
Which are the Children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine fantaſie,
Which is as thinne a ſubſtance as the aire,
And more inconſtant than the winde,
Which wooes euen now the froſē bowels of the north,
And being angred puffes away in haſte,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth. (ſelues.
Ben: Come, come, this winde doth blow vs from our
Supper is done and we ſhall come too late.
Ro: I feare too earlie, for my minde miſgiues
Some conſequence is hanging in the ſtars,
Which bitterly begins his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme
Of a diſpiſed life, cloſde in this breaſt,
By ſome vntimelie forfet of vile death:

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But he that hath the ſteerage of my courſe
Direcs my ſaile, on luſtie Gentlemen.

Enter old Capulet *with the Ladies.*

Capu: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with Corns
Will haue about with you, ah ha my Miſtreſſes,
Which of you all will now refuſe to dance?
Shee that makes daintie, ſhee Ile ſweare hath Corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-
More lights you knaues, & turn theſe tables vp, (come,
And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.
Ah ſirra, this vnlookt for ſport comes well,
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good Coſen *Capulet:*
For you and I are paſt our ſtanding dayes,
How long is it ſince you and I were in a Maske?
Coſ: By Ladie ſir tis thirtie yeares at leaſt.
Cap: Tis not ſo much, tis not ſo much,
Tis ſince the mariage of *Lucentio,*
Come *Pentecoſt* as quicklie as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.
Coſ: Tis more, tis more, his ſonne is elder far.
Cap: Will you tell me that it cannot be ſo,
His ſonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a iolly thing
Rom: What Ladie is that that doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight? O ſhee doth teach the torches to
burne bright!
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
Like a rich iewell in an *Aethiops* eare,
Beautie too rich for vſe, for earth too deare:
So ſhines a ſnow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes ſhowes.

The

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The meaſure done, iie watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now? Forſweare it ſight,
I neuer ſaw true beautie till this night.
Tib: This by his voice ſhould be a *Mountague,*
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the ſlaue
Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,
To ſcorne and ieere at our ſolemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and honor of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it for no ſin.
Ca: Why how now Coſen, wherfore ſtorme you ſo.
Ti: Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hether come in ſpight,
To mocke at our ſolemnitie this night.
Ca: Young *Romeo,* is it not?
Ti: It is that villaine *Romeo.* (man,
Ca: Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentle-
And to ſpeake truth, *Verona* brags of him,
As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
Here in my houſe doo him diſparagement:
Therefore be quiet take no note of him,
Beare a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.
Ti: It fits when ſuch a villaine is a gueſt,
Ile not indure him.
Ca: He ſhalbe indured, goe to I ſay, he ſhall,
Am I the Maſter of the houſe or you?
You'le not indure him? God ſhall mend my ſoule
You'le make a mutenie amongſt my gueſts,
You'le ſet Cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.
Ti: Vncle tis a ſhame.

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Ca: Goe too, you are a ſaucie knaue,
This tricke will ſcath you one day I know what.
Well ſaid my hartes. Be quiet:
More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting,
Tibalt: Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee-
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greetings:
I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bitter gall.
Rom: If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,
This holie ſhrine, the gentle ſinne is this:
My lips two bluſhing Pilgrims ready ſtand,
To ſmooth the rough touch with a gentle kiſſe.
Iuli: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too
Which mannerly deuotion ſhewes in this: (much,
For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,
And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kiſſe.
Rom: Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Iuli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they muſt vſe in praier.
Ro: Why then faire ſaint, let lips do what hands doo,
They pray, yeeld thou, leaſt faith turne to diſpaire.
Iu: Saints doe not mooue though: grant nor praier forſake.
Ro: Then mooue not till my praiers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours my ſin is purgde.
Iu: Then haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.
Ro: Sinne from my lips, O treſpaſſe ſweetly vrgde!
Giue me my ſinne againe.
Iu: You kiſſe by the booke.
Nurſe: *Madame your mother calles.*
Rom: What is her mother?
Nurſe: *Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the houſe, and a good Lady, and a wiſe, and a vertuous. I nurſt her*

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her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can lay hold of her ſhall haue the chinkes.

Rom: Is ſhe a *Mountague?* Oh deare account,
My life is my foes thrall.

Ca: Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh banquet towards.

They whiſper in his eare.

I pray you let me intreat you. Is it ſo?
Well then I thanke you honeſt Gentlemen,
I promiſe you but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:
Light to my chamber hoe.

Exeunt.

Iul: Nurſe, what is yonder Gentleman?

Nur: *The ſonne and heire of old* Tiberio.

Iul: Whats he that now is going out of dore?

Nur: *That as I thinke is yong* Petruchio. (dance?

Iul: Whats he that followes there that would not

Nur: *I know not.*

Iul: Goe learne his name, if he be maried,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nur: *His name is* Romeo *and a* Mountague, *the onely ſonne of your great enemie.*

Iul: My onely Loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too early ſeene vnknowne and knowne too late: ,
Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,
That I ſhould loue a loathed enemie.

Nurſe: *VVhats this? what's that?*

Iul: Nothing Nurſe but a rime I learnt euen now of one I dancſt with.

Nurſe: *Come your mother ſtaies for you, Ile goe a long with you.* *Exeunt.*

Enter

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The moſt excellent Tragedie,

Enter Romeo alone.

Ro: Shall I goe forward and my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio Mercutio.

Ben: Romeo, my coſen *Romeo.*

Mer: Doeſt thou heare he is wiſe,
Vpon my life he hath ſtolne him home to bed.

Ben: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio.*

Mer: Call, nay Ile coniure too.
Romeo, madman, humors, paſsion, liuer, appeare thou in likenes of a ſigh: ſpeak but one rime & I am ſatiſfied, cry but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, ſpeake to my goſſip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her purblinde ſonne and heire young *Abraham*: *Cupid* hee that ſhot ſo trim when young King *Cophetua* loued the begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by *Roſalindes* bright eye, high forehead, and ſcarlet lip, her prettie foote, ſtraight leg, and quiuering thigh, and the demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to vs.

Ben: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one ſhuld raiſe a ſpirit in his Miſtris circle of ſome ſtrange faſhion, making it there to ſtand till ſhe had laid it, and coniurde it downe, that were ſome ſpite. My inuocation is faire and honeſt, and in his Miſtris name I coniure onely but to raiſe vp him.

Ben: Well he hath hid himſelfe amongſt thoſe trees,
To be conſorted with the humerous night,
Blinde in his loue, and beſt befits the darke.

Mer:

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Mer: If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,
Now will he ſit vnder a Medler tree,
And wiſh his Miſtris were that kinde of fruite,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
Ah *Romeo* that ſhe were, ah that ſhe were
An open *Et cætera,* thou a poprin Peare.
Romeo God night, il'e to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
To ſeeke him here that meanes not to be found.
Ro: He ieſts at ſcars that neuer felt a wound:
But ſoft, what light forth yonder window breakes?
It is the Eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
Ariſe faire Sunne, and kill the enuious Moone
That is alreadie ſicke, and pale with grieſe:
That thou her maid, art far more faire than ſhe.
Be not her maide ſince ſhe is enuious,
Her veſtall liuerie is but pale and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, caſt it off.
She ſpeakes, but ſhe ſayes nothing. What of that?
Her eye diſcourſeth, I will anſwere it.
I am too bold, tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes,
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the skies,
Hauing ſome buſines, doe entreat her eyes
To twinckle in their ſpheares till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnes of her cheekes would ſhame thoſe ſtars:
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
Would through the airie region ſtreame ſo bright,
That birdes would ſing, and thinke it were not night.
Oh now ſhe leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
I would I were the gloue to that ſame hand,

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That I might kiſſe that cheeke.
Iul: Ay me.
Rom: She ſpeakes, Oh ſpeake againe bright Angell:
For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my (head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the laſie pacing cloudes,
And ſailes vpon the boſome of the aire.
Iul: Ah *Romeo, Romeo,* wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Denie thy Father, and refuſe thy name,
Or if thou wilt not be but ſworne my loue,
And il'e no longer be a *Capulet.*
Rom: Shall I heare more, or ſhall I ſpeake to this?
Iul: Tis but thy name that is mine enemie.
Whats *Mountague?* It is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
Whats in a name? That which we call a Roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet:
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I haue.
Rom: I take thee at thy word,
Call me but loue, and il'e be new Baptiſde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo.*
Iu: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,
Doeſt ſtumble on my counſaile?
Ro: By a name I know not how to tell thee.
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an enemie to thee.

Had

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Had I it written I would teare the word.
Iul: My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the ſound:
Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague?*
Ro: Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee diſpleaſe.
Iu: How camſt thou hether, tell me and wherfore?
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
And the place death conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen finde thee here.
Ro: By loues light winges did I oreperch theſe wals,
For ſtonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
Therefore thy kinſmen are no let to me.
Iul: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.
Ro: Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
Then twentie of their ſwords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmitie. (here.
Iul: I would not for the world they ſhuld find thee
Ro: I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their ſight,
And but thou loue me let them finde me here:
For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.
Iu: By whoſe directions foundſt thou out this place.
Ro: By loue, who firſt did prompt me to enquire,
I he gaue me counſaile and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre
As that vaſt ſhore, waſht with the furtheſt ſea,
I would aduenture for ſuch Marchandiſe.
Iul: Thou knowſt the maſke of night is on my face,
Els would a Maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeks:
For that which thou haſte heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,

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What I haue ſpoke: but farewell complements.
Doeſt thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt ſay I,
And I will take thy word: but if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe:
At Louers periuries they ſay Ioue ſmiles.
Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinke I am too eaſely wonne,
Il'e frowne and ſay thee nay and be peruerſe,
So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world,
In truth faire *Mountague*, I am too fond,
And therefore thou maieſt thinke my hauiour light:
But truſt me gentleman Ile proue more true,
Than they that haue more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould haue bin ſtrange I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouer-heardſt ere I was ware
My true loues Paſsion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.
Ro: By yonder bleſſed Moone I ſweare,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe fruit trees tops.
Iul: O ſweare not by the Moone the vnconſtant (Moone,
That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe,
Leaſt that thy loue proue likewiſe variable.
Ro: Now by
Iul: Nay doo not ſweare at all,
Or if thou ſweare, ſweare by thy glorious ſelfe,
Which art the God of my Idolatrie,
And Il'e beleeue thee.
Ro: If my true harts loue
Iul: Sweare not at al, though I doo ioy in (thee,
I haue ſmall ioy in this contract to night,
It is too raſh too ſodaine, too vnaduiſde,

Too

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Too like the lightning that doth ceaſe to bee
Ere one can ſay it lightens. I heare ſome comming,
Deare loue adew, ſweet *Mountague* be true,
Stay but a little and il'e come againe.
Ro: O bleſſed bleſſed night, I feare being night,
All this is but a dreame I heare and ſee,
Too flattering true to be ſubſtantiall.
Iul: Three wordes good *Romeo* and good night in-
If that thy bent of loue be honourable? (deed.
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow
By one that il'e procure to come to thee:
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And al my fortunes at thy foote il'e lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.
Ro: Loue goes toward loue like ſchoole boyes from
their bookes,
But loue from loue, to ſchoole with heauie lookes.
Iul: Romeo, Romeo, O for a falkners voice,
To lure this Taſſell gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarſe and may not crie aloud,
Els would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies
And make her airie voice as hoarſe as mine,
With repetition of my *Romeos* name.
Romeo?
Ro: It is my ſoule that calles vpon my name,
How ſiluer ſweet ſound louers tongues in night.
Iul: Romeo?
Ro: Madame.
Iul: At what a clocke to morrow ſhall I ſend?
Ro: At the houre of nine.
Iul: I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.
Romeo I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

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Rom: Let me ſtay here till you remember it.
Iul: I ſhall forget to haue thee ſtill ſtaie here,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.
Rom: And il'e ſtay ſtill to haue thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iu: Tis almoſt morning I would haue thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a pore priſoner in his twiſted giues,
And with a ſilke thred puls it backe againe,
Too louing iealous of his libertie.
Ro: Would I were thy bird.
Iul: Sweet ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cherriſhing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good night till it be morrow. (breaſt,
Rom: Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy
I would that I were ſleep and peace of ſweet to reſt.
Now will I to my Ghoſtly fathers Cell,
His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.

Enter Frier Francis.

(night,
Frier: The gray ey'd morne ſmiles on the frowning
Checkring the Eaſterne clouds with ſtreakes of light,
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheeles:
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie,
We muſt vp fill this oaſier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers,
Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In hearbes, plants, ſtones, and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile, that vile on earth doth liue,

But

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But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth giue:
Nor nought ſo good, but ſtraind from that faire vſe,
Reuolts to vice and ſtumbles on abuſe:
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſapplied,
And vice ſometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rinde of this ſmall flower,
Poyſon hath reſidence, and medecine power:
For this being ſmelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,
Being taſted ſlaies all ſences with the hart.
Two ſuch oppoſed foes incampe them ſtill,
In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the canker death eats vp that plant.
Rom: Good morrow to my Ghoſtly Confeſſor.
Fri: Benedicite, what earlie tongue ſo ſoone ſaluteth (me?
Yong ſonne it argues a diſtempered head,
So ſoone to bid good morrow to my bed.
Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, ſleep can neuer lie:
But where vnbruſed youth with vnſtuft braines
Doth couch his limmes, there golden ſleepe remaines:
Therefore thy earlines doth me aſſure,
Thou art vprowſ'd by ſome diſtemperature.
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it righ
Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.
Ro: The laſt was true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.
Fr: God pardon ſin, wert thou with *Roſaline?*
Ro: With *Roſaline* my Ghoſtly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe. (then?
Fri: Thats my good ſonne: but where haſt thou bin
Ro: I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,
I haue bin feaſting with mine enemie:

Where

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Where on the ſodaine one hath wounded mee
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy help and holy phiſicke lies,
I beare no hatred bleſſed man: for loe
My interceſsion likewiſe ſteades my foe.
Frier: Be plaine my ſonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſsion findes but ridling ſhrift.
Rom: Then plainely know my harts deare loue is ſet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, ſo hers likewiſe on mine,
And all combind, ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
Il'e tell thee as I paſſe: But this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.
Fri: Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Roſaline* whome thou didſt loue ſo deare
So ſoone forſooke, lo yong mens loue then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.
Jeſu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline*?
How much ſalt water caſt away in waſte,
To ſeaſon loue, that of loue doth not taſte.
The ſunne not yet thy ſighes from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If euer thou wert thus, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline*,
And art thou changde, pronounce this ſentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no ſtrength in men.
Rom: Thou chidſt me oft for louing *Roſaline*.

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Fr: For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.
Rom: And badſt me burie loue.
Fr: Not in a graue,
To lay one in another out to haue.
Rom: I pree thee chide not, ſhe whom I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not ſo.
Fr: Oh ſhe knew well
Thy loue did read by rote, and could not ſpell.
But come yong Wauerer, come goe with mee,
In one reſpect Ile thy aſsiſtant bee:
For this alliaunce may ſo happie proue,
To turne your Houſholds rancour to pure loue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.

Mer: Why whats become of *Romeo?* came he not home to night?
Ben: Not to his Fathers, I ſpake with his man.
Mer: Ah that ſame pale hard hearted wench, that *Ro-*
Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad. (*ſaline,*
Mer: Tybalt the Kinſman of olde *Capolet*
Hath ſent a Letter to his Fathers Houſe:
Some Challenge on my life.
Ben: Romeo will anſwere it.
Mer: I, anie man that can write may anſwere a letter.
Ben: Nay, he will anſwere the letters maſter if hee bee challenged.
Mer: Who, *Romeo?* why he is alreadie dead: ſtabd with a white wenches blacke eye, ſhot thorough the eare with a loue ſong, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde bow-boyes but-ſhaft. And is he a man to encounter *Tybalt?*
Ben: Why what is *Tybalt?*
Mer: More than the prince of cattes I can tell you. Oh he is the couragious captaine of complements. Catſo, he

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fightes as you ſing pricke-ſong, keepes time dyſtance and proportion, reſts me his minum reſt one two and the thirde in your boſome, the very butcher of a ſilken button, a Duellиſt a Duelliſt, a gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the firſt and ſecond cauſe, ah the immortall Paſſado, the Punto reuerſo, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

Me: The Poxe of ſuch limping antique affecting fantaſticoes theſe new tuners of accents. By Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why graundſir is not this a miſerable caſe that we ſhould be ſtil afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies: theſe faſhionmongers, theſe pardonmees, that ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that they cannot ſitte at eaſe on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr bones.

Ben. Heere comes *Romeo.*

Mer: Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O fleſh fleſh how art thou fiſhified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowdin: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchin drudg, yet ſhe had a better loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy Cleopatra a Gypſie, *Hero* and *Hellen* hildings and harletries: *Thiſbie* a gray eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior Romeo bon iour, there is a French curteſie to your French flop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yeſternight.

Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?

Me: The ſlip the ſlip, can you not conceiue?

Rom: I cry you mercy my buſines was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer: Oh thats as much to ſay as ſuch a caſe as yours wil conſtraine a man to bow in the hams.

Rom: A moſt curteous expoſition.

Me: Why I am the very pinke of curteſie.

Rom: Pinke for flower?

Mer: Right.

Rom: Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:

Mer: Well ſaid, follow me nowe that ieſt till thou haſt worne

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worne out thy Pumpe, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn the ieſt may remaine after the wearing ſolie ſinguler.

Rom: O ſingle ſoald ieſt ſolie ſinguler for the ſinglenes.

Me. Come between vs good *Benuolio*, for my wits faile.

Rom: Swits and ſpurres, ſwits & ſpurres, or Ile cry a match.

Mer: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgooſe chaſe, I haue done: for I am ſure thou haſt more of the gooſe in one of thy wits, than I haue in al my fiue: Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom: Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the gooſe.

Me: Ile bite thee by the eare for that ieſt.

Rom: Nay good gooſe bite not.

Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter ſweeting, a moſt ſharp ſauce

Rom: And was it not well ſeru'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer: Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that ſtretcheth from an ynch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom: I ſtretcht it out for the word broad, which added to the gooſe, proues thee faire and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer: Why is not this better now than groning for loue? why now art thou ſociable, now art thou thy ſelfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben: Stop there.

Me: Why thou wouldſt haue me ſtopp my tale againſt the haire.

Ben: Thou wouldſt haue made thy tale too long?

Mer: Tut man thou art deceiued, I meant to make it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Rom: Heers goodly geare.

Enter Nurſe and her man.

Mer: A ſaile, a ſaile, a ſaile.

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Ben: Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmocke.

Nur: *Peter,* pree thee giue me my fan.

Mer: Pree thee doo good *Peter,* to hide her face: for her fanne is the fairer of the two.

Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

Mer: God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

Nur: Is it godyegooden I pray you.

Mer: Tis no leſſe I aſſure you, for the baudie hand of the diall is euen now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nur: Fie, what a man is this?

Rom: A Gentleman Nurſe, that God hath made for himſelfe to marre.

Nur: By my troth well ſaid: for himſelfe to marre quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong *Romeo?*

Rom: I can: but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you haue found him, than he was when you ſought him. I am the yongeſt of that name for fault of a worſe.

Nur: Well ſaid.

Mer: Yea, is the worſt well? mas well noted, wiſely, wiſely.

Nu: If you be he ſir, I deſire ſome conference with ye.

Ben: O, belike ſhe meanes to inuite him to ſupper.

Mer: So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.

Rom: Why what haſt found man?

Mer: No hare ſir, vnleſſe it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is ſomewhat ſtale and hoare ere it be eaten.

He walkes by them, and ſings.

And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore
is verie good meate in Lent:
But a hare thats hoare is too much for a ſcore,
if it hore ere it be ſpent.

Youl come to your fathers to ſupper?

Rom: I will.

Mer: Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell ſweete Ladie.

Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio:

Nur:

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Nur: Marry farewell. Pray what ſaucie merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperipe?

Rom: A gentleman Nurſe that loues to heare himſelfe talke, and will ſpeake more in an houre than hee will ſtand to in a month.

Nur: If hee ſtand to anie thing againſt mee, Ile take him downe if he were luſtier than he is: if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that ſhall: I am none of his flurtgills, I am none of his skaines mates.

She turnes to Peter her man.

And thou like a knaue muſt ſtand by, and ſee euerie Iacke vſe me at his pleaſure.

Pet: I ſee no bodie vſe you at his pleaſure, if I had, I would ſoone haue drawen: you know my toole is as ſoone out as anothers if I ſee time and place.

Nur: Now afore God he hath ſo vext me, that euerie member about me quiuers: ſcuruie Iacke. But as I ſaid, my Ladie bad me ſeeke ye out, and what ſhee bad me tell yee, that Ile keepe to my ſelfe: but if you ſhould lead her into a fooles paradice as they ſaye, it were a verie groſſe kinde of behauiour as they ſay, for the Gentlewoman is yong. Now if you ſhould deale doubly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

Rom: Nurſe, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I proteſt.

Nur: Good heart: yfaith Ile tell her ſo: oh ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

Nur: That you doo proteſt: which (as I take it) is a Gentlemanlike proffer.

Rom: Bid her get leaue to morrow morning
To come to ſhrift to Frier *Laurence* cell:
And ſtay thou Nurſe behinde the Abbey wall,
My man ſhall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled ſtaire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy

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Muſt be my conduct in the ſecret night.
Hold, take that for thy paines.

Nur: No, not a penie truly.

Rom: I ſay you ſhall not chuſe.

Nur: Well, to morrow morning ſhe ſhall not faile.

Rom: Farewell, be truſtie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit*

Nur: *Peter,* take my fanne, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Iuliet.

Jul: The clocke ſtroke nine when I did ſend my Nurſſe
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſt to returne.
Perhaps ſhe cannot finde him. Thats not ſo.
Oh ſhe is lazie, Loues heralds ſhould be thoughts,
And runne more ſwift, than haſtie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

Enter Nurſe.

Oh now ſhe comes. Tell me gentle Nurſe,
What ſayes my Loue?

Nur: Oh I am wearie, let mee reſt a while. Lord how my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me ſome aqua vitæ.

Iul: I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes.

Nur: Fie, what a iaunt haue I had: and my backe a tother ſide. Lord, Lord, what a caſe am I in.

Jul: But tell me ſweet Nurſe, what ſayes *Romeo?*

Nur: *Romeo,* nay, alas you cannot chuſe a man. Hees no bodie, he is not the Flower of curteſie, he is not a proper man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy way wench, thou haſt it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head beates?

Iul: What of all this? tell me what ſayes he to our mariage?

Nur: Marry he ſayes like an honeſt Gentleman, and a kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?

Iul: Lord, Lord, how odly thou replieſt? He ſaies like a kinde

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kinde Gentleman, and an honeſt, and a vertuous; wheres your mother?

Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you ſtay a while? is this the poulteſſe for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue done, euen doot your ſelfe.

Iul: Nay ſtay ſweet Nurſe, I doo intreate thee now,
What ſayes my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo?*

Nur: Goe, hye you ſtraight to Friar *Laurence* Cell,
And frame a ſcuſe that you muſt goe to ſhrift:
There ſtayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I muſt prouide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord muſt clime a birdes neſt ſoone.
I muſt take paines to further your delight,
But you muſt beare the burden ſoone at night.
Doth this newes pleaſe you now?

Iul: How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.
Thankes gentle Nurſe, diſpatch thy buſines,
And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, *Frier.*

Rom: Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant
Conſiſts the good of me and *Iuliet.*

Fr: Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.

Rom: This morning here ſhe pointed we ſhould meet,
And conſumate thoſe neuer parting bands,
Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands,
And come ſhe will.

Fr: I geſſe ſhe will indeed,
Youths loue is quicke, ſwifter than ſwifteſt ſpeed.

Enter Iuliet ſomewhat faſt, and embraceth Romeo.

See where ſhe comes.
So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:
Of loue and ioy, ſee ſee the ſoueraigne power,

Iul: Romeo.

Rom: My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloaſd in Nights myſts) attend the frolicke Day,
So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet,*
And thou art come.
Jul: I am (if I be Day)
Come to my Sunne: ſhine foorth, and make me faire.
Rom: All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.
Iul: *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth ariſe.
Fr: Come wantons, come, the ſtealing houres do paſſe
Defer imbracements till ſome fitrer time,
Part for a while, you ſhall not be alone,
Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.
Rom: Lead holy Father, all delay ſeemes long.
Iul: Make haſt, make haſt, this lingring doth vs wrong.
Fr: O, ſoft and faire makes ſweeteſt worke they ſay.
Haſt is a common hindrer in croſſe way. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.

Ben: I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.
Mer: Thou art like one of thoſe, that when hee comes into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the boord, and ſayes, God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.
Ben: Am I like ſuch a one?
Mer: Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude, and as ſoone mooude to be moodie, and as ſoone moodie to be mooud.
Ben: And what too?
Mer: Nay, and there were two ſuch, wee ſhould haue none ſhortly. Didſt not thou fall out with a man for cracking of nuts, hauing no other reaſon, but becauſe thou hadſt hafill eyes? what eye but ſuch an eye would haue pickt out ſuch a quarrell? With another for coughing, becauſe hee

wakd

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wakd thy dogge that lay a ſleepe in the Sunne? With a Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Eaſter: and with another for tying his new ſhoes with olde ribands. And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

Ben: By my head heere comes a *Capolet.*

Enter Tybalt.

Mer: By my heele I care not.

Tyb: Gentlemen a word with one of you.

Mer. But one word with one of vs? You had beſt couple it with ſomewhat, and make it a word and a blow.

Tyb: I am apt enough to that if I haue occaſion.

Mer: Could you not take occaſion?

Tyb: *Mercutio* thou conſorts with *Romeo*?

Mer: Conſort. Zwounes conſort? the ſlaue wil make fidlers of vs. If you doe ſirra, look for nothing but diſcord: For heeres my fiddle-ſticke.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb: Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.

Mer: But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary go before into the field, and he may be your follower, ſo in that ſence your worſhip may call him man.

Tyb: *Romeo* the hate I beare to thee can affoord no better words then theſe, thou art a villaine.

Rom: *Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuſe the appertaining rage to ſuch a word: villaine am I none, therfore I well perceiue thou knowſt me not.

Tyb: Bace boy this cannot ſerue thy turne, and therefore drawe.

Ro: I doe proteſt I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee better than thou canſt deuiſe, till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my loue.

Mer: O diſhonorable vile ſubmiſſion. *Alla ſtockado* caries it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

Tyb: What wouldeſt with me?

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Mer: Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your ſcabard, leaſt mine be about your eares ere you be aware.

Rom: Stay *Tibalt,* hould *Mercutio: Benuolio* beate downe their weapons.

Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thruſts Mercutio, in and flyes.

Mer: Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your houſes.

Rom: What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

Mer: Noe not ſo deepe as a Well, nor ſo wide as a barne doore, but it will ſerue I warrant. What meant you to come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom: I did all for the beſt.

Mer: A poxe of your houſes, I am fairely dreſt. Sirra goe fetch me a Surgeon.

Boy: I goe my Lord.

Mer: I am pepperd for this world, I am ſped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to morrow you ſhall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houſes, I ſhall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens ſhoulders: For your houſe of the *Mountegues* and the *Capolets*: and then ſome peaſantly rogue, ſome Sexton, ſome baſe ſlaue ſhall write my Epitapth, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Princes Lawes, and *Mercutio* was ſlaine for the firſt and ſecond cauſe. Wher's the Surgeon?

Boy: Hee's come ſir.

Mer: Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other ſide, come *Benuolio,* lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houſes. *Exeunt*

Rom: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie.
My very frend hath tane this mortall wound
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtaind
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my kinſman. Ah *Iuliet*

Thy

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Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftens valors ſteele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben: Ah *Romeo Romeo* braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath a ſpir'd the cloudes,
Which too vntimely ſcornd the lowly earth.
Rom: This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
This but begins what other dayes muſt end.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben: Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.
Rom: A liue in tryumph and *Mercutio* ſlaine?
Away to heauen reſpectiue lenity:
And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe,
Which late thou gau'ſt me: for *Mercutios* ſoule,
Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,
And ſtaies for thine to beare him company.
Or thou, or I, or both ſhall follow him.

Fight, Tibalt falles.

Ben: *Romeo* away, thou ſeeſt that *Tibalt's* ſlaine,
The Citizens approach, away, begone
Thou wilt be taken.
Rom: Ah I am fortunes ſlaue.

Exeunt

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's he that ſlue *Mercutio*, *Tybalt* that villaine?
Ben: There is that *Tybalt.*

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Vp ſirra goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can diſcouer all
The moſt vnlucky mannage of this brawle.
Heere lyes the man ſlaine by yong *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman braue *Mercutio*,
M: *Tibalt*, *Tybalt*, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie fight? Ah the blood is ſpilt
Of my deare kinſman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, ſhed bloud of *Mountagew*.
Pry: Speake *Benuolio* who began this fray?
Ben: *Tibalt* heere ſlaine whom *Romeos* hand did ſlay.
Romeo who ſpake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was.
But *Tibalt* ſtill perſiſting in his wrong,
The ſtout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the ſtorme,
Which *Romeo* ſeeing cal'd ſtay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their ſtriſe,
And with his agill arme yong *Romeo*,
As faſt as tung cryde peace, ſought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thruſts and blows,
Vnder yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,
The furious *Tybalt* caſt an enuious thruſt,
That rid the life of ſtout *Mercutio*.
With that he fled, but preſently return'd,
And with his rapier braued *Romeo*:
That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,
And this way *Romeo* fled.
Mo: He is a *Mountagew* and ſpeakes partiall,
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke ſtriſe:
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.

I do

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I doo intreate ſweete Prince thoult iuſtice giue,
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt, Romeo* may not liue.
Prin: And for that offence
Immediately we doo exile him hence.
I haue an intereſt in your hates proceeding,
My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with ſo large a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares nor prayers ſhall purchaſe for abuſes.
Pittie ſhall dwell and gouerne with vs ſtill:
Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul: Gallop apace you fierie footed ſteedes
To *Phœbus* manſion, ſuch a Waggoner
As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,
And ſend in cloudie night immediately.

Enter Nurſe wringing her hands, with the ladder of cordes in her lap.

But how now Nurſe: O Lord, why lookſt thou ſad?
What haſt thou there, the cordes?
Nur: I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone,
We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone.
Iul: What diuell art thou that torments me thus?
Nurſ: Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.
Jul: This torture ſhould be roard in diſmall hell.
Can heauens be ſo enuious?
Nur: *Romeo* can if heauens cannot.
I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes.
God ſaue the ſample, on his manly breaſt:
A bloodie coarſe, a piteous bloodie coarſe,
All pale as aſhes, I ſwounded at the ſight.

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Iul: Ah *Romeo, Romeo,* what diſaſter hap
Hath ſeuerd thee from thy true *Juliet?*
Ah why ſhould Heauen ſo much conſpire with Woe,
Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,
So ſoone to ſunder vs by timeleſſe Death?
Nur: O *Tybalt, Tybalt,* the beſt frend I had,
O honeſt *Tybalt,* curteous Gentleman.
Iul: What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie,
Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:
My deare loude couſen, and my deareſt Lord.
Then let the trumpet ſound a generall doome
Theſe two being dead, then liuing is there none.
Nur: *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that murdred him is baniſhed.
Iul: Ah heauens, did *Romeos* hand ſhed *Tybalts* blood?
Nur: It did, it did, alacke the day it did.
Iul: O ſerpents hate, hid with a flowring face:
O painted ſepulcher, including filth.
Was neuer booke containing ſo foule matter,
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo?*
Nur: There is no truth, no faith, no honeſtie in men:
All falſe, all faithles, periurde, all forſworne.
Shame come to *Romeo.*
Iul: A bliſter on that tung, he was not borne to ſhame:
Vpon his face Shame is aſhamde to ſit.
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my Couſen?
That villaine Couſen would haue kild my husband.
All this is comfort. But there yet remaines
VVorſe than his death, which faine I would forget:
But ah, it preſſeth to my memorie,
Romeo is baniſhed. Ah that word Baniſhed
Is worſe than death. *Romeo* is baniſhed,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt, Iulet,*
All killd, all ſlaine, all dead, all baniſhd.
Where are my Father and my Mother Nurſe?
Nur: VVeeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarſe.

VVil

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VVill you goe to them?
Iul: I, I, when theirs are ſpent,
Mine ſhall he ſhed for *Romeos* baniſhment.
Nur: Ladie, your *Romeo* will be here to night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.
Iul: Doo ſo, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his laſt farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier.

Fr: *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamourd on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.

Enter Romeo.

Rom: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
VVhat Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
VVhich yet we know not.
Fr: Too familiar
Is my yong ſonne with ſuch ſowre companie:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Rom: VVhat leſſe than doomes day is the Princes doome?
Fr: A gentler iudgement vaniſht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment.
Rom: Ha, Baniſhed? be mercifull, ſay death:
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Than death it ſelfe, doo not ſay Baniſhment.
Fr: Hence from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom: There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it ſelfe.
Hence baniſhed, is baniſht from the world:
And world exilde is death. Calling death baniſhment,
Thou cutſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmileſt vpon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fr: Oh monſtrous ſinne, O rude vnthankfulnes:
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
(Taking thy part) hath ruſhd aſide the law,

And

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And turnd that blacke word death to baniſhment:
This is meere mercie, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom: Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where *Iuliet* liues: and euerie cat and dog,
And little mouſe, euerie vnworthie thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip liues
In carrion flyes, than *Romeo:* they may ſeaze
On the white wonder of faire *Iuliets* skinne,
And ſteale immortall kiſſes from her lips;
But *Romeo* may not, he is baniſhed.
Flies may doo this, but I from this muſt flye.
Oh Father hadſt thou no ſtrong poyſon mixt,
No ſharpe ground knife, no preſent meane of death,
Though nere ſo meane, but baniſhment
To torture me withall: ah, baniſhed.
O Frier, the damned vſe that word in hell:
Howling attends it. How hadſt thou the heart,
Being a Diuine, a ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A ſinne abſoluer, and my frend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word, Baniſhment?
Fr: Thou fond mad man, heare me but ſpeake a word.
Rom: O, thou wilt talke againe of Baniſhment.
Fr: Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
Aduerſities ſweete milke, philoſophie,
To comfort thee though thou be baniſhed.
Rom: Yet Baniſhed? hang vp philoſophie,
Vnleſſe philoſophie can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a Towne, reuerſe a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fr: O, now I ſee that madmen haue no eares.
Rom: How ſhould they, when that wiſe men haue no eyes.
Fr: Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom: Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feele.

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Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy Loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdred.
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mightſt thou ſpeake, then mightſt thou teare thy hayre.
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.

Nurſe knockes.

Fr: Romeo ariſe, ſtand vp thou wilt be taken,
I heare one knocke, ariſe and get thee gone.
Nu: Hoe Fryer.
Fr: Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

Shee knockes againe.

Nur: Hoe Fryer open the doore,
Fr: By and by I come. Who is there?
Nur: One from Lady *Iuliet.*
Fr: Then come neare.
Nur: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's Romeo?
Fr: There on the ground, with his owne teares made drunke.
Nur: Oh he is euen in my Miſtreſſe caſe.
Iuſt in her caſe. Oh wofull ſimpathy,
Pitteous predicament, euen ſo lyes ſhee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping:
Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man.
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand,
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an *O.*

He riſes.

Romeo: Nurſe.
Nur: Ah ſir, ah ſir. Wel death's the end of all.

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Rom: Spakeſt thou of *Iuliet*, how is it with her?
Doth ſhe not thinke me an olde murderer,
Now I haue ſtainde the childhood of her ioy,
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? And what ſayes
My conceal'd Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur: Oh ſhe ſaith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,
And *Tybalt* cryes, and then on *Romeo* calles.
Rom: As if that name ſhot from the deadly leuel of a gun
Did murder her, as that names curſed hand
Murderd her kinſman. Ah tell me holy Fryer
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may ſacke
The hatefull manſion?

He offers to ſtab himſelfe, and Nurſe ſnatches the dagger away.

Nur: Ah?
Fr: Hold, ſtay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme
Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
The vnreſonable furyes of a beaſt.
Vnſeemely woman in a ſeeming man,
Or ill beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both.
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temperd,
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou ſlay thy ſelfe?
And ſlay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?
Rouſe vp thy ſpirits, thy Lady *Iuliet* liues,
For whoſe ſweet ſake thou wert but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlueſt *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.
A packe of bleſſings lights vpon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his beſt array:
But like a misbehaude and ſullen wench
Thou frownſt vpon thy Fate that ſmilles on thee.

Take

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Take heede, take heede, for ſuch dye miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed:
Aſcend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet:
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua.*
Nurſe prouide all things in a readines,
Comfort thy Miſtreſſe, haſte the houſe to bed,
Which heauy ſorrow makes them apt vnto.
Nur: Good Lord what a thing learning is.
I could haue ſtayde heere all this night
To heare good counſell. Well Sir,
Ile tell my Lady that you will come.
Rom: Doe ſo and bidde my ſweet prepare to childe,
Farwell good Nurſe.

Nurſe offers to goe in and turnes againe.

Nur: Heere is a Ring Sir, that ſhe bad me giue you,
Rom: How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

Exit Nurſe.

Fr: Soiorne in *Mantua,* Ile finde out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time:
Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere.
Farwell.
Rom: But that a ioy, paſt ioy cryes out on me,
It were a griefe ſo breefe to part with thee.

Enter olde Capolet and his wife, with County Paris.

Cap: Thinges haue fallen out Sir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.

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Looke yee Sir, ſhe lou'd her kinſman dearely,
And ſo did I. Well, we were borne to dye,
Wife wher's your daughter, is ſhe in her chamber?
I thinke ſhe meanes not to come downe to night.
Par: Theſe times of woe affoord no time to wooe,
Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.

Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet calles him againe.

Cap: Sir *Paris*? Ile make a deſperate tender of my child.
I thinke ſhe will be rulde in all reſpectes by mee:
But ſoft what day is this?
Par: Munday my Lord.
Cap: Oh then Wenſday is too ſoone,
On Thurſday let it be: you ſhall be maried.
Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or ſo:
For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo lately,
It will be thought we held him careleſlye:
If we ſhould reuell much, therefore we will haue
Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.
But what ſay you to Thurſday.
Par: My Lorde I wiſhe that Thurſday were to morrow.
Cap: Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to bed.
Acquaint her with the County *Paris* loue,
Fare well my Lord till Thurſday next.
Wife gette you to your daughter. Light to my Chamber.
Afore me it is ſo very very late,
That we may call it earely by and by.

Exeunt.

Enter.

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Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.

Iul: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke
That pierſt the fearfull hollow of thine eare:
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon Pomegranate tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.
Rom: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,
And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious ſtrakes
Doo lace the ſeuering clowdes in yonder Eaſt.
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day
Stands tiptoes on the myſtie mountaine tops.
I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and dye.
Iul: Yon light is not day light, I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Then ſtay awhile, thou ſhalt not goe ſoone.
Rom: Let me ſtay here, let me be tane, and dye:
If thou wilt haue it ſo, I am content.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,
It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.
Ile ſay it is the Nightingale that beates
The vaultie heauen ſo high aboue our heads,
And not the Larke the Meſſenger of Morne.
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it ſo.
What ſayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.
Jul: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords and vnpleaſing Sharpes.
Some ſay, the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion:

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This doth not ſo: for this diuideth vs.
Some ſay the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntſvp to the day.
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.
Rom: More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.
Farewell my Loue, one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.

He goeth downe.

Jul: Art thou gone ſo, my Lord, my Loue, my Frend?
I muſt heare from thee euerie day in the hower:
For in an hower there are manie minutes,
Minutes are dayes, ſo will I number them:
Oh, by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,
Ere I ſee thee againe.
Rom: Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.
Iul: Oh, thinkſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe.
Rom: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe ſhall ſerue
For ſweete diſcourſes in the time to come.
Jul: Oh God, I haue an ill diuining ſoule.
Me thinkes I ſee thee now thou art below
Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:
Either mine ey-ſight failes, or thou lookſt pale.
Rom: And truſt me Loue, in my eye ſo doo you,
Drie ſorrow drinkes our blood: adieu, adieu. *Exit.*

Enter Nurſe haſtely.

Nur: Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,
Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all ſure.
She goeth downe from the window.

Ente

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Enter Iuliets Mother, Nurſe.

Moth: Where are you Daughter?
Nur: What Ladie, Lambe, what *Iuliet?*
Iul: How now, who calls?
Nur: It is your Mother.
Moth: Why how now *Juliet?*
Iul: Madam, I am not well.
Moth: What euermore weeping for your Coſens death:
I thinke thoult waſh him from his graue with teares.
Iul: I cannot chuſe, hauing ſo great a loſſe.
Moth: I cannot blame thee.
But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.
Iul: What Villaine Madame?
Moth: That Villaine *Romeo.*
Iul: Villaine and he are manie miles a ſunder.
Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I ſoone would ſend to *Mantua* where he is,
That ſhould beſtow on him ſo ſure a draught,
As he ſhould ſoone beare *Tybalt* companie.
Iul: Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde ſuch a man:
For whileſt he liues, my heart ſhall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
Thus for a Kinſman vext? (newes?
Moth: Well let that paſſe. I come to bring thee ioyfull
Iul: And ioy comes well in ſuch a needfull time.
Moth: Well then, thou haſt a carefull Father Girle,
And one who pittying thy needfull ſtate,
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.
Iul: What day is that I pray you?
Moth: Marry my Childe,

The

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The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Early next Thurſday morning muſt prouide,
To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.
Iul: Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.
Are theſe the newes you had to tell me of?
Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie yet.
And when I doo, it ſhalbe rather *Romeo* whom I hate,
Than Countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.

Enter olde Capolet.

Moth: Here comes your Father, you may tell him ſo.
Capo: Why how now, euermore ſhowring?
In one little bodie thou reſembleſt a ſea, a barke, a ſtorme:
For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,
And toſt with ſighes ariſing from thy hart:
Will without ſuccour ſhipwracke preſently.
But heare you Wife, what haue you ſounded her, what ſaies ſhe to it?
Moth: I haue, but ſhe will none ſhe thankes ye:
VVould God that ſhe were married to her graue.
Capo: What will ſhe not, doth ſhe not thanke vs, doth ſhe not wexe proud?
Iul: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.
Capo: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud. VVhats here, chop logicke.
Proud me no prouds, nor thanke me no thankes,
But fettle your fine ioynts on Thurſday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.

Out

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Out you greene ſicknes baggage, out you tallow face.
Iu. Good father heare me ſpeake?

She kneeles downe.

Cap: I tell thee what, eyther reſolue on thurſday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church:
Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch.
Why wife, we thought that we were ſcarcely bleſt
That God had ſent vs but this onely chyld:
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we haue a croſſe in hauing her.
Nur: Mary God in heauen bleſſe her my Lord,
You are too blame to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why my Lady wiſedome? hold your tung,
Good prudence ſmatter with your goſſips, goe.
Nur: Why my Lord I ſpeake no treaſon.
Cap: Oh goddegodden.
Vtter your grauity ouer a goſſips boule,
For heere we need it not.
Mo: My Lord ye are too hotte.
Cap: Gods bleſſed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or ſleeping,
Still my care hath beene to ſee her matcht.
And hauing now found out a Gentleman,
Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
Stuft as they ſay with honorable parts,
Proportioned as ones heart coulde wiſh a man:
And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
To ſay I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon mee?
But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me.
Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vſe to ieſt.

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I tell yee what, Thurſday is neere,
Lay hand on heart, aduiſe, bethinke your ſelfe,
If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend:
If not, hang, drowne, ſtarue, beg,
Dye in the ſtreetes: for by my Soule
Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,
Nor what I haue ſhall euer doe thee good,
Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vſe to ieſt. *Exit.*

Inl: Is there no pitty hanging in the cloudes,
That lookes into the bottom of my woes?
I doe beſeech you Madame, caſt me not away,
Defer this mariage for a day or two,
Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed
In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyes.

Moth: Nay be aſſured I will not ſpeake a word.
Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*

Iul: Ah Nurſe what comfort? what counſell canſt thou giue me.

Nur: Now truſt me Madame, I know not what to ſay:
Your *Romeo* he is baniſht, and all the world to nothing
He neuer dares returne to challendge you.
Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, *Romeo* is but a diſhclout
In reſpect of him. I promiſe you
I thinke you happy in this ſecond match.
As for your husband he is dead:
Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vſe of him.

Iul: Speakſt thou this from thy heart?

Nur: I and from my ſoule, or els beſhrew them both.

Iul: Amen.

Nur: What ſay you Madame?

Iul: Well, thou haſt comforted me wondrous much,
I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother
Tell her I am gone hauing diſpleaſde my Father.
To Fryer *Laurence* Cell to confeſſe me,
And to be abſolu'd.

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Nur: I will, and this is wiſely done.

She lookes after Nurſe.

Iul: Auncient damnation, O moſt curſed fiend.
Is it more ſinne to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe him with the ſelfe ſame tongue
That thou haſt praiſde him with aboue compare
So many thouſand times? Goe Counſellor,
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhal be twaine.
Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,
If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.

Exit.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Fr: On Thurſday ſay ye: the time is very ſhort,
Par: My Father *Capolet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlacke to ſlow his haſt.
Fr: You ſay you doe not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.
Par: Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares,
Now Sir, her father thinkes it daungerous:
That ſhe doth giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway.
And in his wiſedome haſts our mariage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone
May be put from her by ſocietie.
Now doe ye know the reaſon of this haſt.
Fr: I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlowd.

Enter

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Enter Paris.

Heere comes the Lady to my cell,
Par: Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife:
Iu: That may be ſir, when I may be a wife,
Par: That may be, muſt be loue, on thurſday next.
Iu: What muſt be ſhalbe.
Fr: Thats a certaine text.
Par: What come ye to confeſſion to this Fryer.
Iu: To tell you that were to confeſſe to you.
Par: Do not deny to him that you loue me.
Iul: I will confeſſe to you that I loue him,
Par: So I am ſure you will that you loue me.
Iu: And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,
Being ſpoke behinde your backe, than to your face.
Par: Poore ſoule thy face is much abuſ'd with teares.
Iu: The teares haue got ſmall victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their ſpite.
Par: Thou wrongſt it more than teares by that report.
Iu: That is no wrong ſir, that is a truth:
And what I ſpake I ſpake it to my face.
Par: Thy face is mine and thou haſt ſlaundred it.
Iu: It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leaſure holy Father now:
Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe?
Fr: My leaſure ſerues me penſiue daughter now.
My Lord we muſt entreate the time alone.
Par: God ſheild I ſhould diſturbe deuotion,
Iuliet farwell, and keep this holy kiſſe.

Exit Paris.

Iu: Goe ſhut the doore and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me that am paſt cure, paſt help,
Fr: Ah Iuliet I already know thy griefe,
I heare thou muſt and nothing may proroge it,

On

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On Thurſday next be married to the Countie.
Iul: Tell me not Frier that thou hearſt of it,
Vnleſſe thou tell me how we may preuent it.
Giue me ſome ſudden counſell: els behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife
Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that
Which the Commiſsion of thy yeares and arte
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring.
Speake not, be briefe: for I deſire to die,
If what thou ſpeakſt, ſpeake not of remedie.
Fr: Stay *Juliet*, I doo ſpie a kinde of hope,
VVhich craues as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſperate we would preuent.
If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength or will to ſlay thy ſelfe,
Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chyde away this ſhame,
That coapſt with death it ſelfe to flye from blame.
And if thou dooſt, Ile giue thee remedie.
Jul: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chaine me to ſome ſteepie mountaines top,
VVhere roaring Beares and ſauage Lions are:
Or ſhut me nightly in a Charnell-houſe,
VVith reekie ſhankes, and yeolow chaples ſculls:
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:
Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;
And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
To keep my ſelfe a faithfull vnſtaind VVife
To my deere Lord, my deereſt *Romeo*.
Fr: Hold *Iuliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy Nurſe lye with thee in thy Chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
And this diſtilled Liquor drinke thou off:
VVhen preſently through all thy veynes ſhall run
A dull and heauie ſlumber, which ſhall ſeaze

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Each vitall ſpirit: for no Pulſe ſhall keepe
His naturall progreſſe, but ſurceaſe to beate:
No ſigne of breath ſhall teſtifie thou liuſt.
And in this borrowed likenes of ſhrunke death,
Thou ſhalt remaine full two and fortie houres.
And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,
Ile ſend in haſt to *Mantua* to thy Lord,
And he ſhall come and take thee from thy graue.

Iul: Frier I goe, be ſure thou ſend for my deare *Romeo*.

Exeunt.

Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurſe, and Seruingman.

Capo: Where are you ſirra?

Ser: Heere forſooth.

Capo: Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.

Ser: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe them by licking their fingers.

Capo: How canſt thou know them ſo?

Ser: Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fingers.

Capo: Well get you gone.

Exit Seruingman.

But wheres this Head-ſtrong?

Moth: Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier *Laurence* Cell
To be confeſt.

Capo: Ah, he may hap to doo ſome good of her,
A headſtrong ſelfewild harlotrie it is.

Enter

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Enter Iuliet.

Moth: See here ſhe commeth from Confeſsion,
Capo: How now my Head-ſtrong, where haue you bin gadding?
Iul: Where I haue learned to repent the ſin
Of froward wilfull oppoſition
Gainſt you and your beheſts, and am enioynd
By holy *Laurence* to fall proſtrate here,
And craue remiſsion of ſo foule a fact.

She kneeles downe.

Moth: Why thats well ſaid.
Capo: Now before God this holy reuerent Frier
All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.
Goe tell the Countie preſently of this,
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.
Jul: Nurſe, will you go with me to my Cloſet,
To ſort ſuch things as ſhall be requiſite
Againſt to morrow.
Moth: I pree thee doo, good Nurſe goe in with her,
Helpe her to ſort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
And I will come vnto you preſently,
Nur: Come ſweet hart, ſhall we goe:
Iul: I pree thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurſe and Iuliet.

Moth: Me thinks on Thurſday would be time enough.
Capo: I ſay I will haue this diſpatcht to morrow,
Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.
Moth: I pray my Lord, let it be Thurſday.
Capo: I ſay to morrow while ſhees in the mood.
Moth: We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion.

Capo:

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Capo: Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is paſsing light,
To ſee her thus conformed to our will. *Exeunt.*



Enter Nurſe, Iuliet.

Nur: Come, come, what need you anie thing elſe?
Iul: Nothing good Nurſe, but leaue me to my ſelfe:
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.
Nur: Well theres a cleane ſmocke vnder your pillow,
and ſo good night. *Exit.*

Enter Mother.

Moth: What are you buſie, doo you need my helpe?
Iul: No Madame, I deſire to lye alone,
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.
Moth: Well then good night, be ſtirring *Iuliet*,
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow. *Exit.*
Iul: Farewell, God knowes when wee ſhall meete a-
gaine.
Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.
What if this Potion ſhould not worke at all,
Muſt I of force be married to the Countie?
This ſhall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the Frier ſhould giue me this drinke
To poyſon mee, for feare I ſhould diſcloſe
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man:
I will not entertaine ſo bad a thought.
What if I ſhould be ſtifled in the Toomb?

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Awake an houre before the appointed time:
Ah then I feare I ſhall be lunaticke,
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
Daſh out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I ſee
My Coſin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,
Seeking for *Romeo*: ſtay *Tybalt* ſtay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.
She fals vpon her bed within the Curtaines.

Enter Nurſe with hearbs, Mother.

Moth: Thats well ſaid Nurſe, ſet all in redines,
The Countie will be heere immediatly.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Make haſt, make haſt, for it is almoſt day,
The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke,
Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.

Nur: Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you will be ſicke anone.

Cap: I warrant thee Nurſe I haue ere now watcht all night, and haue taken no harme at all.

Moth: I you haue beene a mouſe hunt in your time.

Enter Seruingman with Logs & Coales.

Cap: A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood: How now ſirra? What haue you there?

Ser: Forſooth Logs.

Cap: Goe, goe chooſe dryer. Will will tell thee where thou ſhalt fetch them.

Ser: Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to

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chooſe a Log.

Exit.

Cap: Well goe thy way, thou ſhalt be logger head.
Come, come, make haſt call vp your daughter,
The Countie will be heere with muſicke ſtraight.
Gods me hees come, Nurſe call vp my daughter.

Nur: Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady birde? faſt I warrant. What *Iuliet*? well, let the County take you in your bed: yee ſleepe for a weeke now, but the next night, the Countie *Paris* hath ſet vp his reſt that you ſhal reſt but little. What lambe I ſay, faſt ſtill: what Lady, Loue, what bride, what *Iuliet*? Gods me how ſound ſhe ſleeps? Nay then I ſee I muſt wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on your bed, dreſt in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the day, ſome Aqua vitæ hoe.

Enter Mother.

Moth: How now whats the matter?
Nur: Alack the day, ſhees dead, ſhees dead, ſhees dead.
Moth: Accurſt, vnhappy, miſerable time.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Come, come, make haſt, wheres my daughter?
Moth: Ah ſhees dead, ſhees dead.
Cap: Stay, let me ſee, all pale and wan.
Accurſed time, vnfortunate olde man.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Par: What is the bride ready to goe to Church?
Cap: Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as ſhe is,
Deflowerd by him, ſee, where ſhe lyes,

Death

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Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue.
Par: Haue I thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it now preſent ſuch prodegies?
Accurſt, vnhappy, miſerable man,
Forlorne, forſaken, deſtitute I am:
Borne to the world to be a ſlaue in it.
Diſtreſt, remediles, and vnfortunate.
O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To liue ſo vile, ſo wretched as I ſhall.
Cap: O heere ſhe lies that was our hope, our ioy,
And being dead, dead ſorrow nips vs all.

All at once cry out and wring their hands.

All cry: And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, loſt, vndone, abſented, wholy fled.
Cap: Cruel, vniuſt, impartiall deſtinies,
Why to this day haue you preſeru'd my life?
To ſee my hope, my ſtay, my ioy, my life,
Depriude of ſence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vniuſt, impartiall deſtinies.
Cap: O ſad fac'd ſorrow map of miſery,
Why this ſad time haue I deſird to ſee.
This day, this vniuſt, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop'd to ſee my comfort full,
To be depriude by ſuddaine deſtinie.
Moth: O woe, alacke, diſtreſt, why ſhould I liue?
To ſee this day, this miſerable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne.
To be partaker of this deſtinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.
Fr: O peace for ſhame, if not for charity.
Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to wiſh it otherwiſe.

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Come ſticke your Roſemary in this dead coarſe,
And as the cuſtome of our Country is,
In all her beſt and ſumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her Anceſtors lie tomb'd,
Cap: Let it be ſo, come wofull ſorrow mates,
Let vs together taſte this bitter fate.

They all but the Nurſe goe foorth, caſting Roſemary on her and ſhutting the Curtens.

Enter Muſitions.

Nur: Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull caſe. *Exit.*
1. I by my troth Miſtreſſe is it, it had need be mended.

Enter Seruingman.

Ser: Alack alack what ſhal I doe, come Fidlers play me ſome mery dumpe.
1. A ſir, this is no time to play.
Ser: You will not then?
1. No marry will wee.
Ser: Then will I giue it you, and ſoundly to.
1. What will you giue us?
Ser: The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile ſol you.
1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.
Ser: I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with my wodden wit. Come on Simon ſound Pot, Ile poſe you,
1 Lets heare.
Ser: When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumps the minde oppreſſe:
Then muſique with her ſiluer ſound,
Why ſiluer ſound? Why ſiluer ſound?
1. I thinke becauſe muſicke hath a ſweet ſound.
Ser: Pretie, what ſay you Mathew minikine?

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2. I thinke becauſe Muſitions ſound for ſiluer.

Ser: Prettie too: come, what ſay you?

3. I ſay nothing.

Ser: I thinke ſo, Ile ſpeake for you becauſe you are the Singer. I ſaye Siluer ſound, becauſe ſuch Fellowes as you haue ſildome Golde for ſounding. Farewell Fidlers, farewell. *Exit.*

1. Farewell and be hangd: come lets goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom: If I may truſt the flattering Eye of Sleepe,
My Dreame preſagde ſome good euent to come.
My boſome Lord ſits chearfull in his throne,
And I am comforted with pleaſing dreames.
Me thought I was this night alreadie dead:
(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)
And that my Ladie *Iuliet* came to me,
And breathd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

Enter Balthaſar his man booted.

Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthaſar*,
How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?
How fares my *Juliet?* that I aske againe:
If ſhe be well, then nothing can be ill.

Balt: Then nothing can be ill, for ſhe is well,
Her bodie ſleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.
Pardon me Sir, that am the Meſſenger of ſuch bad tidings.

Rom: Is it euen ſo? then I defie my Starres.

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Goe get me incke and paper, hyre poſt horſe,
I will not ſtay in *Mantua* to night.
Balt: Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus,
Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare:
I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet.
Rom: Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,
And hyre thoſe horſe: ſtay not I ſay.

Exit Balthaſar.

Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Lets ſee for meanes. As I doo remember
Here dwells a Pothecarie whom oft I noted
As I paſt by, whoſe needie ſhop is ſtufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:
And in the ſame an *Aligarta* hangs,
Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roſes,
Are thinly ſtrewed to make vp a ſhow.
Him as I noted, thus with my ſelfe I thought:
And if a man ſhould need a poyſon now,
(Whoſe preſent ſale is death in *Mantua*)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwels.
Being Holiday the Beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I ſay.

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo: VVho calls, what would you ſir?
Rom: Heeres twentie duckates,
Giue me a dram of ſome ſuch ſpeeding geere,
As will diſpatch the wearie takers life,
As ſuddenly as powder being fierd
From forth a Cannons mouth.
Apo: Such drugs I haue I muſt of force confeſſe,
But yet the law is death to thoſe that ſell them.

Rom

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Rom: Art thou ſo bare and full of pouertie,
And dooſt thou feare to violate the Law?
The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend,
And therefore make no conſcience of the law:
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miſerie,
And ſtarued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.
Apo: My pouertie but not my will conſents.
Rom: I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.
Apo: Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing you will, and it will ſerue had you the liues of twenty men.
Rom: Hold, take this gold, worſe poyſon to mens ſoules
Than this which thou haſt giuen me. Goe hye thee hence,
Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into fleſh.
Come cordiall and not poyſon, goe with mee
To *Iuliets* Graue: for there muſt I vſe thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier Iohn.

John: VVhat Frier *Laurence*, Brother, ho?
Laur: This ſame ſhould be the voyce of Frier I*ohn*.
VVhat newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romeo* come?
I*ohn*: Going to ſeeke a barefoote Brother out,
One of our order to aſſociate mee,
Here in this Cittie viſiting the ſick,
VVhereas the infectious peſtilence remaind:
And being by the Searchers of the Towne
Found and examinde, we were both ſhut vp.
Laur: VVho bare my letters then to *Romeo*?
I*ohn*: I haue them ſtill, and here they are.
Laur: Now, by my holy Order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.
Goe get thee hence, and get me preſently

As

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A ſpade and mattocke.

Iohn : Well I will preſently go fetch thee them. *Exit.*

Laur : Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Leaſt that the Ladie ſhould before I come
Be wakde from ſleepe. I will hye
To free her from that Tombe of miſerie. *Exit.*

Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers and ſweete water.

Par : Put out the torch, and lye thee all along
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare cloſe to the hollow ground.
And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard,
Staight giue me notice.

Boy : I will my Lord.

Paris ſtrewes the Tomb with flowers.

Par : Sweete Flower, with flowers I ſtrew thy Bridale bed :
Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite doſt containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie :
Faire *Iuliet* that with Angells doſt remaine,
Accept this lateſt fauour at my hands,
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praiſes doo adorne thy Tombe.

Boy whiſtles and calls. My Lord.

Enter Romeo and Balthaſar, with a torch, a a mattocke, and a crow of yron.

Par.

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Par: The boy giues warning, ſomething doth approach.
What curſed foote wanders this was to night,
To ſtay my obſequies and true loues rites?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.
Rom: Giue mee this mattocke, and this wrentching Iron.
And take theſe letters, early in the morning,
See thou deliuer them to my Lord and Father.
So get thee gone and trouble me no more.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,
But chiefly to take from her dead finger,
A precious ring which I muſt vſe
In deare imployment. but if thou wilt ſtay,
Further to prie in what I vndertake,
By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And ſtrewe thys hungry churchyard with thy lims.
The time and my intents are ſauage, wilde.
Balt: Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.
Rom: So ſhalt thou win my fauour, take thou this,
Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.
Balt: Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

Romeo opens the tombe.

Rom: Thou deteſtable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorde with the deareſt morſell of the earth.
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.
Par: This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murderd my loues coſen, I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*.
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
I doe attach thee as a ſellon heere.
The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou muſt dye,
Rom: I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good youth be gone, tempt not a deſperate man.

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Heape not another ſinne vpon my head
By ſheding of thy bloud, I doe proteſt
I loue thee better then I loue my ſelfe:
For I come hyther armde againſt my ſelfe,
Par: I doe defie thy coniurations:
And doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
Rom: What doſt thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

They fight.

Boy: O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.
Par: Ah I am ſlaine, if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom: Yfaith I will, let me peruſe this face,
Mercutios kinſman, noble County *Paris*?
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not regard him as we paſt along.
Did he not ſay *Paris* ſhould haue maried
Iuliet? eyther he ſaid ſo, or I dreamd it ſo.
But I will ſatisfie thy laſt requeſt,
For thou haſt prizd thy loue aboue thy life.
Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft haue many at the houre of death
Beene blith and pleaſant? which their keepers call
A lightning before death But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare I*uliet*,
How well thy beauty doth become this graue?
O I beleeue that vnſubſtanciall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my loue.
Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
Set vp my euerlaſting reſt
With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.
Come deſperate Pilot now at once runne or
The daſhing rockes thy ſea-ſicke weary barge.
Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are ſwift: thus with a kiſſe I dye. *Falls.*

Enter

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Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.

How oft to night haue theſe my aged feete
Stumbled at graues as I did paſſe along.
Whoſe there?
Man. A frend and one that knowes you well.
Fr: Who is it that conſorts ſo late the dead,
What light is yon? if I be not deceiued,
Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument?
Man It doth ſo holy Sir, and there is one
That loues you dearely.
Fr. Who is it?
Man: *Romeo.*
Fr: How long hath he beene there?
Man: Full halfe an houre and more.
Fr: Goe with me thether.
Man: I dare not ſir, he knowes not I am heere:
On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
And not for to diſturbe him in his enterprize.
Fr: Then muſt I goe: my minde preſageth ill.

Fryer ſloops and lookes on the blood and weapons.

What bloud is this that ſtaines the entrance
Of this marble ſtony monument?
What meanes theſe maiſterles and goory weapons?
Ah me I doubt, whoſe heere? what *Romeo* dead?
Who and *Paris* too? what vnluckie houre
Is acceſſary to ſo foule a ſinne?

Iuliet riſes.

The Lady ſturres.

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Ah comfortable Fryer.
I doe remember well where I ſhould be,
And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot ſee
Him for whoſe ſake I vndertooke this hazard.
Fr: Lady come foorth, I heare ſome noiſe at hand,
We ſhall be taken, *Paris* he is ſlaine,
And *Romeo* dead: and if we heere be tane
We ſhall be thought to be as acceſſarie.
I will prouide for you in ſome cloſe Nunery.
Iul: Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.
Fr: I heare ſome noiſe, I dare not ſtay, come, come.
Iul: Goe get thee gone.
Whats heere a cup cloſde in my louers hands?
Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.

Enter watch.

Watch: This way, this way.
Iul: I, noiſe? then muſt I be reſolute.
O happy dagger thou ſhalt end my feare,
Reſt in my boſome, thus I come to thee.
She ſtabs herſelfe and falles.

Enter watch.

Cap: Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?
See frends where *Iuliet* two daies buried,
New bleeding wounded, ſearch and ſee who's neare.
Attach and bring them to vs preſently.

Enter one with the Fryer.

1. Captaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,
Fitte to ope a tombe.
Cap: A great ſuſpition, keep him ſafe.

Enter

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Enter one with Romets Man.

1. Heeres *Romeos* Man.

Capt: Keepe him to be examinde.

Enter Prince with others.

Prin: What early miſchiefe calls vs vp ſo ſoone.

Capt: O noble Prince, ſee here
Where *Juliet* that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,
Warme and freſh bleeding, *Romeo* and Countie *Paris*
Likewiſe newly ſlaine.

Prin: Search ſeeke about to finde the murderers.

Entor olde Capolet and his Wife.

Capo: What rumor's this that is ſo early vp?

Moth: The people in the ſtreetes crie *Romeo,*
And ſome on *Iuliet:* as if they alone
Had been the cauſe of ſuch a mutinie.

Capo: See Wife, this dagger hath miſtooke:
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong *Mountague,*
And it is ſheathed in our Daughters breaſt.

Enter olde Montague.

Prin: Come *Mountague,* for thou art early vp,
To ſee thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.

Mount: Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,
And yong *Benuolio* is deceaſed too:
What further miſchiefe can there yet be found?

Prin: Firſt come and ſee, then ſpeake.

Mount: O thou vntaught, what manners is in this
To preſſe before thy Father to a graue.

Prin: Come ſeale your mouthes of outrage for a while,
And let vs ſeeke to finde the Authors out
Of ſuch a hainous and ſeld ſeene miſchaunce.
Bring forth the parties in ſuſpition.

Fr: I am the greateſt able to doo leaſt.
Moſt worthie Prince, heare me but ſpeake the truth.

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And Ile informe you how theſe things fell out.
Juliet here ſlaine was married to that *Romeo*,
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:
The Nurſe was priuie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this vnhappie marriage,
VVas *Tybalts* doomeſday: for which R*omeo*
VVas baniſhed from hence to *Mantua*.
He gone, her Father ſought by foule conſtraint
To marrie her to *Paris*: But her Soule
(Loathing a ſecond Contract) did refuſe
To giue conſent; and therefore did ſhe vrge me
Either to finde a meanes ſhe might auoyd
VVhat ſo her Father ſought to force her too:
Or els all deſperately ſhe threatned
Euen in my preſence to diſpatch her ſelfe.
Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)
A potion that ſhould make her ſeeme as dead:
And told her that I would with all poſt ſpeed
Send hence to *Mantua* for her R*omeo*,
That he might come and take her from the Toombe.
But he that had my Letters (Frier *John*)
Seeking a Brother to aſſociate him,
VVhereas the ſicke infection remaind,
VVas ſtayed by the Searchers of the Towne,
But R*omeo* vnderſtanding by his man,
That *Juliet* was deceaſde, returnde in poſt
Vnto *Verona* for to ſee his loue.
VVhat after happened touching *Paris* death,
Or R*omeos* is to me vnknowne at all.
But when I came to take the Lady hence,
I found them dead, and ſhe awakt from ſleep:
VVhom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,
VVhich ſhe refuſed ſeeing R*omeo* dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
VVhat afterhappened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought haue miſcaried.

By

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By me, or by my meanes let my old life
Be ſacrificd ſome houre before his time.
To the moſt ſtrickeſt rigor of the Law.
Pry: VVe ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man,
VVheres R*omeos* man, what can he ſay in this?
Balth: I brought my maiſter word that ſhee was dead,
And then he poaſted ſtraight from *Mantua*,
Vnto this Toombe. Theſe Letters he deliuered me,
Charging me early giue them to his Father.
Prin: Lets ſee the Letters, I will read them ouer.
VVhere is the Counties Boy that calld the VVatch?
Boy: I brought my Maſter vnto *Juliets* graue,
But one approaching, ſtraight I calld my Maſter.
At laſt they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.
And this is all that I can ſay or know.
Prin: Theſe letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,
Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountagewe*.
VVhere are theſe enemies? ſee what hate hath done,
Cap: Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
Can I beſtowe on her, thats all I haue.
Moun: But I will giue them more, I will er ct
Her ſtatue of pure golde:
That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.
There ſhall no ſtatue of ſuch price be ſet,
As that of R*omeos* loued *Iuliet*.
Cap: As rich ſhall R*omeo* by his Lady lie,
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.
Prin: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let vs hence,
To haue more talke of theſe ſad things.
Some ſhall be pardoned and ſome puniſhed:
For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,
Than this of *Iuliet* and her R*omeo*

FINIS.

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New Shakspere Society.

SERIES II. 3.

PLAYS.

Romeo and Juliet.

Reprint of Q° 2. 1599.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR
The New Shakspere Society
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C., 1874.

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The following Publications of the *New Shakspere Society*

HAVE BEEN ISSUED FOR 1874:

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Dr Ingleby presented to every Member of the Society who had paid his Subscription by Nov. 7, 1874, a copy of his Still Lion, *an attempt to establish a Science of Criticism of Shakspere's Text.*

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Series III. *Originals and Analogues.* Part I. *a.* The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell,[1] and nowe in Englishe by Ar[thur] Br[ooke], 1562; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq. *b.* The goodly hystory of the true and constant loue between Rhomeo and Julietta; from Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.

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3. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspere and Fletcher; *a.* A Reprint of the Quarto of 1636; *b.* a revised Edition, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index of all the words, distinguishing Shakspere's from Fletcher's, by Harold Littledale, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin.

4. *Cymbeline: a.* A Reprint of the Folio of 1623; *b.* a revised Edition with Introduction and Notes, by W. J. Craig, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Dublin.

The following works have been suggested for publication:—

1. Parallel Texts of the imperfect sketches of *b.* Hamlet, and its Quarto 2 (with the Folio and a revised Text); *c.* Merry Wives of Windsor, and Folio 1; *d.* The Contention, and Henry VI, Part 2, in F1; The True Tragedy, and Henry VI, Part 3, in F1.

[1] The original Italian story by Luigi da Porto, 1530, with a Translation, &c., by Prof. G. Pace-Sanfelice, can be had at Glaisher's, 265, High-Holborn, for 1*s.*; the facsimile Quarto of *Much Ado*, 1600, for 1*s.*, and Booth's reprint of the Folio for 1*s.* 6*d.*

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Romeo and Juliet.

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Series II. No. 3.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

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NOTICE.

Romeo and Juliet.

Q2, 1599.

This reproduction of the first complete edition of Romeo and Juliet has been printed directly from the facsimile prepared by Mr E. W. Ashbee, under the direction of Mr J. O. Halliwell (Phillipps), and has been carefully compared with the Quarto in the British Museum (Press mark, C. 12. g. 18). It is printed line for line, and page for page, with the original.

With the exception of the facsimile above-mentioned, and the reprint in Prof. Tycho Mommsen's parallel-text edition, published at Oldenburg, in 1859, no other reproduction of this, the most important of the old editions, has ever been made, and as but a very limited number of the facsimile was printed, and in a very costly form, this may be said to be the first time that it has been placed within reach of the English public. Mommsen's reprint was apparently made from a corrected copy of Steevens's reprint of Q° 1609 (Q3 of Cambridge Editors), and almost necessarily partakes of the peculiarities of that edition. It has however been of great use to me in my endeavour to secure accuracy in this reprint.

For the loan of his valuable copy of the facsimile the Society is greatly indebted to the liberality of Mr F. W. Cosens.

P. A. Daniel.

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THE MOST EX= cellent and lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and *Iuliet.*

Newly corrected, augmented, and amended:

As it hath bene fundry times publiquely acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be ſold at his ſhop neare the Exchange.
1599.

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The Prologue.

Corus.

Two houſholds both alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona *where we lay our Scene)*
From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,
where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of ſtarre-croſt louers, take their life:
whoſe miſaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
Doth with their death burie their Parents ſtrife.
The fearfull paſſage of their death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their Parents rage:
which but their childrens end nought could remoue:
Is now the two houres trafficque of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
what heare ſhall miſſe, our toyle ſhall ſtriue to mend.

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THE MOST EX-
cellent and lamentable
Tragedie, of *Romeo* and *Iuliet.*

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregorie, *with Swords and Bucklers, of the houſe of* Capulet.

Samp. *Gregorie,* on my word weele not carrie Coles.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Collyers.

Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.

Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke out of choller.

Samp. I ſtrike quickly being moued.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to ſtrike.

Samp. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague* moues me.

Grego. To moue is to ſtirre, and to be valiant, is to ſtand: Therefore if thou art moued thou runſt away.

Samp. A dog of that houſe ſhall moue me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mountagues.*

Grego. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlaue, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Samp. Tis true, & therfore women being the weaker veſſels are euer thruſt to the wall: therfore I wil puſh *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thruſt his maides to the wall.

Greg. The quarell is betweene our maiſters, and vs their men.

Samp. Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be ciuil with the maides, I will cut off their heads.

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Grego. The heads of the maids.

Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it ſenſe that feele it.

Samp. Me they ſhall feele while I am able to ſtand, and tis knowne I am a pretie peece of fleſh.

Greg. Tis well thou art not fiſh, if thou hadſt, thou hadſt bin poore Iohn: draw thy toole, here comes of the houſe of *Mountagues.*

Enter two other ſeruing men.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarell, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee.

Sam. Let vs take the law of our ſides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I paſſe by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is diſgrace to them if they beare it.

Abram. Do you bite your thumbe at vs ſir?

Samp. I do bite my thumbe ſir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at vs ſir?

Samp. Is the law of our ſide if I ſay I?

Greg. No.

Samp. No ſir, I do not bite my thumbe at you ſir, but I bite my thumbe ſir.

Greg. Do you quarell ſir?

Abra. Quarell ſir, no ſir.

Sā. But if you do ſir, I am for you, I ſerue as good a mā as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well ſir. *Enter Benuolio.*

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my maiſters kinſmen.

Sam. Yes better ſir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie,* remember thy waſhing blowe. *They fight.*

Benuo. Part fooles, put vp your ſwords, you know not what you do. *Enter*

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What art thou drawne among theſe hartleſſe hindes? turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Benuo. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy ſword, or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tib. What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word, as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee: Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs or partyſons.

Offi. Clubs, Bils and Partiſons, ſtrike, beate them downe, Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet *in his gowne, and his wife.*

Capu. What noyſe is this? giue me my long ſword hoe.

Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword I ſay, old *Mountague* is come, And floriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Mountague *and his wife.*

Mount. Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me go.

M. *Wife.* 2. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foote to ſeeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, *with his traine.*

Prince. Rebellious ſubiects enemies to peace, Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtayned ſteele, Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beaſts: That quench the fire of your pernicious rage, With purple fountaines iſſuing from your veines: On paine of torture from thoſe bloudie hands, Throw your miſtempered weapons to the ground, And heare the ſentence of your moued Prince. Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word, By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*, Haue thrice diſturbd the quiet of our ſtreets, And made *Neronas* auncient Citizens, Caſt by their graue beſeeming ornaments, To wield old partizans, in hands as old, Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate, If euer you diſturbe our ſtreets againe,

Your

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Your liues ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away:
You *Capulet* ſhall go along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleaſure in this caſe:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mounta. Who ſet this auncient quarell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the ſeruants of your aduerſarie
And yours, cloſe fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the inſtant came
The fierie *Tybalt*, with his ſword preparde,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He ſwoong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hiſt him in ſcorne:
While we were enterchaunging thruſts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, ſaw you him to day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.
Benuo. Madam, an houre before the worſhipt Sun,
Peerde forth the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled minde driue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
That Weſtward rooteth from this Citie ſide:
So early walking did I ſee your ſonne,
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And ſtole into the couert of the wood,
I meaſuring his affections by my owne,
Which then moſt ſought, where moſt might not be
Being one too many by my wearie ſelfe, (found:
Purſued my humor, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunned, who gladly fled from me.
Mounta. Many a morning hath he there bin ſeene,

With

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With teares augmenting the freſh mornings deawe,
Adding to cloudes, more clowdes with his deepe ſighes,
But all ſo ſoone, as the alcheering Sunne,
Should in the fartheſt Eaſt begin to draw,
The ſhadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light ſteales home my heauie ſonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himſelfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
And makes himſelfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous muſt this humor proue,
Vnleſſe good counſell may the cauſe remoue.

Ben. My Noble Vncle do you know the cauſe?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my ſelfe and many other friends,
But he is owne affections counſeller,
Is to himſelfe (I will not ſay how true)
But to himſelfe ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So farre from ſounding and diſcouerie,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his bewtie to the ſame.
Could we but learne from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly giue cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where he comes, ſo pleaſe you ſtep aſide,
Ile know his greeuance or be much denide.

Moun. I would thou wert ſo happie by thy ſtay,
To heare true ſhrift, come Madam lets away.

Exeunt.

Benuol. Good morrow Couſin.

Romeo. Is the day ſo young?

Ben. But new ſtrooke nine.

Romeo. Ay me, ſad houres ſeeme long:
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?

Ben. It was: what ſadneſſe lengthens *Romeos* houres?

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Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes thē ſhort.
Ben. In loue.
Rom. Out.
Ben. Of loue.
Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tirannous and rough in proofe.
Romeo. Alas that loue, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes, ſee pathwaies to his will:
Where ſhall we dine? ô me! what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to do with hate, but more with loue:
Why then ô brawling loue, ô louing hate,
O any thing of nothing firſt created:
O heauie lightneſſe, ſerious vanitie,
Miſhapen Chaos of welſeeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fier, ſicke health,
Still waking ſleepe that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doeſt thou not laugh?
Benu. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good hart at what?
Benu. At thy good harts oppreſſion.
Romeo. Why ſuch is loues tranſgreſſion:
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breaſt,
Which thou wilt propogate to haue it preaſt,
With more of thine, this loue that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth ad more griefe, too too much of mine owne.
Loue is a ſmoke made with the fume of ſighes,
Being purgd, a fire ſparkling in louers eies,
Being vext, a ſea nouriſht with louing teares,
What is it elſe? a madneſſe, moſt diſcreete,
A choking gall, and a preſeruing ſweete:
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft I will go along:
And if you leaue me ſo, you do me wrong.

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Rom. Tut I haue loſt my ſelfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hees ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſſe, who is that you loue?
Ro. What ſhall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no: but ſadly tell me who?
Ro. A ſicke man in ſadneſſe makes his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is ſo ill:
In ſadneſſe Cozin, I do loue a woman.
Ben. I aymde ſo neare, when I ſuppoſde you lou'd.
Ro. A right good mark man, and ſhees faire I loue.
Ben. A right faire marke faire Coze is ſooneſt hit.
Romeo. Well in that hit you miſſe, ſheel not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, ſhe hath *Dians* wit:
And in ſtrong proofe of chaſtitie well armd,
From loues weak childiſh bow ſhe liues vncharmd.
Shee will not ſtay the ſiege of louing tearmes,
Nor bide th'incounter of aſſailing eies.
Nor ope her lap to ſainct ſeducing gold,
O ſhe is rich, in bewtie onely poore,
That when ſhe dies, with bewtie dies her ſtore.
Ben. Thē ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe wil ſtil liue chaſte?
Ro. She hath, and in that ſparing, make huge waſte:
For bewtie ſteru'd with her ſeueritie,
Cuts bewtie off from all poſteritie.
She is too faire, too wiſe, wiſely too faire,
To merit bliſſe by making me diſpaire:
Shee hath forſworne to loue, and in that vow,
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.
Ro. O teach me how I ſhould forget to thinke.
Ben. By giuing libertie vnto thine eyes,
Examine other bewties.
Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquiſit) in queſtion more,
Theſe happie maskes that kis faire Ladies browes,
Being black, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is ſtrooken blind, cannot forget

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The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt,
Shew me a miſtreſſe that is paſſing faire,
What doth her bewtie ſerue but as a note,
Where I may reade who paſt that paſſing faire:
Farewel, thou canſt not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

Capu. But *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penaltie alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men ſo old as we to keepe the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis, you liu'd at ods ſo long:
But now my Lord, what ſay you to my ſute?
Capu. But ſaying ore what I haue ſaid before,
My child is yet a ſtraunger in the world,
Shee hath not ſeene the chaunge of fourteen yeares,
Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
Pari. Younger then ſhe, are happie mothers made.
Capu. And too ſoone mard are thoſe ſo early made:
Earth hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe,
Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her hart,
My will to her conſent, is but a part.
And ſhee agreed, within her ſcope of choiſe
Lyes my conſent, and faire according voyce:
This night I hold, an old accuſtomd feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a gueſt:
Such as I loue, and you among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome makes my number more:
At my poore houſe, looke to behold this night,
Earthtreading ſtarres, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as do luſtie young men feele,
When well appareld Aprill on the heele,
Of limping winter treads, euen ſuch delight
Among freſh fennell buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe, heare all, all ſee: And

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And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall bee:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reckning none.
Come go with me, go ſirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome, on their pleaſure ſtay.

Exit.

Seru. Find them out whoſe names are written. Here it is written, that the ſhoo-maker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his laſt, the fiſher with his penſill, & the painter with his nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſe names are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing perſon hath here writ (I muſt to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out, an others burning,
On paine is leſned by an others anguiſh,
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One deſperate greefe, cures with an others languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the rancke poyſon of the old will dye.

Romeo. Your Plantan leaſe is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Romeo. For your broken ſhin.

Ben. Why *Romeo*, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in priſon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray ſir can you read?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miſerie.

Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you ſee?

Rom. I if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Yee ſay honeſtly, reſt you merrie.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

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He reades the Letter.

SEigneur Martino, *& his wife and daughters: Countie* Anſelmē *and his bewtious ſiſters: the Lady widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louely Neeces* : Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine: *mine Vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters: my faire Neece* Roſaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his Coſen* Tybalt: Lucio *and the liuely* Hellena.
A faire aſſemblie, whither ſhould they come?

Ser. Vp.

Ro. Whither to ſupper?

Ser. To our houſe.

Ro. Whoſe houſe?

Ser. My Maiſters.

Ro. Indeed I ſhould haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maiſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues*, I pray come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merrie.

Ben. At this ſame auncient feaſt of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Roſaline* whom thou ſo loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither, and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee thinke thy ſwan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fier:
And theſe who often drownde, could neuer die,
Tranſparent Hereticques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue, the all ſeeing Sun,
Nere ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut you ſaw her faire none elſe being by,
Her ſelfe poyſd with her ſelfe in either eye:
But in that Chriſtall ſcales let there be waide,
Your Ladies loue againſt ſome other maide:
That I will ſhew you ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well that now ſeemes beſt.

Ro. Ile go along no ſuch ſight to be ſhowne,

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But to reioyce in ſplendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *Wife and Nurſe.*

Wife. Nurſe wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurſe. *Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie-bird, God forbid,*
Wheres this Girle? what Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. *Your mother.*

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurſe giue leaue a while, we muſt talk in ſecret. Nurſe come backe againe, I haue remembred mee, thou'ſe heare our counſel. Thou knoweſt my daughters of a pretie age.

Nurſe. *Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.*

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurſe. *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it ſpoken, I haue but foure, ſhees not fourteene.*
How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurſe. *Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come* Lammas *Eue at night, ſhal ſhe be fourteen.* Suſan *and ſhe, God reſt all Chriſtian ſoules, were of an age. Well* Suſan *is with God, ſhe was too good for me: But as I ſaid, on* Lammas *Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene, that ſhall ſhee marrie, I remember it well. Tis ſince the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and ſhe was weaned I neuer ſhall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laide worme-wood to my dug, ſitting in the ſun vnder the Doue-houſe wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I doo beare a braine. But as I ſaid, when it did taſte the worme-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretie foole, to ſee it teachie and fall out with the Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-houſe, twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and ſince that time it is a leuen yeares, for then ſhe could ſtand hy lone, nay by th roode ſhe could haue run and wadled all about: for euen the day before ſhe broke her brow, and then my husband, God be with his*

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his ſoule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth he, doeſt thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not Iule? *And by my holydam, the pretie wretch left crying, and ſaid I: to ſee now how a ieaſt ſhall come about: I warrant, and I ſhould liue a thouſand yeares, I neuer ſhould forget it: wilt thou not* Iule *quoth he? and pretie foole it ſtinted, and ſaid I.*

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurſe. *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to thinke it ſhould leaue crying, and ſay I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bump as big as a young Cockrels ſtone: a perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallſt vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commeſt to age: wilt thou not* Iule? *It ſtinted, and ſaid I.*

Iuli. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee Nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou waſt the prettieſt babe that ere I nurſt, and I might liue to ſee thee married once, I haue my wiſh.

Old La. Marrie, that marrie is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be married?

Iuliet. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurſe. *An houre, were not I thine onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt wiſedome from thy teate.*

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made alreadie mothers by my count.
I was your mother, much vpon theſe yeares
That you are now a maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his loue.

Nurſe. A man young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.

Old La. Veronas Sommer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. *Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Old La. What ſay you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our feaſt,
Reade ore the volume of young *Paris* face,

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And find delight, writ there with bewties pen,
Examine euery married liniament,
And ſee how one an other lends content:
And what obſcurde in this faire volume lies,
Finde written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound louer,
To bewtifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fiſh liues in the ſea, and tis much pride
For faire without the faire, within to hide:
That booke in manies eyes doth ſhare the glorie
That in gold claſpes locks in the golden ſtorie:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,
By hauing him, making your ſelfe no leſſe.

Nurſe. No leſſe, nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your conſent giues ſtrength to make flie. *Enter Seruing.*

Ser. Madam the gueſts are come, ſupper ſeru'd vp, you cald, my young Lady askt for, the Nurſe curſt in the Pantrie, and euerie thing in extremitie: I muſt hence to wait, I beſeech you follow ſtraight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* the Countie ſtaies.

Nur. Go gyrle, ſeeke happie nights to happie dayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, *with fiue or ſixe other Maskers, torchbearers.*

Romeo. What ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without appologie?

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hudwinckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper.
But let them meaſure vs by what they will,
Weele meaſure them a meaſure and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,

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Being but heauie I will beare the light.
Mercu. Nay gētle *Romeo*, we muſt haue you dance.
Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles, I haue a ſoule of Leade
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot moue.
Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And ſore with them aboue a common bound.
Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſore with his light feathers, and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauie birthen do I ſincke.
Horatio. And to ſink in it ſhould you burthen loue,
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.
Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boyſtrous, and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,
Giue me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor, what care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes ſhall bluſh for me.
Benu. Come knock and enter, and no ſooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.
Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the ſenceleſſe ruſhes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunfire phraſe,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere ſo faire, and I am dum.
Mer. Tut, duns the mouſe, the Conſtables own word
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or ſaue you reuerence loue, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Vp to the eares, come we burne daylight ho.
Ro. Nay thats not ſo.
Mer. I meane ſir in delay
We waſte our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our indgement ſits,

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Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Ro. And we meane well in going to this Mask,
But tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one aske?

Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.

Mer. And ſo did I.

Ro. Well what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Ro. In bed aſleep while they do dream things true.

Mer. O then I ſee Queene Mab hath bin with you:
She is the Fairies midwife, and ſhe comes in ſhape no bigger thē an Agot ſtone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little ottamie, ouer mens noſes as they lie aſleep: her waggō ſpokes made of lōg ſpinners legs: the couer, of the wings of Graſhoppers, her traces of the ſmalleſt ſpider web, her collors of the moonſhines watry beams, her whip of Crickets bone, the laſh of Philome, her waggoner, a ſmall grey coated Gnat, not half ſo big as a round litle worme, prickt from the lazie finger of a man. Her Charriot is an emptie Haſel nut, Made by the Ioyner ſquirrel or old Grub, time out amind, the Fairies Coatchmakers: and in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night, throgh louers brains, and then they dreame of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſies ſtrait, ore Lawyers fingers who ſtrait dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips who ſtrait one kiſſes dream, which oft the angrie Mab with bliſters plagues, becauſe their breath with ſweete meates tainted are. Sometime ſhe gallops ore a Courtiers noſe, and then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſute: and ſometime comes ſhe with a tithpigs tale, tickling a Perſons noſe as a lies aſleepe, then he dreams of an other Benefice. Sometime ſhe driueth ore a ſouldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forrain throates, of breaches, ambuſcados, ſpaniſh blades: Of healths fiue fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eare, at which he ſtarts and wakes, and being thus frighted, ſweares a praier or two & ſleeps againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horſes in the night: and bakes the Elklocks in foule ſluttiſh haires, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.

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This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That preſſes them and learnes them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe.

Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantaſie:
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more inconſtant then the wind who wooes,
Euen now the frozen boſome of the North:
And being angerd puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dewe dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talk of, blows vs from our ſelues,
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Ro. I feare too earlie, for my mind miſgiues,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date,
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a deſpiſed life cloſde in my breſt:
By ſome vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the ſtirrage of my courſe,
Direct my ſute, on luſtie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away?
He ſhift a trencher, he ſcrape a trencher?

1. When good manners ſhall lie all in one or two mens hands
And they vnwaſht too, tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the ioynſtooles, remoue the Courtcubbert, looke to the plate, good thou, ſaue me a peece of March-pane, and as thou loues me, let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

2. I Boy

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2. I boy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and ſought for in the great chamber.

3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the gueſts and gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my miſteſſes, which of you all
Will now denie to daunce, ſhe that makes daintie,
She Ile ſwear hath Corns: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome gentlemen, I haue ſeene the day
That I haue worne a viſor and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would pleaſe: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome, gentlemen come, Muſitions play.

Muſick playes and they dance.

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it gyrles,
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp:
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah ſirrah, this vnlookt for ſport comes well:
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dauncing dayes:
How long iſt now ſince laſt your ſelfe and I
Were in a maske?

2. *Capu.* Berlady thirtie yeares.

1. *Capu.* What man tis not ſo much, tis not ſo much,
Tis ſince the nuptiall of *Lucientio:*
Come Pentycoſt as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his ſonne is elder ſir:
His ſonne is thirtie.

1. *Capu.* Will you tell me that?
His ſonne was but a ward 2. yeares ago.

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Ro. What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not ſir.
Ro. O ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright:
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the cheeke of night:
As a rich Iewel in an Ethiops eare,
Bewtie too rich for vſe, for earth too deare:
So ſhowes a ſnowie Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes ſhowes:
The meaſure done, Ile watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.
Did my hart loue till now, forſweare it ſight,
For I nere ſaw true bewtie till this night.
Tibal. This by his voyce, ſhould be a *Mountague.*
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the ſlaue
Come hither couerd with an anticque face,
To ſleere and ſcorne at our ſolemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and honor of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead, I hold it not a ſin.
Capu. Why how now kinsman, wherefore ſtorme
Tib. Vncle, this is a *Mountague* our foe: (you ſo?
A villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our ſolemnitie this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo* is it.
Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo.*
Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and welgouernd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my houſe do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An illbeſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a villaine is a gueſt,

Ile

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Ile not endure him.
Capu. He ſhall be endured.
What goodman boy, I ſay he ſhall, go too,
Am I the maſter here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, god ſhall mend my ſoule,
Youle make a mutinie among my gueſts:
You wil ſet cock a hoope, youle be the man.
Ti. Why Vncle, tis a ſhame.
Capu. Go too, go too,
You are a ſawcie boy, iſt ſo indeed?
This trick may chance to ſcath you I know what,
You muſt contrarie me, marrie tis time,
Well ſaid my hearts, you are a princox, go,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for ſhame,
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Ti. Patience perforce, with wilfull choller meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bittreſt gall. *Exit.*
Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin is this,
My lips two bluſhing Pylgrims did readie ſtand,
To ſmoothe that rough touch with a tender kis.
Iu. Good Pilgrim you do wrō̄g your hād too much
Which mannerly deuocion ſhowes in this,
For ſaints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kis.
Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?
Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they muſt vſe in praire.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) leaſt faith turne to diſpaire.
Iu. Saints do not moue, thogh grant for praiers ſake.
Ro. Then moue not while my praiers effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by thine my ſin is purgd.
Iu. Thē haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.
Ro. Sin from my lips, ô treſpas ſweetly vrgd: Giue

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Giue me my ſin againe.
Iuli. Youe kiſſe bith booke.
Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.
Ro. What is her mother?
Nurſ. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Ladie, and a wiſe and vertuous,
I Nurſt her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall haue the chincks.
Ro. Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away begon, the ſport is at the beſt.
Ro. I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.
Capu. Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh banquet towards:
Is it ene ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt gentlemen, good night:
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah ſirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my reſt.
Iuli. Come hither Nurſe, what is yond gentleman?
Nurſ. The ſonne and heire of old *Tyberio.*
Iuli. Whats he that now is going out of doore?
Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio.*
Iu. Whats he that follows here that wold not dãce?
Nur. I know not.
Iuli. Go aske his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurſ. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely ſonne of your great enemie.
Iuli. My onely loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too earlie ſeene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I muſt loue a loathed enemie.
Nurſ. Whats tis? whats tis.

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Iu. A rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danct withall.

One cals within Iuliet.

Nurſ. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the ſtrangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old deſire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gronde for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* match, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe ſuppoſd he muſt complaine,
And ſhe ſteale loues ſweete bait from fearful hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceſſe
To breathe ſuch vowes as louers vſe to ſweare,
And ſhe as much in loue, her meanes much leſſe,
To meete her new beloued any where:
But paſſion lends them power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreeme ſweete,

Enter Romeo *alone.*

Ro. Can I go forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Coſen *Romeo, Romeo.*
Mer. He is wiſe, and on my life hath ſtolne him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*:
Nay Ile coniure too.
Mer. Romeo, humours, madman, paſſion louer,
Appeare thou in the likeneſſe of a ſigh,
Speake but on rime and I am ſatisfied:
Crie but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and day,
Speake to my goſhip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname for her purblind ſonne and her,

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Young *Abraham* : *Cupid* he that ſhot ſo true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger mayd.
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, and I muſt coniure him.
I coniure thee by *Roſalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quiuering thigh,
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, twould anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſſe circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laid it, and coniured it downe,
That were ſome ſpight.
My inuocation is faire & honeſt, in his miſtres name,
I coniure onely but to raiſe vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelfe among theſe trees
To be conſorted with the humerous night:
Blind is his loue, and beſt befits the darke.

Mar. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he ſit vnder a Medler tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſſe were that kind of fruite,
As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.
O *Romeo* that ſhe were, ô that ſhe were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare.
Romeo goodnight, ile to my truckle bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleepe,
Come ſhall we go?

Ben. Go then, for tis in vaine to ſeeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exit.*

Ro. He jeaſts at ſcarres that neuer felt a wound,
But ſoft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the Sun.
Ariſe faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is alreadie ſicke and pale with greefe,

That

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That thou her maide art far more faire then ſhe:
Be not her maide ſince ſhe is enuious,
Her veſtall liuery is but ſicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, caſt it off:
It is my Lady, ô it is my loue, ô that ſhe knew ſhe wer,
She ſpeakes, yet ſhe ſaies nothing, what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwere it:
I am too bold, tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes:
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the heauen,
Hauing ſome buſines to entreate her eyes,
To twinckle in their ſpheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightneſſe of her cheek wold ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region ſtreame ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and thinke it were not night:
See how ſhe leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Iu. Ay me.

Ro. She ſpeakes.

Oh ſpeake againe bright Angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And ſayles vpon the boſome of the ayre.

Iuli. O *Romeo, Romeo,* wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Denie thy father and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworne my loue,
And ile no longer be a *Capulet.*

Ro. Shall I heare more, or ſhall I ſpeake at this?

Iu. Tis but thy name that is my enemie:
Thou art thy ſelfe, though not a *Mountague,*
Whats *Mountague?* it is nor hand nor foote,

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Nor arme nor face, ô be ſome other name
Belonging to a man.
Whats in a name that which we call a roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweete,
So *Romeo* would wene he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that tytle, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelfe.

Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo.*

Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beſchreend in night
So ſtumbleſt on my counſell?

Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare ſaint, is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an enemie to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongus vttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo,* and a *Mountague?*

Ro. Neither faire maide, if either thee diſlike.

Iuli. How cameſt thou hither, tel me, and wherfore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kiſmen find thee here.

Ro. With loues light wings did I orepearch theſe walls,
For ſtonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.

Iu. If they do ſee thee, they will murther thee.

Ro. Alack there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twentie of their ſwords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmitie.

Iuli. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.

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Ro. I haue nights cloake to hide me frō their eies,
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.
Iu. By whoſe direction foundſt thou out this place?
Ro. By loue that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylat, yet wert thou as farre
As that vaſt ſhore waſheth with the fartheſt ſea,
I ſhould aduenture for ſuch marchandiſe.
Iu. Thou knoweſt the mask of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue ſpoke, but farwell complement.
Doeſt thou loue me? I know thou wilt ſay I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe at louers periuries.
They ſay *Ioue* laughes, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but elſe not for the world,
In truth faire *Montague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maieſt think my behauior light,
But truſt me gentleman, ile proue more true,
Then thoſe that haue coying to be ſtrange,
I ſhould haue bene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouerheardſt ere I was ware,
My truloue paſſion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.
Ro. Lady, by yonder bleſſed Moone I vow,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe frute tree tops.
Iu. O ſwear not by the moone th'inconſtant moone,
That monethly changes in her circle orbe,

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Leaſt that thy loue proue likewiſe variable.
Ro. What ſhall I ſweare by?
Iu. Do not ſweare at all:
Or if thou wilt, ſweare by thy gracious ſelfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Ro. If my hearts deare loue.
Iu. Well do not ſweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too raſh, too vnaduiſd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to bee,
Ere one can ſay, it lightens, ſweete goodnight:
This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,
May proue a bewtious floure when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as ſweete repoſe and reſt,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breſt.
Ro. O wilt thou leaue me ſo vnſatisfied?
Iuli. What ſatisfaction canſt thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy loues faithful vow for mine.
Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Ro. Woldſt thou withdraw it, for what purpoſe loue?
Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I haue,
My bountie is as boundleſſe as the ſea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare ſome noyſe within, deare loue adue:
Anon good nurſe, ſweete *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Ro. O bleſſed bleſſed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering ſweete to be ſubſtantiall.
Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow,

By

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By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my fortunes at thy foote ile lay,
And follow thee my L. throughout the world. Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meaneſt not well,
I do beſeech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To ceaſe thy ſtrife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I ſend.

Ro. So thriue my ſoule.

Iu. A thouſand times goodnight.

Ro. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light,
Loue goes toward loue as ſchooleboyes from their bookes,
But loue from loue, toward ſchoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Iuliet *againe.*

Iuli, Hiſt *Romeo* hiſt, *ô* for a falkners voyce,
To lure this Taſſel gentle back againe,
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeake aloude,
Elſe would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarſe, then
With repetition of my *Romeo.*

Ro. It is my ſoule that calls vpon my name.
How ſiluer ſweete, ſound louers tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſicke to attending eares.

Iu. Romeo.

Ro. My Neece.

Iu. What a clocke to morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?

Ro. By the houre of nine.

Iu I will not faile, tis twentie yeare till then,
I haue forget why I did call thee backe.

Ro. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.

Iu. I ſhall forget to haue thee ſtill ſtand there,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.

Ro. And Ile ſtill ſtay, to haue thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Iu. Tis almoſt morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons bird, That

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That lets it hop a litle from his hand,
Like a poore priſoner in his twiſted giues,
And with a ſilken threed, plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his libertie.
Ro. I would I were thy bird.
Iu. Sweete ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing:
Good night, good night.
Parting is ſuch ſweete ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good night, till it be morrow.
Iu. Sleep dwel vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt.
Ro. Would I were ſleepe and peace ſo ſweet to reſt
The grey eyde morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eaſterne Clouds with ſtreaks of light,
And darkneſſe fleckted like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies pathway, made by *Tytans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghoſtly Friers cloſe cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. The grey-eyed morne ſmiles on the frowning (night,
Checking the Eaſterne clowdes with ſtreaks of light:
And fleckeld darkneſſe like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the ſun aduance his burning eie,
The day to cheere, and nights dancke dewe to drie,
I muſt vpfill this oſier cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuyced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kinde,
We ſucking on her naturall boſome finde:
Many for many, vertues excellent:
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, hearbes, ſtones, and their true quallities:

For

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For nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth giue:
Nor ought ſo good but ſtraind from that faire vſe,
Reuolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſapplied,
And vice ſometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyſon hath reſidence, and medicine power:
For this being ſmelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being taſted, ſtaies all ſences with the hart.
Two ſuch oppoſed Kings encamp them ſtill,
In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

Ro. Goodmorrow father.

Fri. Benedicitie.
What early tongue ſo ſweete ſaluteth me?
Young ſonne, it argues a diſtempered hed,
So ſoone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodges, ſleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbruſed youth with vnſtuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden ſleepe doth raigne.
Therefore thy earlineſſe doth me aſſure,
Thou art vprouſd with ſome diſtemprature:
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed to night.

Ro. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.

Fri. God pardon ſin, waſt thou with *Roſaline?*

Ro. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names wo.

Fri. Thats my good ſon, but wher haſt thou bin thē?

Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I haue bene feaſting with mine enemie,
Where on a ſudden one hath wounded me:

Thats by me wounded both, our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phiſicke lies:
I beare no hatred bleſſed man: for loe
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. Be plaine good ſonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſſion, findes but ridling ſhrift.
Ro. Then plainly know, my harts deare loue is ſet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine,
And all combind, ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage, when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we paſſe, but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.
Fri. Holy S. *Frauncis* what a change is here?
Is *Roſaline* that thou didſt loue ſo deare,
So ſoone forſaken? young mens loue then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.
Ieſu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline?*
How much ſalt water throwne away in waſte,
To ſeaſon loue, that of it doth not taſte.
The Sun not yet thy ſighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If ere thou waſt thy ſelfe, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline.*
And art thou chang'd, pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when theres no ſtrength in men.
Ro. Thou chidſt me oft for louing *Roſaline.*
Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.
Ro. And badſt me burie loue.
Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in an other out to haue.
Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now.

Doth

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Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow :
The other did not ſo.

Fri. O ſhe knew well,
Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not ſpell :
But come young wauerer, come go with me,
In one reſpect ile thy aſſiſtant be :
For this alliance may ſo happie proue,
To turne your houſholds rancor to pure loue.

Ro. O let vs hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſt.

Fri. Wiſely and ſlow, they ſtumble that run faſt.

Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule ſhould this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night?

Ben. Not to his fathers, I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Why that ſame pale hard hearted wench, that *Roſaline*, Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the kiſman to old *Capulet*, hath ſent a leter to his fathers houſe.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwere it.

Mer. Any man that can write may anſwere a letter.

Ben. Nay, he wil anſwere the letters maiſter how he dares, being dared.

Mercu. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is alreadie dead, ſtabd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue ſong, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde bowe-boyes but-ſhaft, and is hee a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ro. Why what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the couragious captain of Complements : he fights as you ſing prickſong, keeps time, diſtance & proportion, he reſts, his minum reſts, one two, and the third in your boſome : the very butcher of a ſilke button, a dualiſt a dualiſt, a gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the

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first and ſecond cauſe, ah the immortall Paſſado, the Punto reuerſo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of ſuch antique liſping affecting phantacies, theſe new tuners of accent: by Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamētable thing graundſir, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtraunge flies: theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe pardons mees, who ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo,

Ben. Here Comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering, O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? now is he for the numbers that Petrach flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie ſhe had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipſie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *Bonieur*, theres a French ſalutation to your French ſlop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Ro. Goodmorrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The ſlip ſir, the ſlip, can you not conceiue?

Ro. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my buſineſſe was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer. Thats as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours, conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Ro. Meaning to curſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Ro. A moſt curtuous expoſition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pinck of curteſie.

Ro. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit follow me this ieaſt, now till thou haſt worne out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worne, the ieaſt may remaine after the wearing, ſoly ſingular.

Ro. O

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Ro O ſingle ſolde ieaſt, ſolie ſingular for the ſingleneſſe.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Ro. Swits and ſpurs, ſwits and ſpurres, or ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wildgooſe chaſe, I am done: For thou haſt more of the wildgooſe in one of thy wits, then I am ſure I haue in my whole ſiue. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Ro. Thou waſt neuer with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieaſt.

Rom. Nay good gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting, it is a moſt ſharp ſawce.

Rom. And is it not then well ſeru'd in to a ſweete gooſe?

Mer. Oh heres a wit of Cheuerell, that ſtretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Ro. I ſtretch it out for that word broad, which added to the gooſe, proues thee farre and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why is not this better now then groning for loue, now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature, for this driueling loue is like a great naturall that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Ro. Heeres goodly geare. *Enter Nurſe and her man.* A ſayle, a ſayle.

Mer. Two two, a ſhert and a ſmocke.

Nur. Peter:

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

Nur. God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

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Mer. God ye goodden faire gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it good den?

Mer. Tis no leſſe I tell yee, for the bawdie hand of the dyal, is now vpon the prick of noone.

Nur. Out vpon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One gentlewoman, that God hath made, himſelf to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is well ſaid, for himſelfe to mar quoth a? Gētlemē cā any of you tel me wher I may find the yong *Romeo?*

Ro. I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nur. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea is the worſt wel, very wel took, ifaith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nur. If you be he ſir, I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will endite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Ro. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare ſir, vnleſſe a hare ſir in a lenten pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent.

An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meate in lent.

But a hare that is hore, is too much for a ſcore, when it hores ere it be ſpent.

Romeo, will you come to your fathers? weele to dinner thither.

Ro. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exeunt.

Nur. I pray you ſir, what ſawcie merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperie?

Ro. A gentleman Nurſe, that loues to heare himſelfe talke, and will ſpeake more in a minute, then hee will ſtand too in a moneth.

Nur. And a ſpeake any thing againſt me, Ile take him downe, and a were luſtier then hé is, and twentie ſuch Iacks: and if I cannot, ile finde thoſe that ſhall: ſcuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt gills, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou muſt ſtand

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ſtand by too and ſuffer euery knaue to vſe me at his pleaſure.

Pet. I ſaw no man vſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhuld quickly haue bin out: I warrant you, I dare draw affoone as an other man, if I ſee occaſion in a goodquarel, & the law on my ſide.

Nur. Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruie knaue: pray you ſir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould leade her in a fooles paradiſe, as they say, it were a very groſſe kind of behauior as they ſay: for the Gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you ſhould deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offred to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady and Miſtreſſe, I proteſt vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I wil tel her as much: Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Ro. What wilt thou tell her Nurſe? thou dooeſt not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her ſir, that you do proteſt, which as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Ro. Bid her deuiſe ſome means to come to ſhrift this afternoon,
And there ſhe ſhall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell
Be ſhrieued and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly ſir not a penny.

Ro. Go too, I ſay you ſhall.

Nur. This afternoone ſir, well ſhe ſhall be there.

Ro. And ſtay good Nurſe behinde the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cordes made like a tackled ſtayre,
Which to the high topgallant of my ioy,
Muſt be my conuoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell be truſtie, and ile quit thy paines:
Farewel, commend me to thy Miſtreſſe.

Nur. Now

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Nur. Now God in heauen bleſſe thee, harke you ſir.

Ro. What ſaiſt thou my deare Nurſe?

Nur. Is your man ſecret, did you nere here ſay, two may keep counſell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as ſteele.

Nur. Well ſir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a litle prating thing. O there is a Noble man in town one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboord: but ſhe good ſoule had as leeue ſee a tode, a very tode as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe lookes as pale as any clout in the verſall world, doth not Roſemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Ro. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an *R.*

Nur. A mocker thats the dog, name *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with ſome other letter, and ſhe hath the pretieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemarie, that it would do you good to heare it.

Ro. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thouſand times *Peter.*

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace.

Exit.

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke ſtrooke nine when I did ſend the Nurſe,
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed to returne,
Perchance ſhe cannot meete him, thats not ſo:
Oh ſhe is lame, loues heraulds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides then the Suns beames,
Driuing backe ſhadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble piniond doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind ſwift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoſt hill,
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is there long houres, yet ſhe is not come,
Had ſhe affections and warme youthfull bloud,

She

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She would be as ſwift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandie her to my ſweete loue.
M. And his to me, but old folks, many fain as they wer dead,
Vnwieldie, ſlowe, heauie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God ſhe comes, ô hony Nurſe what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.
Nur. Peter ſtay at the gate.
Iu. Now good ſweete *Nurſe*, O Lord, why lookeſt thou ſad?
Though newes be ſad, yet tell them merily.
If good, thou ſhameſt the muſicke of ſweete newes,
By playing it to me, with ſo ſower a face.
Nur. I am a wearie, giue me leaue a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunce haue I?
Iu. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee ſpeake, good good Nurſe ſpeake.
Nur. Ieſu what haſte, can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee that I am out of breath?
Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe that thou doeſt make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doeſt excuſe.
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,
Say either, and ile ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, iſt good or bad?
Nur. Well, you haue made a ſimple choyſe, you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face be better then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a hand and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are paſt compare: he is not the flower of curteſie, but ile warrant him, as gentle as a lamme: go thy wayes wench, ſerue God. What haue you dinde at home?
Iu. No, no. But all this did I know before.
What ſayes he of our marriage, what of that?
Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twentie peeces.

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My back a tother ſide, a my backe, my backe:
Beſhrewe your heart for ſending me about
To catch my death with iaunſing vp and downe.
Iu. Ifaith I am ſorrie that thou art not well.
Sweete, ſweete, ſweete Nurſe, tell me what ſayes my loue?
Nur. Your loue ſayes like an honeſt gentleman,
An a Courteous, and a kinde, and a handſome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?
Iu. Where is my mother, why ſhe is within, wher ſhuld ſhe be?
How odly thou replieſt:
Your loue ſayes like an honeſt gentleman,
Where is your mother?
Nur. O Gods lady deare,
Are you ſo hot, marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
Henceforward do your meſſages your ſelfe.
Iu. Heres ſuch a coyle, come what ſaies *Romeo?*
Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to ſhrift to day?
Iu. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There ſtayes a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Theile be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I muſt an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your loue
Muſt climbe a birds neaſt ſoone when it is darke,
I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight:
But you ſhall beare the burthen ſoone at night.
Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Iuli. Hie to high fortune, honeſt Nurſe farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So ſmile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with ſorrow chide vs not.
Ro. Amen, amen, but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That

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That one ſhort minute giues me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is inough I may but call her mine.
Fri. Theſe violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fier and powder:
Which as they kiſſe conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in his owne deliciouſneſſe,
And in the taſte confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth ſo,
Too ſwift arriues, as tardie as too ſlowe.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh ſo light a foote
Will nere weare out the euerlaſting flint,
A louer may beſtride the goſſamours,
That ydeles in the wanton ſommer ayre,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanitie.
Iu. Good euen to my ghoſtly confeſſor.
Fri. Romeo ſhall thanke thee daughter for vs both.
Iu. As much to him, elſe is his thankes too much.
Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the meaſure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blaſon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre and let rich muſicke tongue,
Vnfold the imagind happines that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.
Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to ſuch exceſſe,
I cannot ſum vp ſum of halfe my wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort (worke,
For by your leaues, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

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Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* abroad:
And if we meete we ſhall not ſcape a brawle, for now theſe hot daies, is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of theſe fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his ſword vpon the table, and ſayes, God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the ſecond cup, draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode as any in *Italie:* and aſſoone moued to be moodie, and aſſoone moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two ſuch, we ſhould haue none ſhortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leſſe in his beard, then thou haſt: thou wilt quarell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt haſel eyes: what eye, but ſuch an eye wold ſpie out ſuch a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarelles, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy head hath bene beaten as addle as an egge for quarelling: thou haſt quareld with a man for coffing in the ſtreete, becauſe hee hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine aſleep in the ſun. Didſt thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Eaſter, with an other for tying his new ſhooes with olde riband, and yet thou wilt tuter me from quarelling?

Ben. And I were ſo apt to quarell as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple, ô ſimple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer.

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Mer. And but one word with one of vs, couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blowe.

Tib. You ſhall find me apt inough to that ſir, and you wil giue me occaſion.

Mercu. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giuing?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou conſorteſt with *Romeo.*

Mer. Conſort, what doeſt thou make vs Minſtrels? and thou make Minſtrels of vs, looke to hear nothing but diſcords: heeres my fiddleſticke, heeres that ſhall make you daunce: zounds conſort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto ſome priuate place,
Or reaſon coldly of your greeuances:
Or elſe depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well peace be with you ſir, here comes my man.

Mer. But ile be hangd ſir if he weare your liuerie:
Marrie go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

Ro. Tybalt, the reaſon that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting: villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell, I ſee thou knoweſt me not.

Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the iniuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I do proteſt I neuer iniuried thee,
But loue thee better then thou canſt deuiſe:
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my loue,
And ſo good *Capulet,* which name I tender
As dearely as mine owne, be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calme, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion:

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Alla ſtucatho carries it away,
Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

Tib. What wouldſt thou haue with me?

M. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you ſhall vſe mee hereafter drie beate the reſt of the eight. Will you plucke your ſword out of his pilcher by the eares? make haſte, leaſt mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come ſir, your Paſſado.

Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beate downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for ſhame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, Mercutio, the Prince expreſly hath
Forbid this bandying in *Verona* ſtreetes,
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio.*

Away Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houſes, I am ſped,
Is he gone and hath nothing.

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a ſcratch, a ſcratch, marrie tis inough,
Where is my Page? go villaine, fetch a Surgion.

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No tis not ſo deepe as a well, nor ſo wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, twill ſerue: aske for me to morrow, and you ſhall finde me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houſes, ſounds a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death: a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the book of arithmatick, why the deule came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Ro. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Helpe me into ſome houſe *Benuolio*,

Or

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Or I ſhall faint, a plague a both your houſes,
They haue made wormes meate of me,
I haue it, and ſoundly, to your houſes.

Exit.

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath got this mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtaind
With *Tybalts* ſlaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath bene my Cozen, O ſweete *Iuliet*,
Thy bewtie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valours ſteele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo, Romeo,* braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the Clowdes,
Which too vntimely here did ſcorne the earth.
Ro. This dayes blacke fate, on mo daies doth depẽd,
This but begins, the wo others muſt end.
Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* backe againe.
Ro. He gan in triumph and *Mercutio* ſlaine,
Away to heauen, reſpectiue lenitie,
And fier end furie, be my conduct now,
Now *Tybalt* take the villaine backe againe,
That late thou gaueſt me, for *Mercutios* ſoule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, muſt go with him.
Ty. Thou wretched boy that didſt cõfort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Ro. This ſhall determine that.

They Fight. Tibalt *falles.*

Ben. Romeo, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* ſlaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince wil doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence be gone away.

Ro. O

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Ro. O I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citti. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio?*
Tybalt that mutherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that *Tybalt.*
Citi. Vp ſir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet, *their wiues and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince, I can diſcouer all:
The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,
There lies the man ſlaine by young *Romeo,*
That ſlew thy kiſman, braue *Mercutio.*
Capu. Wi. *Tybalt,* my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the bloud is ſpild
Of my deare kiſman, Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, ſhead bloud of Mountague.
O Cozin, Cozin.
Prin. *Benuolio,* who began this bloudie fray?
Ben. *Tybalt* here ſlain, whom *Romeos* hand did ſlay,
Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarell was, and vrgd withall
Your high diſpleaſure all this vtrered,
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteele at bold *Mercutios* breaſt,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly poynt to poynt,
And with a Martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It backe to *Tybalt,* whoſe dexteritie
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and ſwifter then his tongue,

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His aged arme beates downe their fatall poynts,
And twixt them ruſhes, vnderneath whoſe arme,
An enuious thruſt from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled,
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertaind reuenge,
And toote they go like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.

Ca. Wi. He is a kiſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes not true:
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke ſtrife,
And all thoſe twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for Iuſtice which thou Prince muſt giue:
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not liue.

Prin. *Romeo* ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.

Capu. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I haue an intereſt in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But ile amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares, nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes.
Therefore vſe none, let *Romeo* hence in haſt,
Elſe when he is found, that houre is his laſt.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercie but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.

Exit.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Gallop apace, you fierie footed ſteedes,

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Towards *Phœbus* lodging, ſuch a wagoner
As *Phaetan* would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to theſe armes, vntalkt of and vnſeene,
Louers can ſee to do their amorous rights,
And by their owne bewties, or if loue be blind,
It beſt agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou ſober ſuted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to looſe a winning match,
Plaide for a paire of ſtainleſſe maydenhoods.
Hood my vnmand bloud bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till ſtrange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted ſimple modeſtie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the winges of night,
Whiter then new ſnow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing black browd night,
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtarres,
And he will make the face of heauen ſo fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh Sun.
O I haue bought the manſion of a loue,
But not poſſeſt it, and though I am ſold,
Not yet enioyd, ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurſe.

Enter Nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings newes, and euery tongue that ſpeaks
But *Romeos* name, ſpeakes heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurſe, what newes? what haſt thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur I,

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Nur. I, I, the cords.
Iu. Ay me what news? why doſt thou wring thy hāds?
Nur. A weraday, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alack the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.
Iu. Can heauen be ſo enuious?
Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo, Romeo,*
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo?*
Iu. What diuell art thou that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be rored in diſmall hell,
Hath *Romeo* ſlaine himſelfe? ſay thou but I,
And that bare vowell I ſhall poyſon more
Then the death arting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be ſuch an I.
Or thoſe eyes ſhot, that makes thee anſwere I:
If he be ſlaine ſay I, or if not, no.
Briefe, ſounds, determine my weale or wo.
Nur. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
God ſaue the marke, here on his manly breſt,
A piteous coarſe, a bloudie piteous coarſe,
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawbde in bloud,
All in goare bloud, I ſounded at the ſight.
Iu. O break my hart, poore banckrout break at once,
To priſon eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth too earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe on heauie beare.
Nur. O *Tybalt, Tybalt,* the beſt friend I had,
O curteous *Tybalt,* honeſt Gentleman,
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead.
Iu. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My deareſt Cozen, and my dearer Lord,
Then dreadfull Trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if thoſe two are gone?

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Nur. *Tybalt* is gone and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kild him he is baniſhed.
Iuli. O God, did *Romeos* hand ſhead *Tibalts* bloud?
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Nur. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Iu. Did euer draggon keepe ſo faire a Caue?
Bewtifull tirant, fiend angelicall:
Rauenous douefeatherd rauē, woluiſh rauening lamb,
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of diuineſt ſhowe:
Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,
A dimme ſaint, an honourable villaine:
O nature what hadſt thou to do in hell
When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend,
In mortall paradiſe of ſuch ſweete fleſh?
Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter
So fairely bound? ô that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgious Pallace.
Nur. Theres no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,
All periurde, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers,
Ah wheres my man? giue me ſome Aqua-vitæ:
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo.*
Iu. Bliſterd be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to ſhame:
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For tis a throane where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vniuerſal earth.
O what a beaſt was I to chide at him?
Nur. Wil you ſpeak wel of him that kild your cozin?
Iu. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poor my lord, what tongue ſhal ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my Cozin?
That villaine Cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your natiue ſpring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

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Which you miſtaking offer vp to ioy,
My husband liues that *Tybalt* would haue ſlaine,
And *Tybalts* dead that would haue ſlain my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
Some word there was, worſer then *Tybalts* death
That murdred me, I would forget it faine,
But oh it preſſes to my memorie,
Like damned guiltie deeds to ſinners mindes,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* baniſhed:
That baniſhed, that one word baniſhed,
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tybalts: Tybalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if ſower woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be ranckt with other griefes,
Why followed not when ſhe ſaid *Tybalts* dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue moued,
But with a reareward following *Tybalts* death,
Romeo is baniſhed: to ſpeake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tybalt, Romeo, Iuliet,*
All ſlaine, all dead: *Romeo* is baniſhed,
There is no end, no limit, meaſure bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe ſound.
Where is my father and my mother Nurſe?

Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* courſe,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Iu. Waſh they his wounds with teares? mine ſhall be (ſpent,
When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* baniſhment.
Take vp thoſe cordes, poore ropes you are beguilde,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exilde:
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widowed.
Come cordes, come Nurſe, ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo,* take my maiden head.

Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile finde *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

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Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iu. O find him, giue this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his laſt farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo come forth, come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enamourd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Ro. Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?
What ſorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare ſonne with ſuch ſowre companie?
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What leſſe then doomesday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vaniſht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, baniſhment? be mercifull, ſay death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, do not ſay baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it ſelfe:
Hence baniſhed, is blaniſht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then baniſhed,
Is death, miſtermd, calling death baniſhed,
Thou cutſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmileſt vpon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin, ô rude vnthankfulnes,
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath ruſht aſide the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to baniſhment.

This

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This is deare mercie, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Ro. Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery cat and dog,
And litle mouſe, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie.
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip liues
In carrion flies, then *Romeo:* they may ſeaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And ſteale immortall bleſſing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and veſtall modeſtie
Still bluſh, as thinking their owne kiſſes ſin.
This may flyes do, when I from this muſt flie,
And ſayeſt thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, he is baniſhed.
Flies may do this, but I from this muſt flie:
They are freemen, but I am baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no poyſon mixt, no ſharpe ground knife,
No ſudden meane of death, though nere ſo meane,
But baniſhed to kill me: Baniſhed?
O Frier, the damned vſe that word in hell:
Howling attends it, how haſt thou the heart
Being a Diuine, a ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A ſin obſoluer, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word baniſhed?
Fri. Then fond mad man, heare me a little ſpeake.
Ro. O thou wilt ſpeake againe of baniſhment.
Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduerſities ſweete milke, Philoſophie,
To comfort thee though thou art baniſhed.
Ro. Yet baniſhed? hang vp philoſophie,
Vnleſſe Philoſophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Diſplant a towne, reuerſe a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I ſee, that mad man haue no eares.
Ro. How ſhould they when that wiſe men haue no eyes.

Fri. Let

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Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Ro. Thou canſt not ſpeak of that thou doſt not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mighteſt thou ſpeake,
Then mightſt thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.

Enter Nurſe, and knocke.

Fri. Ariſe one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy ſelfe.
Ro. Not I, vnleſſe the breath of hartſicke grones,
Myſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.

They knocke.

Fri. Hark how they knock (whoſe there) *Romeo* ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken, ſtay a while, ſtand vp.

Slud knock.

Run to my ſtudie by and by, Gods will
What ſimplenes is this? I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks ſo hard? whēce come you? whats your will?

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. Let me come in, and you ſhal know my errant:
I come from Lady *Iuliet.*
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Wheres my Ladyes Lord? wheres *Romeo?*
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my miſtreſſe caſe,
Iuſt in her caſe. O wofull ſimpathy:
Pitious predicament, euen ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an O?
Rom. Nurſe. *Nur.* Ah

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Nur. Ah ſir, ah ſir, deaths the end of all.
Ro. Spakeſt thou of *Iuliet?* how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue ſtaind the childhood of our ioy,
With bloud remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur. Oh ſhe ſayes nothing ſir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name ſhot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names curſed hand
Murderd her kinſman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may ſacke
The hatefull manſion.
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womaniſh, thy wild acts deuote
The vnreaſonable furie of a beaſt.
Vnſeemely woman in a ſeeming man,
And ilbeſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temperd.
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt?* wilt thou ſley thy ſelfe?
And ſley thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy ſelfe?
Why rayleſt thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen, and earth all three do meet,
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldſt looſe.
Fie, fie, thou ſhameſt thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vſurer aboundſt in all:
And vſeſt none in that true vſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedecke thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble ſhape is but a forme of waxe,

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Digreſſing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue ſworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou haſt vowd to cheriſh,
Thy wit, that ornament, to ſhape and loue,
Miſhapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe ſouldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What rowſe thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happie, *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſleweſt *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of bleſſings light vpon thy backe,
Happines courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a miſhaued and ſullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heede, take heede, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt liue till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
With twentie hundred thouſand times more ioy
Then thou wentſt forth in lamentation.
Go before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauie ſorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſtaid here all the night,
To heare good counſell, oh what learning is:
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.

Ro. Do ſo, and bid my ſweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here

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Nur. Here ſir, a Ring ſhe bid me giue you ſir:
Hie you, make haſt, for it growes very late.
Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.
Fri. Go hēce, goodnight, & here ſtands al your ſtate:
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguiſe from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here:
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.
Ro. But that a ioy paſt ioy calls out on me,
It were a griefe, ſo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, *his wife and* Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out ſir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, ſhe lou'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearely
And ſo did I. Well we were borne to die.
Tis very late, ſheele not come downe to night:
I promiſe you, but for your companie,
I would haue bene a bed an houre ago.
Paris. Theſe times of wo affoord no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.
La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night ſhees mewed vp to her heauines.
Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my childes loue: I thinke ſhe will me rulde
In all reſpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my ſonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me? on wendſday next.
But ſoft, what day is this?
Pa. Monday my Lord.
Ca. Monday, ha ha, well wendſday is too ſoone,
A thurſday let it be, a thurſday tell her

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She ſhall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haſte?
Well, keepe no great ado, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly
Being our kinſman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue ſome halfe a doozen friends,
And there an end, but what ſay you to Thurſday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thurſday were to morrow.

Ca. Well get you gone, a Thurſday be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,
Afore mee, it is ſo very late that wee may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Iuliet *aloft.*

Iu. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierſt the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,
No Nightingale, looke loue what enuious ſtreakes
Do lace the ſeuering cloudes in yonder Eaſt:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocand day
Stands tipto on the myſtie Mountaine tops,
I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and die.

Iu. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Therefore ſtay yet, thou needſt not to be gone.

Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, ſo thou wilt haue it ſo.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the the mornings eye,

Tis

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Tis but the pale reflex of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whoſe noates do beate
The vaultie heauen ſo high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to ſtay then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it ſo.
How iſt my ſoule? lets talke it is not day.
Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords, and vnpleaſing Sharpes.
Some ſay, the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion:
This doth not ſo: for ſhe diuideth vs.
Some ſay the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntſup to the day.
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.
Romeo. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Enter Madame and Nurſe.

Nur. Madam.
Iu. Nurſe.
Nur. Your Lady Mother is cūming to your chāber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.
Iuli. Then window let day in, and let life out.
Ro. Farewell, farewell, one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.
Iu. Art thou gone ſo loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,
I muſt heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*
Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no opportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.
Iu. O thinkſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerue
For ſweete diſcourſes in our times to come.

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Ro. O God I haue an ill diuining ſoule,
Me thinkes I ſee thee now, thou art ſo lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-ſight failes, or thou lookeſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me loue, in my eye ſo do you:
Drie ſorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.

Exit.

Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renowmd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But ſend him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp?
Iu. Who iſt that calls? It is my Lady mother.
Is ſhe not downe ſo late or vp ſo early?
What vnaccuſtomd cauſe procures her hither?
La. Why how now *Iuliet?*
Iu. Madam I am not well.
La. Euermore weeping for your Cozens death?
What wilt thou waſh him from his graue with teares?
And if thou couldſt, thou couldſt not make him liue:
Therfore haue done, ſome griefe ſhews much of loue,
But much of greefe, ſhewes ſtill ſome want of wit.
Iu. Yet let me weepe, for ſuch a feeling loſſe.
La. So ſhall you feele the loſſe, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Iu. Feeling ſo the loſſe,
I cannot chuſe but euer weepe the friend.
La. Wel gyrle, thou weepſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which ſlaughterd him.
Iu. What villaine Madam?
La. That ſame villaine *Romeo.*
Iu. Villaine and he be many miles a ſunder:
God padon, I do with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth greeue my heart.

La. That

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La. That is becauſe the Traytor murderer liues.
Iu. I Madam from the reach of theſe my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozens death.
La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile ſend to one in *Mantua,*
Where that ſame banniſht runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him ſuch an vnaccuſtomd dram,
That he ſhall ſoone keepe *Tybalt* companie:
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatisfied.
Iu. Indeed I neuer ſhall be ſatisfied
With *Romeo,* till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart ſo for a kinſman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyſon, I would temper it:
That *Romeo* ſhould vpon receit thereof,
Soone ſleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozen,
Vpon his body that hath ſlaughterd him.
Mo. Find thou the means, and Ile find ſuch a man,
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.
Iu. And ioy comes well in ſuch a needie time,
What are they, beſeech your Ladyſhip?
M. Well, well, thou haſt a carefull father child,
One who to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
Iu. Madam in happie time, what day is that?
M. Marrie my child, early next Thurſday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee there a ioyfull Bride.
Iu. Now by S. *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he that ſhould be husband comes to wooe:

I pray

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I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I do, I ſweare
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, theſe are newes indeed.
M. Here comes your father, tell him ſo your ſelfe:
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.
Enter Capulet *and Nurſe.*
Ca. When the Sun ſets, the earth doth driſle deaw,
But for the Sunſet of my brothers ſonne,
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girle, what ſtill in tears
Euermore ſhowring in one litle body?
Thou countefaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebbe and flowe with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this ſalt floud, the windes thy ſighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a ſudden calme will ouerſet
Thy tempeſt toſſed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
La. I ſir, but ſhe will none, ſhe giue you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will ſhe none? doth ſhe not giue vs thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Vnworthy as ſhe is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride?
Iu. Not proud you haue, but thankful that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.
Ca. How, how, howhow, chopt lodgick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud miſtreſſe minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine Ioynts gainſt Thurſday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

You

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Out you greene ſickneſſe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Iu. Good Father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to ſpeake a word.
Fa Hang thee young baggage, diſobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thurſday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, replie not, do not anſwere me.
My fingers itch, wife, we ſcarce thought vs bleſt,
That God had lent vs but this onely childe,
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curſe in hauing her:
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heauen bleſſe her:
You are to blame my Lord to rate her ſo.
Fa. And why my Lady wiſdome, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence ſmatter, with your goſſips go.
Nur. I ſpeake no treaſon,
Father, ô Godigeden,
May not one ſpeake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Goſhips bowle,
For here we need it not.
Wi. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, ſtill my care hath bene
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly liand,
Stuft as they ſay, with honourable parts,
Proportiond as ones thought would wiſh a man
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To anſwere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.

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But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me,
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vſe to ieſt.
Thurſday is neare, lay hand on hart, aduiſe,
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, beg, ſtarue, dye in the ſtreets,
For by my ſoule ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall neuer do thee good:
Truſt too't, bethinke you, ile not be forſworne.

Exit.

Iu. Is there no pittie ſitting in the cloudes
That ſees into the bottome of my greefe?
O ſweet my Mother caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.

Mo. Talke not to me, for ile not ſpeake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

Iu. O God, ô Nurſe, how ſhall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnleſſe that husband ſend it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? comfort me, counſaile me:
Alack, alack, that heauen ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Vpon ſo ſoft a ſubiect as my ſelfe.
What ſayſt thou, haſt thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurſe.

Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is baniſhed and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come back to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I thinke it beſt you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
Romios a diſhclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not ſo greene, ſo quick, ſo faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beſhrow my very hart,

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I thinke you are happie in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt, or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here, and you no vſe of him.
Iu. Speakſt thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my ſoule too, elſe beſhrew them both.
Iu. Amen.
Nur. What?
Iu. Well thou haſt comforted me maruellous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing diſpleaſ'd my father, to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confeſsion, and to be obſolu'd.
Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wiſely done.
Iu. Auncient damnation, ô moſt wicked fiend,
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue,
Which ſhe hath praiſde him with aboue compare,
So many thouſand times? Go Counſellor,
Thou and my boſome henceforth ſhall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all elſe faile, my ſelfe haue power to die.
Exit.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thurſday ſir: the time is very ſhort.
Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlacke his haſte.
Fri. You ſay you do not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares.
Now ſir, her father counts it daungerous
That ſhe do giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway:
And in his wiſedome haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone
May be put from her by ſocietie.

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Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte.
Fri. I would I knew not why is ſhould be ſlowed.
Looke ſir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.
Enter Iuliet.
Pa. Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Iu. That may be ſir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be, muſt be loue, on Thurſday next.
Iu. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. Thats a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this Father?
Iu. To aunſwere that, I ſhould confeſſe to you.
Pa. Do not denie to him, that you loue me.
Iu. I will confeſſe to you that I loue him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure that you loue me.
Iu. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poor ſoule thy face is much abuſde with tears.
Iu. The teares haue got ſmall victorie by that,
For it was bad inough before their ſpight.
Pa. Thou wrongſt it more then tears with that report.
Iu. That is no ſlaunder ſir, which is a truth,
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.
Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlandred it.
Iu. It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leiſure, holy Father now,
Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe?
Fri. My leiſure ſerues me penſiue daughter now,
My Lord we muſt entreate the time alone.
Par. Godſhield, I ſhould diſturbe deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thurſday early will I rowſe yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kiſſe.
Exit.
Iu. O ſhut the doore, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me, paſt hope, paſt care, paſt help.
Fri. O *Iuliet* I already know thy greefe,
It ſtraines me paſt the compaſſe of my wits,
I heare thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,

On

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On Thurſday next be married to this Countie.
Iu. Tell me not Frier, that thou heareſt of this,
Vnleſſe thou tell me, how I may preuent it:
If in thy wiſedome thou canſt giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife ile helpe it preſently.
God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos* thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* ſeald:
Shall be the Labell to an other deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to an other, this ſhall ſley them both:
Therefore out of thy long experienſt time,
Giue me ſome preſent counſell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudie knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy yeares and art,
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeake, I long to die,
If what thou ſpeakſt, ſpeake not of remedie.
Fri. Hold daughter, I do ſpie a kind of hope,
Which craues as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſtay thy ſelfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That coapſt with death, himſelfe to ſcape from it:
And if thou dareſt, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,
From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuiſh wayes, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares,
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel houſe,
Orecouerd quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie ſhanks and yealow chapels ſculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his,

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Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will do it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnſtaind wife to my ſweete loue.
Fri. Hold then, go home, be merrie, giue conſent,
To marrie *Paris:* wendſday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not the Nurſe lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this diſtilling liquor drinke thou off,
When preſently through all thy veines ſhall run,
A cold and drowzie humour: for no pulſe
Shall keepe his natiue progreſſe but ſurceaſe,
No warmth, no breaſt ſhall teſtifie thou liueſt,
The roſes in thy lips and cheekes ſhall fade:
Too many aſhes, thy eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he ſhuts vp the day of life.
Each part depriu'd of ſupple gouernment,
Shall ſtiffe and ſtarke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likeneſſe of ſhrunke death
Thou ſhalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our countrie is,
In the beſt robes vncouered on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou ſhall be borne to that ſame auncient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come, an he and I
Will watch thy walking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua.*
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no inconſtant toy nor womaniſh feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

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Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare

Fri. Hold get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolue, ile ſend a Frier with ſpeed
To *Mantua,* with my Letters to thy Lord.

Iu. Loue giue me ſtrength, and ſtrength ſhall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. (*Exit.*

Enter Father Capulet, *Mother, Nurſe, and Seruing men, two or three.*

Ca. So many gueſts inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twentie cunning Cookes.

Ser. You ſhall haue none ill ſir, for ile trie if they can lick their fingers.

Capu. How canſt thou trie them ſo?

Ser. Marrie ſir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fingers: therefore hee that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Ca. Go be gone, we ſhall be much vnfurniſht for this time:
What is my daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?

Nur. I forſooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her,
A peeuiſh ſelfewield harlottry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where ſhe comes from ſhrift with merie looke.

Ca. How now my headſtrong, where haue you bin gadding?

Iu. Where I haue learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition,
To you and your beheſts, and am enioynd
By holy *Lawrence,* to fall proſtrate here,
To beg your pardon, pardon I beſeech you,
Henceforward I am euer rulde by you.

Ca. Send for the Countie, go tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

Iu. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomd loue I might,
Not ſtepping ore the bounds of modeſtie.

Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is wel, ſtand vp,
This is aſt ſhould be, let me ſee the Countie:
I marrie go I ſay and fetch him hither. Now

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Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.
Iu. Nurſe, will you go with me into my Cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thurſday, there is time inough.
Fa. Go Nurſe, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.

Mo. We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion,
Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tuſh, I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my ſelfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Againſt to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame wayward Gyrle is ſo reclaymd.
Exit.

Enter Iuliet *and Nurſe.*

Iu. I thoſe attires are beſt, but gentle Nurſe
I pray thee leaue me to my ſelfe to night:
For I haue need of many oryſons,
To moue the heauens to ſmile vpon my ſtate,
Which well thou knoweſt, is croſſe and full of ſin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you buſie ho? need you my helpe?
Iu. No Madam, we haue culd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoofefull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurſe this night ſit vp with you,
For I am ſure you haue your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
Mo. Good night.
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need.
Exeunt.
Iu. Farewell,

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Iu. Farewell, God knowes when we ſhall meete againe,
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almoſt freezes vp the heate of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurſe, what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmall ſceane I needs muſt act alone.
Come Violl, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it, lie thou there,
What if it be a poyſon which the Frier
Subtilly hath miniſtred to haue me dead,
Leaſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonourd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill bene tried a holy man.
How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me, theres a fearfull poynt:
Shall I not then be ſtiffled in the Vault?
To whoſe foule mouth no healthſome ayre breaths in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Togither with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an auncient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred yeares the bones
Of all my buried aunceſtors are packt,
Where bloudie *Tybalt* yet but greene in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhroude, where as they ſay,
At ſome houres in the night, ſpirits reſort:
Alack, alack, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmels,
And ſhrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them run mad:
O if I walke, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Inuironed with all theſe hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?

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And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhrowde,
And in this rage with ſome great kinſmans bone,
As with a club daſh out my deſprate braines.
O looke, me thinks I ſee my Cozins Ghoſt,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did ſpit his body
Vpon a Rapiers poynt: ſtay *Tybalt*, ſtay?
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the houſe and Nurſe.

La. Hold take theſe keies & fetch more ſpices Nurſe.
Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the Paſtrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond Cock hath crowed.
The Curphew bell hath roong, tis three a clock:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica,*
Spare not for coſt.
Nur. Go you cot-queane go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be ſicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Ca. No not a whit, what I haue watcht ere now,
All night for leſſer cauſe, and nere bene ſicke.
La. I you haue bene a mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurſe

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with ſpits and logs, and Baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke ſir, but I know not what.
Ca. Make haſte, make haſte ſirra, fetch drier logs.
Call *Peter,* he will ſhew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head ſir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Ca. Maſſe and well ſaid, a merrie horſon, ha,
Twou ſhalt be loggerhead, good father tis day.

Play Muſicke.

The Countie will be here with muſicke ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would, I heare him neare.
Nurſe, wife, what ho, what Nurſe I ſay?

Enter

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Enter Nurſe.

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haſte,
Make haſt, the bridgroome, he is come already, make haſt I ſay.
Nur. Miſtris, what miſtris, *Iuliet*, faſt I warrant her ſhe,
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you ſluggabed,
Why Loue I ſay, Madam, ſweete heart, why Bride:
What not a word, you take your penniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath ſet vp his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little, God forgiue me.
Marrie and Amen: how ſound is ſhe a ſleepe:
I needs muſt wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I muſt needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead.
Oh wereaday that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord my Lady.
Mo. What noiſe is here?
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day!
Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life.
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For ſhame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. Shees dead: deceaſt, ſhees dead, alack the day.
M. Alack the day, ſhees dead, ſhees dead, ſhees dead.
Fa. Hah let me ſee her, out alas ſhees cold,
Her bloud is ſetled, and her ioynts are ſtiffe:
Life and theſe lips haue long bene ſeparated
Death lies on her like an vntimely froſt,
Vpon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.

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Nur. O lamentable day!
Mo. O wofull time!
Fa. Death that hath tane her hēce to make me waile
Ties vp my tongue and will not let me ſpeake.
Enter Frier and the Countie.
Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Fa. Ready to go but neuer to returne.
O ſonne, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflowred by him,
Death is my ſonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.
Par. Haue I thought loue to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it giue me ſuch a ſight as this?
Mo. Accurſt, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Moſt miſerable houre that ere time ſaw,
In laſting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,
But one thing to reioyce and ſolace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my ſight.
Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Moſt lamentable day, moſt wofull day
That euer, euer, I did yet bedold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was ſeene ſo blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.
Par. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlaine,
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell, thee quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.
Fat. Deſpiſde, diſtreſſed, hated, martird, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camſt thou now,
To murther, murther, our ſolemnitie?
O childe, O childe, my ſoule and not my childe,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace

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Fri. Peace ho for ſhame, confuſions care liues not,
In theſe confuſions heauen and your ſelfe
Had part in this faire maide, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life,
The moſt you ſought was her promotion,
For twas your heauen ſhe ſhould be aduanſt,
And weepe ye now, ſeeing ſhe is aduanſt
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as heauen it ſelfe.
O in this loue, you loue your child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:
Shees not well married, that liues married long,
But ſhees beſt married, that dies married young.
Drie vp your teares, and ſtick your Roſemarie
On this faire Coarſe, and as the cuſtome is,
And in her beſt array beare her to Church:
For though ſome nature bids vs all lament,
Yet natures teares are reaſons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained feſtiuall,
Turne from their office to black Funerall:
Our inſtruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheare to a ſad buriall feaſt:
Our ſolemne himnes to ſullen dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers ſerue for a buried Coarſe:
And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam go with him,
And go ſir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarſe vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you for ſome ill:
Moue them no more, by croſſing their high wil.

Exeunt manet.

Muſi. Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honeſt goodfellowes, ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull caſe.

Fid. I my my troath, the caſe may be amended.

Exit omnes.

 Enter

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Enter Will Kemp.

Peter. Muſitions, oh Muſitions, harts eaſe, harts eaſe,
O, and you will haue me liue, play harts eaſe.
Fidler. Why harts eaſe?
Peter. O Muſitions, becauſe my hart it ſelfe plaies my hart is full:
O play me ſome merie dump to comfort me.
Minſtrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.
Peter. You will not then?
Minſt. No.
Peter. I will then giue it you ſoundly.
Minſt. What will you giue vs?
Peter. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minſtrell.
Minſtrel. Then will I giue you the Seruing-creature.
Peter. Then will I lay the ſeruing-creatures dagger on your pate.
I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, Ile fa
You, do you note me?
Minſt. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.
2. *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit.
Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my yron dagger.
Anſwere me like men.
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then muſique with her ſiluer ſound.
Why ſiluer ſound, why muſique, with her ſiluer ſound, what ſay you Simon Catling?
Minſt. Mary ſir, becauſe ſiluer hath a ſweet ſound.
Peter. Prates, what ſay you Hugh Rebick?
2. *M.* I ſay ſiluer ſound, becauſe Muſitions ſound for ſiluer.
Peter. Prates to, what ſay you Iames ſound poſt?
3. *M.* Faith I know not what to ſay.
Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the ſinger.
I will ſay for you, it is muſique with her ſiluer ſound,
Becauſe Muſitions haue no gold for ſounding:
Then Muſique with her ſiluer ſound with ſpeedy help doth lend redreſſe.

Exit.

Minſt.

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Min. What a peſtilent knaue is this ſame?

M. 2. Hang him Iack, come weele in here, tarrie for the mourners, and ſtay dinner.

Exit.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleepe,
My dreames preſage ſome ioyfull newes at hand,
My boſomes L. ſits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccuſtomd ſpirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with chearfull thoughts,
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that giues a deadman leaue to thinke,
And Breathd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how ſweete is loue it ſelfe poſſeſt
When but loues ſhadowes are ſo rich in ioy.

Enter Romeos man.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*,
Doſt thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady, is my Father well:
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill if ſhe be well.

Man. Then ſhe is well and nothing can be ill,
Her body ſleepes in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues.
I ſaw her laid lowe in her kindreds vault,
And preſently tooke poſte to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office ſir.

Rom. Is it in ſo? then I denie you ſtarres.
Thou knoweſt my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire poſt horſes, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beſeech you ſir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and do import
Some miſaduenture.

Ro. Tuſh thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

Haſt

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Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
Man. No my good Lord.
Exit.
Ro. No matter get thee gone,
And hyre thoſe horſes, Ile be with thee ſtraight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets ſee for meanes, O miſchiefe thou art ſwift,
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men.
I do remember an Appothacarie,
And here abouts a dwells which late I noted,
In tattred weeds with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of ſimples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miſerie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie ſhop a tortoyes hung,
An allegater ſtuft, and other skins
Of ill ſhapte fiſhes, and about his ſhelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and muſtie ſeedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcattered, to make vp a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to my ſelfe I ſaid,
An if a man did need a poyſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Catiffe wretch would ſell it him.
O this ſame thought did but forerun my need,
And this ſame needie man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember this ſhould be the houſe,
Being holy day, the beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho Appothecarie.
Appo. Who calls ſo lowd
Kom. Come hither man, I ſee that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyſon, ſuch ſoone ſpeeding geare,
As will diſpearſe it ſelfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be diſchargd of breath,
As violently, as haſtie powder fierd

Doth

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Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.
Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* lawe
Is death to any he that vtters them.
Ro. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſſe,
And feareſt to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppreſſion ſtarueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggerie hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affoords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.
Poti. My pouertie, but not my will conſents.
Ro. I pray thy pouertie and not thy will.
Poti. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twentie men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.
Ro. There is thy Gold, worſe poyſon to mens ſoules,
Doing more murther in this loathſome world,
Then theſe poore cõpounds that thou maieſt not ſell,
I ſell thee poyſon, thou haſt ſold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy ſelfe in fleſh.
Come Cordiall and not poyſon, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there muſt I vſe thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn *to Frier* Lawrence.

Ioh. Holy *Franciſcan* Frier, brother, ho.

Enter Lawrence.

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*,
Welcome from *Mantua*, what ſayes *Romeo*?
Or if his minde be writ, giue me his Letter.
Ioh. Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to aſſotiate me,
Here in this Citie viſiting the ſicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe,
Where the infectious peſtilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.

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Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo ?*
Iohn. I could not ſend it, here it is againe,
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.
Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my Brotherhood,
The Letter was not nice but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it ſtraight
Vnto my Cell.
Iohn. Brother ile go and bring it thee. (*Exit.*
Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beſhrewe me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua,*
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarſe, cloſde in a dead mans Tombe.
Exit.

Enter Paris *and his Page.*

Par. Giue me thy Torch boy, hence and ſtand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare cloſe to the hollow ground,
So ſhall no foote vpon the Church-yard tread,
Being looſe, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou ſhalt heare it, whiſtle then to me
As ſignall that thou heareſt ſome thing approach,
Giue me thoſe flowers, do as I bid thee, go.
Pa. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone,
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will aduenture.
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I ſtrew
O woe, thy Canapie is duſt and ſtones,
Which with ſweete water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares diſtild by mones,
The obſequies that I for thee will keepe:

Nightly

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Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy graue and weepe.

Whiſtle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, ſomething doth approach,
What curſed foote wanders this way to night,
To croſſe my obſequies and true loues right?
What with a Torch? muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Peter.

Ro. Giue me that mattocke and the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou heareſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I muſt vſe,
In deare imployment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous doſt returne to prie
In what I farther ſhall intend to doo,
By heauen I will teare thee Ioynt by Ioynt,
And ſtrew this hungry Church-yard with thy lims:
The time and my intents are ſauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring ſea.

Pet. I will be gone ſir, and not trouble ye.

Ro. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhid, take thou that,
Liue and be proſperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this ſame, ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Ro. Thou deteſtable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in deſpight ile cram thee with more foode.

Pa. This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my loues Cozin, with which greefe

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It is ſuppoſed the faire creature died,
And here is come to do ſome villainous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth tempt not a deſprate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee youth,
Put not an other ſin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, ô be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my ſelfe,
For I come hither armde againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not, begone, liue, and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.
O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Par. O I am ſlaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*,
Rom. In faith I will, let me peruſe this face,
Mercutios kinſman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould haue married *Iuliet*.
Said he not ſo? or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was ſo? O giue me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſowre misfortunes booke,
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue, O no. A Lanthorne ſlaughtred youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her bewtie makes
This Vault a feaſting preſence full of light.

Death

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Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they bene merie? which their keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,
Death that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewtie:
Thou art not conquerd, bewties enſigne yet
Is crymſon in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt lyeſt thou there in thy bloudie ſheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To ſunder his that was thine enemie?
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*
Why art thou yet ſo faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue that vnſubſtantiall death is amorous,
And that the leane abhorred monſter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his parramour?
For feare of that I ſtill will ſtaie with thee,
And neuer from this pallat of dym night.
Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumbleſt in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.
Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here
Will I ſet vp my euerlaſting reſt:
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtarres,
From this world wearied fleſh, eyes looke your laſt:
Armes take your laſt embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, ſeale with a righteous kiſſe
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingroſſing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnſauoury guide,
Thou deſperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing Rocks, thy ſeaſick weary barke:
Heeres to my Loue. O true Appothecary:
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.

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Entrer Frier with Lanthorne, Crowe, and Spade.

Frier. S. Frances be my ſpeede, how oft to night
Haue my old feet ſtumbled at graues? Whoes there?
Man. Heeres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Frier. Bliſſe be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſſe ſculles: as I diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.
Man. It doth ſo holy ſir, and theres my maiſter, one that you (loue.
Frier. Who is it?
Man. Romeo.
Frier. How long hath he bin there?
Man. Full halfe an houre.
Frier. Go with me to the Vault.
Man. I dare not ſir.
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death
If I did ſtay to looke on his entents.
Frier. Stay then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare ſome ill vnthriftie thing.
Man. As I did ſleepe vnder this yong tree heere,
I dreampt my maiſter and another fought,
And that my maiſter ſlew him.
Frier. Romeo.
Alack alack, what bloud is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane theſe maiſterleſſe and goarie ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale! who elſe, what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in bloud? ah what an vnkind hower
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirres.
Iuli. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?
Frier. I heare ſome noyſe Lady, come from that neſt

Of

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Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall ſleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
Thy huſband in thy boſome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too, come ile diſpoſe of thee,
Among a Siſterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming,
Come go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer ſtay.

Exit.

Iuli. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
Whats heere? a cup cloſd in my true loues hand?
Poiſon I ſee hath bin his timeleſſe end:
O churle, drunke all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after, I will kiſſe thy lips,
Happlie ſome poyſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a reſtoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Læade boy, which way.

Iuli. Yea noiſe? then ile be briefe. O happy dagger
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me dye.

Watch boy. This is the place there where the torch doth burne.

Watch. The ground is bloudie, ſearch about the Churchyard.
Go ſome of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull ſight, heere lies the Countie ſlaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newlie dead:
Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe vp the *Mountagues*, ſome others ſearch,
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lye,
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter Romeos man.

Watch. Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churchyard.

Chief. watch. Hold him in ſafetie till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. *Watch.* Here is a Frier that trembles, ſighes, and weepes,

We

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We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yards ſide.
Chief watch. A great ſuſpition, ſtay the Frier too too.
Enter the Prince.
Prin. What miſaduenture is ſo early vp,
That calls our perſon from our morning reſt?
Enter Capels.
Ca. What ſhould it be that is ſo ſhrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the ſtreet crie *Romeo,*
Some *Iuliet,* and ſome *Paris,* and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
Pr. What feare is this which ſtartles in your eares?
Watch. Soueraine, here lies the County *Paris* ſlain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kild. (comes.
Prin. Search, ſeeke & know how this foule murder
Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter *Romeos* man,
With Inſtruments vpon them, fit to open
Theſe dead mens Tombes.
Enter Capulet and his wife.
Ca. O heauens! O wife looke how our daughter
This dagger hath miſtane, for loe his houſe (bleeds!
Is emptie on the back of *Mountague,*
And it misſheathd in my daughters boſome.
Wife. O me, this ſight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a ſepulcher.
Enter Mountague.
Prin. Come *Mountague,* for thou art early vp
To ſee thy ſonne and heire, now earling downe.
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my ſonnes exile hath ſtopt her breath.
What further woe conſpires againſt mine age?
Prin. Looke and thou ſhalt ſee.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what maners is in this,
To preſſe before thy father to a graue?
Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare theſe ambiguities,

And

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And know their ſpring, their head, their true diſcent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And leade you euen to death, meane time forbeare,
And let miſchance be ſlaue to patience,
Bring foorth the parties of ſuſpition.
Frier. I am the greateſt able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected as the time and place
Doth make againſt me of this direfull murther:
And heere I ſtand both to impeach and purge
My ſelfe condemned, and my ſelfe excuſde.
Prin. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this?
Frier. I will be briefe, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And ſhe there dead, thats *Romeos* faithfull wife:
I married them, and their ſtolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomeſday, whoſe vntimely death
Baniſht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie,
For whome, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pinde.
You to remoue that ſiege of griefe from her
Betrothd and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deuiſe ſome meane
To rid her from this ſecond mariage:
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe.
Then gaue I her (ſo tuterd by my art)
A ſleeping potion, which ſo tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he ſhould hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, Frier *Iohn*,
Was ſtayed by accident, and yeſternight
Returnd my letter back, then all alone
At the prefixed hower of her waking,

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Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keepe her cloſely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could ſend to *Romeo.*
But when I came, ſome minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here vntimely lay,
The Noble *Paris,* and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
And beare this worke of heauen with patience:
But then a noyſe did ſcare me from the Tombe,
And ſhe too deſperate would not go with me.
But as it ſeemes, did violence on her ſelfe.
Al this I know, & to the marriage her Nurſe is priuie:
And if ought in this miſcaried by my fault,
Let my old life be facrific'd ſome houre before his time,
Vnto the rigour of ſeuereſt law.

Prin. We ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Wheres *Romeos* man? what can he ſay to this?

Balth. I brought my maiſter newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in poſte he came from *Mantua,*
To this ſame place. To this ſame monument
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that raiſd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your maiſter in this place?

Boy. He came with flowers to ſtrew his Ladies graue,
And bid me ſtand aloofe, and ſo I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my maiſter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their courſe of Loue, the tidings of her death,
And here he writes, that he did buy a poyſon
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall,
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with *Iuliet.*
Where be theſe enemies? *Capulet. Mountagu?*

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See what a ſcourge is laide vpon your hate?
That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,
And I for winking at your diſcords too,
Haue loſt a brace of kinſmen, all are puniſht.
Cap. O brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demaund.
Moun. But I can giue thee more,
For I will raie her ſtatue in pure gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There ſhall no figure at ſuch rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet.*
Capel. As rich ſhall *Romeos* by his Ladies lie,
Poore ſacrifices of our enmitie.
Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for ſorrow will not ſhew his head:
Go hence to haue more talke of theſe ſad things,
Some ſhall be pardoned, and ſome puniſhed.
For neuer was a Storie of more wo,
Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo.*

FINIS.

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OP

New Shakspere Society.

SERIES II. 4.

Plays.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Revised Edition of the Second, or 1599, Quarto.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR

The New Shakspere Society

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,

LONDON, E.C., 1875.

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The following Publications of the *New Shakspere Society*

HAVE BEEN ISSUED FOR 1874:

Series I. *Transactions:* The New Shakspere Society's Transactions, Part I, containing four Papers by the Rev. F. G. Fleay, M.A., with Reports of the Discussions on them, a Table of the Quarto Editions of Shakspere's Works, 1593-1630, and a print of the genuine Parts of *Timon* and *Pericles;* with an Appendix containing, 1. Mr James Spedding's Paper on the several shares of SHAKSPERE and FLETCHER in *Henry VIII*, with the late Mr S. Hickson's, Mr Fleay's, and Mr Furnivall's independent confirmations of Mr Spedding's results. 2. The late Mr S. Hickson's Paper on the several shares of SHAKSPERE and FLETCHER (when young) in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, with Mr Fleay's and Mr Furnivall's Notes, and Tables of Metrical Tests, confirming Mr Hickson's results.

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2, 3. The First two Quartos of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597 and 1599: simple Reprints, edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.

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Dr Ingleby presented to every Member of the Society who had paid his Subscription by Nov. 7, 1874, a copy of his Still Lion, *an attempt to establish a Science of Criticism of Shakspere's Text.*

The following Publications of the *New Shakspere Society* are in the Press:

Series I. *Transactions.* Part II. Containing Papers by Mr Hales, Mr Fleay, Mr Simpson, and Professor Ingram, with Reports of the Discussions on them.

Series II. *Plays:* 4. A revised Edition of the second, or 1599, Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet*, collated with the other Quartos and the Folios; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.

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Series III. *Originals and Analogues.* Part I. *a.* The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell,[1] and nowe in Englishe by Ar[thur] Br[ooke], 1562; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq. *b.* The goodly hystory of the true and constant loue between Rhomeo and Julietta; from Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.

Series VI. *Shakspere's England.* William Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577, 1587, edited from its two versions by Fredk. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.

Series II. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspere and Fletcher; *a.* A Reprint of the Quarto of 1636; *b.* a revised Edition, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index of all the words, distinguishing Shakspere's from Fletcher's, by Harold Littledale, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin.

Cymbeline: a. A Reprint of the Folio of 1623; *b.* a revised Edition with Introduction and Notes, by W. J. Craig, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Dublin.

The following works have been suggested for publication:—

1. Parallel Texts of the imperfect sketches of *b.* Hamlet, and its Quarto 2 (with the Folio and a revised Text); *c.* Merry Wives of Windsor, and Folio 1; *d.* The Contention, and Henry VI, Part 2, in F1; The True Tragedy, and Henry VI, Part 3, in F1.

[1] The original Italian story by Luigi da Porto, 1530, with a Translation, &c., by Prof. G. Pace-Sanfelice, can be had at Glaisher's, 265, High-Holborn, for 1*s.*; the facsimile Quarto of *Much Adoe*, 1600, for 1*s.*, and Booth's reprint of the Folio for 12*s.* 6*d.*

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

REVISED EDITION OF THE SECOND, OR 1599, QUARTO.

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Romeo and Juliet.

REVISED EDITION OF THE SECOND, OR 1599, QUARTO.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR

The New Shakspere Society

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,

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Series II. No. 4.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE text of this edition of 'Romeo and Juliet' is, as it professes to be, revised on that of Q2, 1599. The punctuation, which in the original is extremely confused and confusing, has been carefully regulated throughout; the lines metrically arranged and numbered, separately for each scene; passages of verse printed as prose in the original, and passages of prose printed as verse, have been restored to their proper form; corruptions of the text, which are very numerous in this play, have to the best of my ability been remedied on the authority, such as it is, of the other old editions. Where they fail, the ingenuity and learning of the several commentators and editors have been called in aid, and as a last resource I have myself attempted in some few instances to correct the errors of the original. All alterations of the text, however trifling, or however certainly restorations, have been recorded; but as no rule is without an exception, I must add that I have not always noted the alterations or additions made to the 'stage directions'. Where what I considered an improvement in this respect has been found in any of the old editions, I have given them the preference; but in many cases I have adopted silently so much of my predecessors' work as seemed to me desirable and to be justified by the text. Also, in some few instances, where words in the original are printed in an abbreviated form, as *mā* for *man*, *thē* for *them* or *then*, *gētle* for *gentle*, etc., I have given the word in full, without note.

All *additions* to the text, from whatever source, are enclosed in the text in brackets [ ], and are of course also recorded in the Notes; but for *corrections* of the text the reader must turn to the Notes only: it was not possible to mark them without greatly disfiguring the text itself and distracting the reader's attention at every step by signs and marks referring to notes which when found, in nine cases out of ten, turn out to be of no importance. Reference to or from the Notes will be found perfectly easy by means of the numbered lines.

As a guide in metrical pronunciation I have adopted what appears to have been the rule of Shakespeare and his contemporaries: errors excepted, the 'e,' whether it be an essential part of the verb, as in *loved*, or merely a part of its inflection, as in *angered*, is always, when not to be pronounced, either simply ejected, or ejected and its place marked with an apostrophe, or it is transposed to the end of the word: thus *lovd*, *lov'd* or *lov'e*, *angerd*, *anger'd* or *angerde* are all usual forms and indifferently used to mark the metrical pronunciation, and I have accordingly conformed to this practice throughout, generally finding where it had been

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neglected in Q2, the means of correction either in (Q1) or in some one of the later quartos or the folios.

In no other cases, where the sense of the passage was not obscured, have I interfered with the orthography of my original, however uncouth to our modern eyes the spelling of words in many instances must appear. Neither have I deemed it any part of my duty to reduce to an uniform system the printing of compound words: in the original they are sometimes printed with the hyphen, as *neighbour-stayned;* sometimes as one word, as *alcheering;* and sometimes as separate words, as *saint seducing.* The pleasant variety, or, as some may think, the barbarous irregularity, of the printers of Q2 has been religiously respected by me; and the very few cases in which I have ventured to differ from them I have been careful to record. To me this variety is very pleasant as a relic of the most glorious period of our literature; yet I must admit that my experience in preparing this work for the press has convinced me of the wisdom of the reasoning of the Cambridge Editors when deciding on 'modern' spelling for their invaluable edition. "What is called 'modern' spelling is, in fact, not so much an alteration of the old spelling as a reduction to uniformity, which obviates numberless misinterpretations", and I think that some uniform system of spelling must be adopted for any really critical work. At the same time I am of opinion that that standard of orthography should be sought for in Shakespeare himself: the Cambridge Editors themselves have made one step in that direction in retaining the ''ld' as an abbreviation for 'would'; the modern form ''d' being used indifferently as an abbreviation of 'would' and 'had'. Other restorations as valuable as this might no doubt be made, to the great improvement of our 'modern' system; but we must first familiarize ourselves with the orthography of the original editions, and as a means to that end the revised texts proposed by the New Shakspere Society should be most valuable.

The original editions as a rule are not readable; in them sense and metre are often obscured and sometimes altogether lost by the grossest blunders of arrangement and punctuation, and they are infested with corruptions, many of which have been certainly cured by the labour and devotion of generations of editors and commentators. With these acknowledged sins of the old printers "burnt and purg'd away" the reader of our revised texts should have but little difficulty in making the acquaintance of Shakespeare in his habit as he lived, and with this acquaintance will also come a clearer appreciation of the difficulties which still beset the text, and perhaps in some cases the long-desired solution of them; for we are yet far from having reached that point in textual perfection at which nothing remains but to rest and be thankful.

The position of our text, in the first instance, is that of a careless copy of the play, revised and altered in many places by its author, but having those revisions and alterations again corrupted by the printer.[1] The first and most important source to which the editor must look for assistance in his endeavour to remedy these corruptions is found in a previous edition of the play (Q1), which, though it

[1] For evidence of the truth of this statement and of the character of Q1 as given in the following paragraph, I must refer the reader to the Parallel-texts edition of the play, and to my notes at the end of this revised text.

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presents merely a garbled and imperfect rendering of its original, is yet invaluable as a check on its more complete follower, from the fact of its being derived from the same source; then from our text itself (Q2) proceeds a series of quarto and folio editions in all of which some corrections may be found together with additional corruptions. These are what may be called the original materials with which the editor has to deal, and then follow the results of the labours of the known editors and commentators, founded necessarily on conjecture. At every step the judgment of the editor is called into play, in selecting, combining, and correcting: nor can he lay down, in the case of this play, any fixed rules for his guidance in the work. In ordinary cases where a poet had distinctly revised and altered his original conception, the editor who should restore the first reading, however preferable, would clearly exceed the limits of his function; but in this case many evidently revised passages are also as evidently corrupted by the printer, and it is absolutely necessary to go back to the earlier draft in order to piece out a probable restoration of the intended lines. In some instances this has proved too difficult a task for many editors, and they have cut the gordian knot by the simple process of rejecting the revisions altogether, and restoring bodily the original draft,—see, for instance, note on lines 177-181 Act III. Sc. 5. This plan, however, of escaping from a difficulty cannot be justified, though in some cases the greatness of the difficulty may serve as an excuse; an evident revision cannot be altogether ignored; and I should think it a safer course to allow the corrupted revision to stand in all its enormity, until the time came and the man who could supply the remedy.

On the other hand, our respect for the last will of the author must not blind us to the importance of making the utmost possible use of the first draft in cases of corrupted revision, even to the extent of restoring the whole of the first draft when this can be done with due respect to the revision itself, for we have clear proof occasionally that words and lines were struck out, not by the author, but by the printer. Take, for instance, as an indisputable case, the lines restored by Malone, 41, 42, Act II. Sc. 2:

> Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part
> Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

In (Q1) we find only the first line, as here given; the words of the second line are first given in Q2; but see how the printer of Q2 mutilates the first and corrupts the second:—

> Nor arme, nor face, ô be some other name
> Belonging to a man.

Again, in Act I. Sc. 4, lines 7 and 8 are omitted in Q2—

> Nor no without-booke Prologue, faintly spoke
> After the Prompter, for our entrance.—

and it is not possible to suppose that these lines were struck out by the author. Knowing therefore how the printer has mutilated his 'copy', it becomes the duty of an editor to restore all such omitted lines as do not interfere with the harmony of the revised edition. At the worst, if some line rejected by Shakespeare should be recalled to the text, we may be sure to find sufficient beauty in it to make us thankful for its preservation. But after all is said and done, and that the editor

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has bestowed his utmost care and made use of all his ability in accomplishing his task, he must rise at its completion with a deep sense of his powerlessness to right all the wrong he has past in review, and a profound regret that the Author himself did not think fit to set forth and oversee his own writings. And with this feeling I leave the reader to enjoy what he has left us : thankful, on the one hand, for what we have ; sorry, on the other, that we have it not in a more complete form.

My best thanks are due to the Rev. F. G. Fleay, M.A., for his valuable and valued assistance and advice throughout this work ; to Dr Brinsley Nicholson for much friendly criticism, whereby I have been saved from some errors into which I was like to have fallen ; and to Mr F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Director of the Society, for criticism, sympathy, and encouragement from the commencement of my task.

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THE

Most Excellent and Lamentable Tragedie

OF

ROMEO AND JULIET.

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Newly Revised and Corrected on the first complete edition, that of 1599, Qº. 2.

BY

P. A. DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR

The New Shakspere Society

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,

LONDON, E.C., 1875.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESKALES, Prince of Verona.
PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.
MOUNTAGUE, CAPULET, } Heads of two houses at variance with each other.
An old man, of the Capulet Family.
ROMEO, son to Mountague.
MERCUTIO, kinsman to the Prince, BENUOLIO, nephew to Mountague, } friends to Romeo.
TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.
Friar LAWRENCE, a Franciscan.
Friar JOHN, of the same Order.
BALTHAZER, servant to Romeo.
ABRAM, servant to Mountague.
SAMPSON, GREGORIE, } Servants to Capulet.
Other servants to Capulet.
PETER, servant to Juliet's Nurse.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Three Watchmen.
Page to Paris.
Citizen.
LADY MOUNTAGUE, wife to Mountague.
LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.
JULIET, daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.
Kinsfolk and retainers of both houses; citizens of Verona; Peace officers; Guards; Watchmen; Maskers and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: Verona: Mantua.

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The Prologue.

Chorus.

Two houſholds, both alike in dignitie,
In faire Verona, *where we lay our Scene,*
From auncient grudge breake to new mutinie
Where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes
A paire of ſtarre-croſt louers take their life;
Whoſe miſaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes
Doth, with their death, burie their Parents ſtriſe.
The fearfull paſſage of their death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their Parents rage,
Which, but their childrens end, nought could remoue,
Is now the two houres trafficque of our Stage;
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here ſhall miſſe, our toyle ſhall ſtriue to mend.

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THE MOST EX-

cellent and lamentable

Tragedie, of *Romeo* and *Iuliet.*

I. 1. *Enter* Sampſon *and* Gregorie, *of the houſe of* Capulet, *with Swords and Bucklers.*

Samp. Gregorie, on my word, weele not carrie Coales.
Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Collyers.
Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.
Greg. I, while you liue, draw your necke out of collar.
Samp. I ſtrike quickly, being moued.
Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to ſtrike.
Samp. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague* moues me.
Greg. To moue is to ſtirre, and to be valiant is to ſtand: therefore, if thou art moued, thou runſt away.
Samp. A dog of that houſe ſhall moue me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mountagues.*
Greg. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlaue; for the weakeſt goes to the wall.
Samp. Tis true; & therfore women, being the weaker veſſels, are euer thruſt to the wall: therfore I wil puſh *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thruſt his maides to the wall.
Greg. The quarell is betweene our maiſters, and vs their men.
Samp. Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelfe a tyrant: when I haue fought with the men, I will be ciuil with the maides; I will cut off their heads.

Greg. The

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Greg. The heads of the maids?

Samp. I, the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads; take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe, that feele it.

Samp. Me they ſhall feele while I am able to stand: and tis knowne I am a pretie peece of fleſh.

Greg. Tis well thou art not fiſh; if thou hadſt, thou hadſt bin poore Iohn. Draw thy toole; here comes two of the houſe of *Mountagues*.

Enter Abram *and another, ſeruing men of the Mountagues.*

Samp. My naked weapon is out; quarell, I will back thee.

Greg. How? turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No, marrie; I feare thee!

Samp. Let vs take the law of our ſides; let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I paſſe by; and let them take it as they liſt.

Samp. Nay, as they dare. I wil bite my thumb at them; which is diſgrace to them, if they beare it.

Abram. Do you bite your thumbe at vs, ſir?

Samp. I do bite my thumbe, ſir.

Abram. Do you bite your thumb at vs, ſir?

Samp. [*Aſide to Greg.*] Is the law of our ſide, if I ſay 'I'?

Greg. No.

Samp. No, ſir, I do not bite my thumbe at you, ſir; but I bite my thumbe, ſir.

Greg. Do you quarell, ſir?

Abram. Quarell, ſir? no, ſir.

Samp. But if you do, ſir, I am for you; I ſerue as good a man as you.

Abram. No better.

Samp. Well, ſir. [*Enter, at oppoſite ſides,* Benuolio *and* Tibalt.

Greg. [*Aſide to Samp.*] Say 'better:' here comes one of my maiſters kinſmen.

Samp. Yes,

Samp. Yes, better, ſir.

Abram. You lie.

Samp. Draw, if you be men.—*Gregorie,* remember thy ſwaſhing blowe. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fooles! [*Beating down their weapons.*

Put vp your ſwords; you know not what you do.

Tib. What, art thou drawne among theſe hartleſſe hindes? Turne thee, *Benuolio,* looke vpon thy death!

Ben. I do but keepe the peace; put vp thy ſword, Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tib. What, drawne, and talke of peace? I hate the word, As I hate hell, all *Mountagues,* and thee: Haue at thee, coward! [*They fight.*

Enter ſeveral of both houſes who join the fray; then Citizens and Officers, with Clubs and Partiſans. Confuſed cries.

'Clubs, Bils and Partiſons!'—'Strike!'—'Beate them downe!'—'Downe with the Capulets!'—'Downe with the Mountagues!'

Enter, at oppoſite ſides, old Capulet, *in his gowne, with* Lady Capulet, *and old* Mountague *with* Lady Mountague.

Cap. What noyſe is this?—Giue me my long ſword, hoe!

Lady C. A crowch, a crowch! why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword, I ſay!—Old *Mountague* is come, And floriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Mount. Thou villaine, *Capulet!*—Hold me not, let me go.

Lady M. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foote to ſeeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, *with his traine.*

Prince. Rebellious ſubiects, enemies to peace, Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtayned ſteele,— Will they not heare?—What ho! you men,—you beaſts!— That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountaines iſſuing from your veines!

On

On paine of torture, from thoſe bloudie hands
Throw your miſtemperd weapons to the ground,
And heare the ſentence of your moued Prince.—
Three ciuill brawles, bred of an ayrie word,
By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice diſturbd the quiet of our ſtreets,
And made *Veronas* auncient Citizens
Caſt by their graue beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate:
If euer you diſturbe our ſtreets againe,
Your liues ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the reſt depart away:
You, *Capulet*, ſhall go along with me;
And, *Mountague*, come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleaſure in this caſe,
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place
Once more, on paine of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt all but* Mountague, Lady Mountague, *and* Benuolio.

Mount. Who ſet this auncient quarell new abroach?
Speake, Nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the ſeruants of your aduerſarie,
And yours, cloſe fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the inſtant came
The fierie *Tybalt*, with his ſword preparde;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He ſwoong about his head, and cut the windes,
Who, nothing hurt withall, hiſt him in ſcorne:
While we were enterchaunging thruſts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Lady M. O, where is *Romeo?*—ſaw you him to day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an houre before the worſhipt Sun
Peerde forth the golden window of the Eaſt,

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A troubled minde draue me to walke abroad;
Where,—vnderneath the groue of Sycamour,
That Weſtward rooteth from the Citie's ſide,—
So early walking did I ſee your ſonne:
Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,
And ſtole into the couert of the wood:
I, meaſuring his affections by my owne,—
Which then moſt ſought where moſt might not be found,
Being one too many by my wearie ſelfe,—
Purſued my humor, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunn'd who gladly fled from me.
Mount. Many a morning hath he there bin ſeene,
With teares augmenting the freſh mornings deawe,
Adding to cloudes, more clowdes, with his deepe ſighes:
But all ſo ſoone as the alcheering Sunne
Should in the fartheſt Eaſt begin to draw
The ſhadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light ſteales home my heauie ſonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himſelfe;
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
And makes himſelfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portentous muſt this humor proue,
Vnleſſe good counſell may the cauſe remoue.
Ben. My Noble Vncle, do you know the cauſe?
Mount. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?
Mount. Both by my ſelfe and many other friends:
But he, his owne affections counſeller,
Is to himſelfe—I will not ſay how true—
But to himſelfe ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So farre from ſounding and diſcouerie,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his bewtie to the ſun.
Could we but learne from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

Enter

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Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes: ſo pleaſe you ſtep aſide,
152 Ile know his greeuance, or be much denide.
Mount. I would thou wert ſo happie by thy ſtay,
To heare true ſhrift.—Come, Madam, lets away.
[*Exeunt* Mount. *and* Lady M.
Ben. Good morrow, Couſin.
Rom. Is the day ſo young?
156 *Ben.* But new ſtrooke nine.
Rom. Ay me! ſad houres ſeeme long.
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was. What ſadneſſe lengthens *Romeos* houres?
Rom. Not hauing that, which, hauing, makes them ſhort.
160 *Ben.* In loue?
Rom. Out—
Ben. Of loue?
Rom. Out of her fauour, where I am in loue.
164 *Ben.* Alas, that loue, ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tirannous and rough in proofe!
Rom. Alas, that loue, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should, without eyes, ſee pathwaies to his will!
168 Where ſhall we dine?—ô me!—what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to do with hate, but more with loue.—
Why then, ô brawling loue! ô louing hate!
172 O any thing, of nothing firſt create!
O heauie lightneſſe! ſerious vanitie!
Miſhapen Chaos of welſeeming formes!
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fier, ſicke health!
176 Still waking ſleepe, that is not what it is!—
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No, Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good hart, at what?
Ben. At thy good harts oppreſſion.
Rom. Why,

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Rom. Why, ſuch is loues tranſgreſſion.
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breaſt,
Which thou wilt propagate, to haue it preaſt
With more of thine: this loue, that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne.
Loue is a ſmoke made with the fume of ſighes;
Being purgd, a fire ſparkling in louers eies;
Being vext, a ſea nouriſht with louing teares:
What is it elſe? a madneſſe moſt diſcreete,
A choking gall, and a preſeruing ſweete.
Farewell, my Coze.
Ben. Soft, I will go along:
And if you leaue me ſo, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I haue left my ſelfe; I am not here;
This is not *Romeo*, hees ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſſe: who is't that you loue?
Rom. What, ſhall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone! why, no;
But ſadly tell me:—who?
Rom. Bid a ſicke man in ſadneſſe make his will:—
A, word ill vrgd to one that is ſo ill!—
In ſadneſſe, Cozin, I do loue a woman.
Ben. I aymde ſo neare, when I ſuppoſde you lou'd.
Rom. A right good mark-man!—And ſhees faire I loue.
Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is ſooneſt hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit, you miſſe: ſheel not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow; ſhe hath *Dians* wit,
And, in ſtrong proofe of chaſtitie well armd,
From loues weak childiſh bow ſhe liues vnharmd.
Shee will not ſtay the ſiege of louing tearmes,
Nor bide th'incounter of aſſailing eies,
Nor ope her lap to ſainct ſeducing gold:
O, ſhe is rich in bewtie! onely poore,
That, when ſhe dies, with bewtie dies her ſtore.
Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe wil ſtil liue chaſte?
Rom. She hath, and in that ſparing makes huge waſte;

For

For bewtie, ſteru'd with her ſeueritie,
Cuts bewtie off from all poſteritie.
216 She is too faire, too wiſe, wiſely too faire,
To merit bliſſe by making me diſpaire:
Shee hath forſworne to loue; and in that vow
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
220 *Ben.* Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I ſhould forget to thinke.
Ben. By giuing libertie vnto thine eyes;
Examine other bewties.
Rom. Tis the way
224 To call hers (exquiſit) in queſtion more:
Theſe happie maskes, that kis faire Ladies browes,
Being black, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is ſtrooken blind, cannot forget
228 The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt:
Shew me a miſtreſſe that is paſſing faire;
What doth her bewtie ſerue, but as a note
Where I may reade, who paſt that paſſing faire?
232 Farewel; thou canſt not teach me to forget.
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

I. 2. *Enter* Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and Seruant.*

Cap. But *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penaltie alike; and tis not hard, I thinke,
For men ſo old as we to keepe the peace.
4 *Par.* Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pittie tis, you liu'd at ods ſo long.
But now, my Lord, what ſay you to my ſute?
Cap. But ſaying ore what I haue ſaid before:
8 My child is yet a ſtraunger in the world;
Shee hath not ſeene the chaunge of fourteen yeares:
Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
12 *Par.* Younger then ſhe are happie mothers made.

Cap. And

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Cap. And too ſoone mard are thoſe ſo early made.
The earth hath ſwallow'd all my hopes but ſhe;
She is the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her, gentle *Paris;* get her hart;
My will, to her conſent, is but a part;
And, ſhee agreed, within her ſcope of choiſe
Lyes my conſent, and faire according voyce.
This night I hold an old accuſtomd feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a gueſt,
Such as I loue; and you, among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome, makes my number more.
At my poore houſe, looke to behold, this night,
Earthtreading ſtarres, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort, as do luſtie youngmen feele
When well appareld Aprill on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, euen ſuch delight
Among freſh female buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe; heare all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall bee:
Such amongſt, view o'er many, mine being one
May ſtand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, go with me.—Go, ſirrah, trudge about
Through faire *Verona;* find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*

Ser. Find them out, whoſe names are written here! It is written that the ſhoo-maker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his laſt, the fiſher with his penfill, & the painter with his nets; but I am ſent to find thoſe perſons, whoſe names are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I muſt to the learned:—In good time.

Enter Benuolio, *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burnes out an others burning,
One paine is leſſn'd by an others anguiſh;

Turne

Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning;
One deſperate greefe cures with an others languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the rancke poyſon of the old will dye.
Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken ſhin.
Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in priſon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and—Godden, good fellow.
Ser. Godgigoden. I pray, ſir, can you read?
Rom. I, mine owne fortune in my miſerie.
Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke: but, I pray, can you read any thing you ſee?
Rom. I, if I know the letters and the language.
Ser. Yee ſay honeſtly. Reſt you merrie!
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.
He reades the Letter.
'*Signeur* Martino, *& his wife, and daughters:*
Countie Anſelmo, *and his bewtious ſiſters:*
The Lady widdow of Vitruuio:
Seigneur Placentio, *and his louely Neeces*:
Mercutio, *and his brother* Valentine:
Mine Vncle Capulet, *his wife, and daughters:*
My faire Neece Roſaline, [and] Liuia:
Seigneur Valentio, *and his Coſen* Tybalt:
Lucio, *and the liuely* Hellena.'
A faire aſſemblie: whither ſhould they come?
Ser. Vp.
Rom. Whither?
Ser. To ſupper; to our houſe.
Rom. Whoſe houſe?
Ser. My Maiſters.
Rom. Indeed, I ſhould haue askt you that before.
Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maiſter is the great rich

rich *Capulet;* and if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues,* I pray, come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merrie! [*Exit.*

Ben. At this ſame auncient feaſt of *Capulets*
Sups the faire *Roſaline,* whom thou ſo loues,
With all the admired beauties of *Verona:*
Go thither, and with vnattainted eye
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee thinke thy ſwan a crow.

Rom. When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fiers!
And theſe,—who, often drownde, could neuer die,—
Tranſparent Hereticques, be burnt for liers!
One fairer then my loue! the all ſeeing Sun
Nere ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut, tut! you ſaw her faire, none elſe being by,
Her ſelfe poyſd with her ſelfe in either eye:
But in that Chriſtall ſcales let there be waide
Your Ladie-loue againſt ſome other maide
That I will ſhew you, ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well, that now ſhewes beſt.

Rom. Ile go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhowne,
But to reioyce in ſplendor of mine owne.

[*Exeunt.*

I. 3.

Enter Lady Capulet *and* Nurſe.

Lady C. Nurſe, wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurſe. *Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelue yeare old,—*
I bad her come.—What, Lamb! what, Ladie-bird!—
God forbid!—Wheres this Girle?—What, Iuliet!

Enter Iuliet.

Iul. How now, who calls?
Nurſe. *Your mother.*
Iul. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?
Lady C. This is the matter:—Nurſe, giue leaue a while,

We

We muſt talk in ſecret.—Nurſe, come backe againe;
I haue remembred mee, thou'ſe heare our counſel.
Thou know'ſt my daughters of a pretie age.
Nurſe. *Faith, I can tell her age vnto an houre.*
Lady C. Shee's not fourteene.
Nurſe. *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth,—*
And yet, to my teene be it ſpoken, I haue but foure,—
Shees not fourteene. How long is it now
To Lammas tide?
Lady C. A fortnight and odde dayes.
Nurſe. *Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare,*
Come Lammas *Eue at night, ſhal ſhe be fourteen.*
Suſan *and ſhe,—God reſt all Chriſtian ſoules!—*
Were of an age. Well, Suſan *is with God;*
She was too good for me.—But, as I ſaid,
On Lammas *Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene;*
That ſhall ſhee, marrie; I remember it well.
Tis ſince the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares;
And ſhe was weaned,—I neuer ſhall forget it,—
Of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day:
For I had then laide worme-wood to my dug,
Sitting in the ſun vnder the Doue-houſe wall;
My Lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I doo beare a braine.—But, as I ſaid,
When it did taſte the worme-wood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter,—Pretie foole!
To ſee it teachie, and fall out wi'th' Dugge!
Shake, quoth the Doue-houſe: twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And ſince that time it is eleuen yeares:
For then ſhe could ſtand hylone; nay, byth roode,
She could haue run and wadled all about:
For euen the day before, ſhe broke her brow;
And then my husband—God be with his ſoule!
A was a merrie man—tooke vp the child:
'Yea,' quoth he, 'doeſt thou fall vpon thy face?

Thou

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Thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit;
Wilt thou not, Iule? ' *and, by my holydam,*
The pretie wretch left crying, and ſaid ' I:'
To ſee now, how a ieaſt ſhall come about!
I warrant, and I ſhould liue a thouſand yeares,
I neuer ſhould forget it: ' Wilt thou not, Iule? ' *quoth he;*
And, pretie foole, it ſtinted, and ſaid ' I.'
Lady C. Inough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.
Nurſe. *Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuſe but laugh,*
To think it ſhould leaue crying, and ſay ' I:'
And yet, I warrant, it had vpon it brow
A bump as big as a young Cockrels ſtone;
A perillous knock; and it cryed bitterly.
' Yea,' quoth my husband, ' fallſt vpon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou commeſt to age:
Wilt thou not, Iule? ' *It ſtinted, and ſaid ' I.'*
Iul. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee, Nurſe, ſay I.
Nurſe. *Peace, I haue done: God marke thee to his grace!*
Thou waſt the prettieſt babe that ere I nurſt:
And I might liue to ſee thee married once,
I haue my wiſh.
Lady C. Marrie, that ' marrie ' is the very theame
I came to talke of:—Tell me, daughter *Iuliet,*
How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be married?
Iul. It is an honoure that I dreame not of.
Nurſe. *An honoure! were not I thine onely Nurſe,*
I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt wiſedome from thy teate.
Lady C. Well, thinke of marriage now; yonger then you,
Here in *Verona,* Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made alreadie mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much vpon theſe yeares
That you are now a maide. Thus then, in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his loue.
Nurſe. *A man, young Lady! Lady, ſuch a man,*
As all the world—Why, hees a man of waxe!
Lady C. Veronas Sommer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. *Nay, hees a flower; in faith, a very flower.*

Lady C. What ſay you? can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our feaſt:
Reade ore the volume of young *Paris* face,
And find delight writ there with bewties pen;
Examine euery married liniament,
And ſee how one an other lends content;
And what obſcurde in this faire volume lies,
Finde written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound louer,
To bewtifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fiſh liues in the ſea; and tis much pride,
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That booke in manies eyes doth ſhare the glorie,
That in gold claſpes locks in the golden ſtorie:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,
By hauing him, making your ſelfe no leſſe.

Nurſe. No leſſe! nay, bigger: women grow by men.

Lady C. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iul. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue:
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your conſent giues ſtrength to make it flie.

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſeru'd vp, you cald, my young Lady askt for, the Nurſe curſt in the Pantrie, and euerie thing in extremitie: I muſt hence to wait; I beſeech you, follow ſtraight. [*Exit Seruingman.*

Lady C. We follow thee.—*Iuliet*, the Countie ſtaies.

Nurſe. Go, gyrle, ſeeke happie nights to happie dayes.

[*Exeunt.*

I. 4. *Enter* Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, *with fiue or ſixe other Maskers, and torchbearers.*

Rom. What, ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without appologie?

Ben.

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Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixitie :
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hudwinckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper ;
[Nor no without-booke Prologue, faintly ſpoke
After the Prompter, for our entrance :]
But, let them meaſure vs by what they will,
Weele meaſure them a meaſure, and be gone.
Rom. Giue me a torch : I am not for this ambling ;
Being but heauie, I will beare the light.
Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we muſt haue you dance.
Rom. Not I, beleeue me : you haue dancing ſhooes,
With nimble ſoles : I haue a ſoule of Leade
So ſtakes me to the ground, I cannot moue.
Mer. You are a Louer ; borrow *Cupids* wings,
And ſore with them aboue a common bound.
Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſore with his light feathers ; and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe :
Vnder loues heauie birthen do I ſincke.
Mer. And, to ſink in it, ſhould you burthen loue ;
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.
Rom. Is loue a tender thing ? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boyſtrous ; and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue ;
Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe.—
Giue me a caſe to put my viſage in :
A viſor for a viſor ! what care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities !
Here are the beetle browes ſhall bluſh for me.
Ben. Come, knock, and enter ; and no ſooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me : let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the ſenceleſſe ruſhes with their heeles ;
For I am prouerbd with a graunfire phraſe,—
Ile be a candle-holder, and looke on,—

The

The game was nere ſo faire, and I am done.
Mer. Tut! duns the mouſe, the Conſtables own word:
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire,
Or, ſaue your reuerence, loue, wherein thou ſtickſt
Vp to the eares.—Come, we burne daylight, ho.
Rom. Nay, thats not ſo.
Mer. I meane, ſir, in delay
We waſte our lights in vaine, light lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our iudgement ſits
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fiue wits.
Rom. And we meane well, in going to this Mask;
But tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed aſleep, while they do dream things true.
Mer. O, then, I ſee, Queene Mab hath bin with you.
[*Ben.* Queen Mab! whats she?]
Mer. She is the Fairies midwife; and ſhe comes
In ſhape no bigger then an Agot ſtone
On the forefinger of an Alderman,
Drawne with a teeme of little atomies
Ouer mens noſes as they lie aſleep.
Her Charriot is an emptie Haſel nut,
Made by the Ioyner ſquirrel, or old Grub,
Time out amind, the Fairies Coatchmakers:
Her waggon ſpokes made of long ſpinners legs;
The couer, of the wings of Graſhoppers;
Her traces, of the ſinalleſt ſpider web;
Her collors, of the moonſhines watry beams;
Her whip, of Crickets bone; the laſh of filme;
Her waggoner, a ſmall grey coated Gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round litle wormie
Prickt from the lazie finger of a maid:

And

And in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night
Throgh louers brains, and then they dreame of loue;
Ore Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſies ſtrait;
Ore Lawyers fingers, who ſtrait dreame on fees;
Ore Ladies lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dream,
Which oft the angrie Mab with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweete meates tainted are.
Sometime ſhe gallops ore a Courtiers noſe,
And then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſute:
And ſometime comes ſhe with a tithpigs taile,
Tickling a Perſons noſe as a lies aſleepe,
Then he dreams of an other Benefice.
Sometime ſhe driueth ore a ſouldiers neck,
And then dreames he of cutting forrain throates,
Of breaches, ambuſcados, ſpaniſh blades,
Of healths fiue fadome deepe: and then anon
Drums in his eare; at which he ſtarts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, ſweares a praier or two,
And ſleeps againe. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horſes in the night;
And bakes the Elflocks in foule ſluttiſh haires,
Which, once entangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learnes them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe—

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace!
Thou talkſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantaſie;
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more inconſtant then the wind, who wooes
Euen now the frozen boſome of the North,
And, being angerd, puffes away from thence,
Turning his face to the dewe dropping South.

Ben.

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Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows vs from our ſelues;
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.
Rom. I feare, too earlie: for my mind miſgiues,
Some conſequence, yet hanging in the ſtarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date
With this nights reuels; and expire the terme
Of a deſpiſed life, cloſde in my breſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of vntimely death:
But He, that hath the ſtirrage of my courſe,
Direct my ſaile!—On, luſtie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike, drum.

[*They march about the Stage, and Exeunt.*

I. 5. *Seruingmen come forth with Napkins.*

1 *Ser.* Wheres Potpan, that he helpes not to take away? He ſhift a trencher! he ſcrape a trencher!
2 *Ser.* When good manners ſhall lie all in one or two mens hands, and they vnwaſht too, tis a foule thing.
1 *Ser.* Away with the ioynſtooles, remoue the Courtcubbert, looke to the plate. Good thou, ſaue me a peece of March-pane; and, as thou loues me, let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and *Nell.*—*Anthonie!* and *Potpan!*
2 *Ser.* I, boy; readie.
1 *Ser.* You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and ſought for, in the great chamber.
3 *Ser.* We cannot be here and there too.—Chearely, boyes; be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.

[*They retire behind.*

Enter Capulet, *etc. with the Gueſts, and the Maskers.*

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my miſteſſes! which of you all
Will now denie to daunce? ſhe that makes daintie,
She, Ile ſwear, hath Corns: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I haue ſeene the day,

That

That I haue worne a viſor, and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a faire Ladies eare,
Such as would pleaſe;—tis gone, tis gone, tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, Muſitions, play.
A hall, a hall! giue roome, and foote it, gyrles!
[*Muſick playes, and they dance.*
More light, you knaues; and turne the tables vp,
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.—
Ah, ſirrah, this vnlookt for ſport comes well.
Nay, ſit, nay, ſit, good Cozin *Capulet;*
For you and I are paſt our dauncing dayes:
How long ift now, ſince laſt your ſelfe and I
Were in a maske?
2. *Cap.* Berlady, thirtie yeares.
Cap. What, man! tis not ſo much, tis not ſo much:
Tis ſince the nuptiall of *Lucentio,*
Come Pentycoſt as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares; and then we maskt.
2. *Cap.* Tis more, tis more: his ſonne is elder, ſir;
His ſonne is thirtie.
Cap. Will you tell me that?
His ſonne was but a ward two yeares ago.—
[Good youths, I faith! Oh, youth's a iolly thing!]
Rom. What Ladies that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not, ſir.
Rom. O, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her Beauty hangs vpon the cheeke of night
Like a rich Iewel in an Ethiops eare;
Bewtie too rich for vſe, for earth too deare!
So ſhowes a ſnowie Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes ſhowes.
The meaſure done, Ile watch her place of ſtand,
And, touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.
Did my hart loue till now? forſweare it, ſight!
For I nere ſaw true bewtie till this night.

Tib

Tib. This, by his voyce, ſhould be a *Mountague.*—
Fetch me my Rapier, boy.—What! dares the ſlaue
Come hither, couerd with an anticque face,
To fleere and ſcorne at our ſolemnitie?
Now, by the ſtocke and honor of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore ſtorme you ſo?
Tib. Vncle, this is a *Mountague*, our ſoe;
A villaine, that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our ſolemnitie this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo* is it?
Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo.*
Cap. Content thee, gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman;
And, to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and welgouernd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my houſe, do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An illbeſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.
Tib. It fits, when ſuch a villaine is a gueſt:
Ile not endure him.
Cap. He ſhall be endured:
What, goodman boy!—I ſay, he ſhall:—go too;—
Am I the maſter here, or you?—go too.
Youle not endure him!—God ſhall mend my ſoule—
Youle make a mutinie among my gueſts!
You wil ſet cock a hoope! youle be the man!
Tib. Why, Vncle, tis a ſhame.
Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a ſawcie boy:—iſt ſo, indeed?—
This trick may chance to ſcath you;—I know what—
You muſt contrarie me!—marrie, tis time—
Well ſaid, my hearts.—You are a princox; go:—

Be

Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For ſhame!
Ile make you quiet; what!—Chearely, my hearts!
Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choller meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bittreſt gall. [*Exit.*
Rom. If I prophane with my vnworthieſt hand
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin is this,—
My lips, two bluſhing Pylgrims, readie ſtand
To ſmoothe that rough touch with a tender kis.
Iul. Good Pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly deuocion ſhowes in this;
For ſaints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kis.
Rom. Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Iul. I, Pilgrim, lips that they muſt vſe in praire.
Rom. O, then, deare Saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, leaſt faith turne to diſpaire.
Iul. Saints do not moue, thogh grant for praiers ſake.
Rom. Then moue not, while my praiers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine, my ſin is purgd.
Iul. Then haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.
Rom. Sin from my lips? ô treſpas ſweetly vrgd!
Giue me my ſin againe.
Iul. You kiſſe bith booke.
Nurſe. Madam, your mother craues a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurſe. Marrie, Batcheler,
Her mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Ladie, and a wiſe and vertuous:
I Nurſt her daughter, that you talkt withall;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Copulet?*
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, begon; the ſport is at the beſt.

Rom.

Rom. I, ſo I feare; the more is my vnreſt.
Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We haue a trifling fooliſh banquet towards.—
Is it ene ſo? why, then, I thanke you all;
I thanke you, honeſt gentlemen, good night:—
More torches here!—Come on then, lets to bed.
Ah, ſirrah, by my faie, it waxes late;
Ile to my reſt. [*Exeunt all but* Juliet *and* Nurſe.
Iul. Come hither, Nurſe: what is yond gentleman?
Nurſe. The ſonne and heire of old *Tyberio.*
Iul. Whats he, that now is going out of doore?
Nurſe. Marrie, that, I thinke, be young *Petruchio.*
Iul. Whats he, that follows there, that wold not dance?
Nurſe. I know not.
Iul. Go, aske his name:—if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurſe. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague;*
The onely ſonne of your great enemie.
Iul. My onely loue ſprung from my onely hate!
Too earlie ſeene vnknowne, and knowne too late!
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I muſt loue a loathed enemie.
Nurſe. Whats this? whats this?
Iul. A rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danct withall. [*One cals within* 'Iuliet.'
Nurſe. Anon, anon:—
Come, lets away; the ſtrangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Chorus.

Now old deſire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heire;
That faire, for which loue gronde for, and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes,
But to his foe ſuppoſd he muſt complaine,

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And ſhe ſteale loues ſweete bait from fearful hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceſſe
To breathe ſuch vowes as louers vſe to ſweare;
And ſhe as much in loue, her meanes much leſſe
To meete her new beloued any where:
But paſſion lends them power, time meanes, to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreeme ſweete,

II. 1. *Enter* Romeo *alone.*

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe, dull earth, and find thy Center out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter Benuolio *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my Coſen *Romeo! Romeo!*
Mer. He is wiſe;
And, on my life, hath ſtolne him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this Orchard wall:
Call, good *Mercutio.*
Mer. Nay, Ile coniure too.—
Romeo! humorous madman! paſſionate louer!
Appeare thou in the likeneſſe of a ſigh,
Speake but one rime, and I am ſatisfied;
Crie but 'ay me'! couple but 'loue' and 'doue';
Speake to my goſhip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname for her purblind ſonne and heir,
Young *Abraham Cupid,* he that ſhot ſo trim
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger mayd!—
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moueth not;
The Ape is dead, and I muſt coniure him.—
I coniure thee by *Roſalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quiuering thigh,
And the demeanes that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to vs!
Ben. And if he heare thee, thou wilt anger him.

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Mer. This cannot anger him: twould anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſſe circle
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laid it, and coniured it downe;
That were ſome ſpight: my inuocation
Is faire & honeſt, and, in his miſtres name,
I coniure onely but to raiſe vp him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelfe among theſe trees,
To be conſorted with the humerous night:
Blind is his loue, and beſt befits the darke.
Mer. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke.
Now will he ſit vnder a Medler tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſſe were that kind of fruite,
As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.
O, *Romeo*, that ſhe were, ô that ſhe were
An open et cætera, thou a Poprin Peare!
Romeo, goodnight;—ile to my truckle bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleepe:
Come, ſhall we go?
Ben. Go, then; for tis in vaine
To ſeeke him here, that meanes not to be found.

[*Exeunt* Ben. *and* Mer.

II. 2. Romeo *comes forward.*

Rom. He jeaſts at ſcarres, that neuer felt a wound.—

[*Enter* Juliet *above.*

But, ſoft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the Eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the Sun!—
Ariſe, faire Sun, and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is alreadie ſicke and pale with greefe,
That thou her maide art far more faire then ſhe:
Be not her maide, ſince ſhe is enuious;
Her veſtall liuery is but ſicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it; caſt it off.—
It is my Lady; ô, it is my loue!
O, that ſhe knew ſhe wer!—
She ſpeakes, yet ſhe ſaies nothing: what of that?

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Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwere it.—
I am too bold, tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes:
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the heauen,
Hauing ſome buſines, do entreate her eyes
To twinckle in their ſpheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſſe of her cheek wold ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lampe; her eye in heauen
Would through the ayrie region ſtreame ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and thinke it were not night.
See, now ſhe leanes her cheeke vpon her hand!
O, that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke!
Iul. Ay me!
Rom. She ſpeakes:—
Oh, ſpeake againe, bright Angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being ore my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazie pacing Cloudes,
And ſayles vpon the boſome of the ayre.
Iul. O *Romeo, Romeo!* wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Denie thy father, and refuſe thy name!
Or, if thou wilt not, be but ſworne my loue,
And ile no longer be a *Capulet.*
Rom. Shall I heare more, or ſhall I ſpeake at this?
Iul. Tis but thy name that is my enemie;
Thou art thy ſelfe, though not a *Mountague.*
Whats *Mountague?* it is nor hand, nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be ſome other name!
Whats in a name? that which we call a roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweete;
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that tytle.—*Romeo,* doffe thy name;

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And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelfe.
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde;
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo.*
Iul. What man art thou, that, thus beſchreend in night,
So ſtumbleſt on my counſell?
Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, deare ſaint, is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an enemie to thee;
Had I it written, I would teare the word.
Iul. My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the ſound:
Art thou not *Romeo,* and a *Mountague?*
Rom. Neither, faire maide, if either thee diſlike.
Iul. How camſt thou hither, tel me, and wherfore?
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe;
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.
Rom. With loues light wings did I orepearch theſe walls;
For ſtonie limits cannot hold loue out:
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt;
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Iul. If they do ſee thee, they will murther thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twentie of their ſwords: looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmitie.
Iul. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eies;
And, but thou loue me, let them finde me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged, wanting of thy loue.
Iul. By whoſe direction foundſt thou out this place?
Rom. By Loues, that firſt did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pylot; yet, wert thou as farre

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As that vaſt ſhore waſht with the fartheſt ſea,
I ſhould aduenture for ſuch marchandiſe.
Iul. Thou knoweſt, the mask of night is on my face;
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night.
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine denie
What I haue ſpoke; but farwell complement!
Doſt thou loue me? I know thou wilt ſay 'I',
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maiſt proue falſe: at louers periuries,
They ſay, *Ioue* laughes. Oh, gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe; but, elſe, not for the world.
In truth, faire *Montague*, I am too fond;
And therefore thou maiſt think my hauior light;
But truſt me, gentleman, ile proue more true
Then thoſe that haue more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould haue bene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouerheardſt, ere I was ware,
My true loues paſſion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed Moone I vow,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe frute tree tops,—
Iul. O, ſwear not by the moone, th'inconſtant moone,
That monethly changes in her circled orbe,
Leaſt that thy loue proue likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſweare by?
Iul. Do not ſweare at all;
Or, if thou wilt, ſweare by thy gracious ſelfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Rom. If my hearts deare loue—
Iul. Well, do not ſweare: although I ioy in thee,
I haue no ioy of this contract to night:

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It is too raſh, too vnaduiſd, too ſudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to bee,
Ere one can ſay, it lightens. Sweete, goodnight!
This bud of loue, by Sommers ripening breath,
May proue a bewtious floure when next we meete.
Goodnight, goodnight! as ſweete repoſe and reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breſt!
Rom. O, wilt thou leaue me ſo, vnſatisfied?
Iul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou haue to night?
Rom. Th'exchange of thy loues faithful vow for mine.
Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Rom. Woldſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe, loue?
Iul. But to be franke, and giue it thee againe.
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I haue:
My bountie is as boundleſſe as the ſea,
My loue as deepe; the more I giue to thee,
The more I haue, for both are infinite.
[*Nurſe calls within.*
I heare ſome noyſe within; deare loue, adue!—
Anon, good nurſe!—Sweete *Mountague*, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come againe. [*Exit.*
Rom. O bleſſed, bleſſed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering ſweete to be ſubſtantiall.
[*Re-enter* Juliet, *above.*
Iul. Three words, deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed.
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow,
By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt performe the right;
And all my fortunes at thy foote ile lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world:—
[*Nurſe within:* Madam!
I come, anon.—But if thou meanſt not well,
[*Nurſe within:* Madam!
I do beſeech thee—By and by, I come.—

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To ceaſe thy ſuit, and leaue me to my griefe:
To morrow will I ſend.
Rom. So thriue my ſoule,—
Iul. A thouſand times goodnight! [*Exit.*
Rom. A thouſand times the worſe, to want thy light.—
Loue goes toward loue, as ſchooleboyes from their bookes;
But loue from loue, toward ſchoole with heauie lookes.
[*Retiring ſlowly.*

Enter Iuliet *againe.*

Iul. Hiſt! *Romeo,* hiſt!—O, for a falkners voyce,
To lure this Taſſel gentle back againe!
Bondage is huſht, and may not ſpeake aloude;
Elſe would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarſe then [Fame,]
With repetition of my *Romeo*[*s* name.
Romeo!]
Rom. It is my ſoule, that calls vpon my name:
How ſiluer ſweete ſound louers tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſicke to attending eares!
Iul. Romeo!
Rom. My ſweete?
Iul. What a clocke to morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. By the houre of nine.
Iul. I will not faile: tis twentie yeare till then.
I haue forget why I did call thee backe.
Rom. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.
Iul. I ſhall forget, to haue thee ſtill ſtand there,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.
Rom. And Ile ſtill ſtay, to haue thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iul. Tis almoſt morning; I would haue thee gone:
And yet no farther then a wantons bird,
That lets it hop a litle from his hand,
Like a poore priſoner in his twiſted giues,
And with a ſilke threed plucks it backe againe,

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So louing Iealous of his libertie.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Iul. Sweete, ſo would I:
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good night, good night! Parting is ſuch ſweete ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwel vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!—
Would I were ſleepe and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly Fathers cell;
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell. [*Exit.*

II. 3. *Enter Frier* Lawrence *alone with a basket.*

Fri. L. The grey eyde morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eaſterne Clouds with ſtreaks of light;
And darkneſſe flecked like a drunkard reeles
From forth daies pathway made by *Tytans* wheeles.
Now, ere the ſun aduance his burning eie,
The day to cheere, and nights dancke dewe to drie,
I muſt vpfill this oſier cage of ours,
With baleſull weedes, and precious iuyced flowers.
The earth, that's natures mother, is her tombe;
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kinde
We ſucking on her naturall boſome finde;
Many for many vertues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, hearbes, ſtones, and their true quallities:
For nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth giue;
Nor ought ſo good, but, ſtraind from that faire vſe,
Reuolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe:
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice, being miſapplied,
And vice ſometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyſon hath reſidence, and medicine power:
For this, being ſmelt, with that part cheares each part;

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Being taſted, ſlaies all ſences with the hart.
Two ſuch oppoſed Kings encamp them ſtill
In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will;
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.
[*Enter* Romeo.
Rom. Goodmorrow, father.
Fri. L. Benedicite!
What early tongue ſo ſweete ſaluteth me?—
Young ſonne, it argues a diſtemper'd hed,
So ſoone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodges, ſleepe will neuer lye;
But where vnbruſed youth with vnſtuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden ſleepe doth raigne:
Therefore thy earlineſſe doth me aſſure
Thou art vprouſd with ſome diſtemprature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed to night.
Rom. That laſt is true; the ſweeter reſt was mine.
Fri. L. God pardon ſin! waſt thou with *Roſaline?*
Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father? no;
I haue forgot that name, and that names wo.
Fri. L. Thats my good ſon: but wher haſt thou bin then?
Rom. Ile tell thee, ere thou aske it me agen.
I haue bene feaſting with mine enemie;
Where, on a ſudden, one hath wounded me,
Thats by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phiſicke lies:
I beare no hatred, bleſſed man; for, loe,
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. L. Be plaine, good ſonne, and homely in thy drift
Ridling confeſſion findes but ridling ſhrift.
Rom. Then plainly know, my harts deare loue is ſet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet:*
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combind, ſaue what thou muſt combine

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By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow,
Ile tell thee as we paſſe; but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.
Fri. L. Holy S. *Frauncis!* what a change is here!
Is *Roſaline*, that thou didſt loue ſo deare,
So ſoone forſaken? young mens loue then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.
Ieſu *Maria!* what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline!*
How much ſalt water throwne away in waſte,
To ſeaſon loue, that of it doth not taſte!
The Sun not yet thy ſighes from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones yet ring in mine auncient eares;
Lo, here vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth fit
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet:
If ere thou waſt thy ſelfe, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline:*
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then:—
Women may fall, when theres no ſtrength in men.
Rom. Thou chidſt me oft for louing *Roſaline.*
Fri. L. For doting, not for louing, pupill mine.
Rom. And badſt me burie loue.
Fri. L. Not in a graue,
To lay one in, an other out to haue.
Rom. I pray thee, chide me not: her I loue now,
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow;
The other did not ſo.
Fri. L. O, ſhe knew well,
Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not ſpell.
But come, young wauerer, come, go with me,
In one reſpect ile thy aſſiſtant be;
For this alliance may ſo happie proue,
To turne your houſholds rancor to pure loue.
Rom. O, let vs hence; I ſtand on ſudden haſt.
Fri. L. Wiſely and ſlow; they ſtumble that run faſt.

[*Exeunt.*

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II. 4. *Enter* Benuolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule ſhould this *Romeo* be?—Came hee not home to night?

Ben. Not to his fathers; I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that ſame pale hard hearted wench, that *Roſaline*, Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the kinſman to old *Capulet*, Hath ſent a leter to his fathers houſe.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwere it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may anſwere a letter.

Ben. Nay, he wil anſwere the letters maiſter, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poore *Romeo!* he is alreadie dead! ſtabd with a white wenches blacke eye; runne through the eare with a loue ſong; the very pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde bowe-boyes but-ſhaft: and is hee a man to encounter *Tybalt?*

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt?*

Mer. More then Prince of Cats, [I can tell you.] Oh, hees the couragious captain of Complements. He fights as you ſing prickſong, keeps time, diſtance & proportion; he reſts [me] his minum reſt, one, two, and the third in your boſome: the very butcher of a ſilke button, a duelliſt a duelliſt; a gentleman of the very firſt houſe, of the firſt and ſecond cauſe: ah, the immortall Paſſado! the Punto reuerſo! the Hay!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of ſuch antique, liſping, affecting fantaſticoes; theſe new tuners of accents!—'By Ieſu, a very good blade!'—'a very tall man!'—'a very good whore!'—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, graundſir, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtraunge flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe pardonmees, who ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

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Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering :—O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: *Laura*, to his Lady, was [but] a kitchin wench;—marrie, ſhe had a better loue to berime her:—Dido, a dowdie; Cleopatra, a Gipſie; *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots; *Thisbie*, a grey eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe.—Signior *Romeo*, *Bon iour!* theres a French ſalutation to your French ſlop. You gaue vs the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Rom. Goodmorrow to you both. What counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The ſlip, ſir, the ſlip; can you not conceiue?

Rom. Pardon, good *Mercutio*, my buſineſſe was great; and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer. Thats as much as to ſay,—ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to curſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt curtuous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curteſie.

Rom. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit: follow me this ieaſt now, till thou haſt worne out thy pump; that, when the ſingle ſole of it is worne, the ieaſt may remaine, after the wearing, ſoly ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle ſolde ieaſt, ſolie ſingular for the ſingleneſſe!

Mer. Come betweene vs, good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Rom. Swits and ſpurs, ſwits and ſpurres; or ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wildgooſe chaſe, I am done; for thou haſt more of the wildgooſe in one of thy wits, then, I am ſure, I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt neuer with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

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Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieaſt.

Rom. Nay, good gooſe, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting; it is a moſt ſharp ſawce.

Rom. And is it not, then, well ſeru'd in to a ſweete gooſe?

Mer. Oh, heres a wit of Cheuerell, that ſtretches, from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad!

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word 'broad'; which, added to the gooſe, proues thee, farre and wide, a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why, is not this better now then groning for loue? now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo;* now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driueling loue is like a great naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou defireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiu'd; I would haue made it ſhort: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupie the argument no longer.

Rom. Heeres goodly geare!

Enter Nurse *and her man,* Peter.

Mer. A ſayle, a ſayle!

Ben. Two, two; a ſhert, and a ſmocke.

Nur. Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nur. My fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter,* to hide her face; for her fans the fairer face.

Nur. God ye goodmorrow, Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye goodden, faire gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it good den?

Mer. Tis no leſſe, I tell yee; for the bawdie hand of the dyal is now vpon the prick of noone.

Nur. Out vpon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himſelf to mar.

Nur. By my troth, it is well ſaid; 'for himſelfe to mar,

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quoth a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tel me wher I may find
104 the yong *Romeo?*

Rom. I can tell you; but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

108 *Nur.* You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt wel? very wel took, ifaith; wiſely, wiſely.

Nur. If you be he, ſir, I deſire ſome confidence with you.

112 *Ben.* She will endite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud! So ho!

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare, ſir; vnleſſe a hare, ſir, in a lenten pie, that is
116 ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent.

[*He walkes by them and sings.*

An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare,
Is very good meate in lent:
But a hare that is hore, is too much for a ſcore,
120 When it hores ere it be ſpent.—

Romeo, will you come to your fathers? weele to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, auncient Lady; farewell, Lady, Lady,
124 Lady. [*Exeunt* Mercutio *and* Benuolio.

Nur. [Marry, farewell!]—I pray you, ſir, what ſawcie merchant was this, that was ſo full of his roperie?

Rom. A gentleman, Nurſe, that loues to heare himſelfe talke;
128 and will ſpeake more in a minute, then hee will ſtand too in a moneth.

Nur. And a ſpeake any thing againſt me, Ile take him downe, and a were luſtier then he is, and twentie ſuch Iacks; and if I
132 cannot, ile finde thoſe that ſhall. Scuruie knaue! I am none of his flurt gills; I am none of his skaines mates.—And thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer euery knaue to vſe me at his pleaſure!

136 *Pet.* I ſaw no man vſe you at his pleaſure; if I had, my weapon ſhuld quickly haue bin out, I warrant you: I dare draw aſſoone

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as an other man, if I ſee occaſion, in a good quarel, & the law on my ſide.

Nur. Now, afore God, I am ſo vext, that euery part about me quiuers. Skuruie knaue!—Pray you, ſir, a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out; what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe; but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould leade her in a fooles paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſſe kind of behauior, as they ſay: for the Gentlewoman is yong; and therefore, if you ſhould deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offred to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady and Miſtreſſe. [Tell her] I proteſt—

Nur. Good heart! and, yfaith, I wil tel her as much: Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, Nurſe? thou dooeſt not marke me.

Nur. I will tell her, ſir, that you do proteſt; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her deuiſe
Some means to come to ſhrift this afternoon;
And there ſhe ſhall at Frier *Laurence* Cell
Be ſhrieued and married. Here is for thy paines.

Nur. No, truly, ſir; not a penny.

Rom. Go too; I ſay, you ſhall.

Nur. This afternoone, ſir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay, good Nurſe, behinde the Abbey wall:
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cordes made like a tackled ſtayre;
Which to the high topgallant of my ioy
Muſt be my conuoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell; be truſtie, and ile quit thy paines:
Farewel; commend me to thy Miſtreſſe.

Nur. Now God in heauen bleſſe thee!—Harke you, ſir.

Rom. What ſaiſt thou, my deare Nurſe?

Nur. Is your man ſecret? Did you nere here ſay,
Two may keep counſell, putting one away.

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Rom. [I] warrant thee; my mans as true as ſteele.

Nur. Well, ſir; my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Lady—Lord, Lord!—when twas a litle prating thing—O, there is a Noble man in town, one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboord; but ſhe, good ſoule, had as leeue ſee a tode, a very tode, as ſee him. I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man; but, ile warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe lookes as pale as any clout in the verſall world. Doth not Roſemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom. I, Nurſe; what of that? both with an *R.*

Nur. A, mocker! thats the dogs letter; *R.* is for the [dog].—No; I know it begins with ſome other letter:—and ſhe hath the pretieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemarie, that it would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady. [*Exit.*

Nur. I, a thouſand times.—*Peter!*

Pet. Anon?

Nur. Before, and apace. [*Exeunt.*

II. 5.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul. The clocke ſtrooke nine when I did ſend the Nurſe;
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſ'd to returne.
Perchance ſhe cannot meete him:—thats not ſo.—
Oh, ſhe is lame! loues heraulds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides then the Suns beames,
Driuing backe ſhadowes ouer lowring hills:
Therefore do nimble piniond doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind ſwift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoſt hill
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue
Is three long houres; yet ſhe is not come.
Had ſhe affections, and warme youthfull bloud,
She would be as ſwift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandie her to my ſweete loue,
And his to me:
But old folks, many fain as they wer dead;
Vnwieldie, ſlowe, heauie and pale as lead.

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Enter Nurſe *and* Peter.

O God, ſhe comes!—ô hony Nurſe, what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.
Nur. Peter, ſtay at the gate. [*Exit* Peter.
Iul. Now, good ſweete *Nurſe,*—O Lord, why look'ſt thou ſad?
Though newes be ſad, yet tell them merily;
If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſicke of ſweete newes
By playing it to me with ſo ſower a face.
Nur. I am a wearie; giue me leaue a while.
Fie, how my bones ake! what a iaunce haue I [had]!
Iul. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay, come, I pray thee, ſpeake;—good, good Nurſe, ſpeake.
Nur. Ieſu, what haſte! can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee that I am out of breath?
Iul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe, that thou doeſt make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doeſt excuſe.
Is thy newes good, or bad? anſwere to that;
Say either, and ile ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, iſt good or bad?
Nur. Well, you haue made a ſimple choyſe; you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo!* no, not he; though his face be better then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens; and for a hand, and a ſoote, and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are paſt compare: he is not the flower of curteſie, but, ile warrant him, as gentle as a lamme.—Go thy wayes, wench; ſerue God.—What, haue you dinde at home?
Iul. No, no. But all this did I know before.
What ſayes he of our marriage? what of that?
Nur. Lord, how my head akes! what a head haue I!
It beates as it would fall in twentie peeces.
My back a tother ſide,—a, my backe, my backe!—
Beſhrewe your heart, for ſending me about,
To catch my death with iaunſing vp and downe!

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Iul. Ifaith, I am ſorrie that thou art not well.
Sweete, ſweete, ſweete Nurſe, tell me, what ſayes my loue?
Nur. Your loue ſayes, like an honeſt gentleman, and a
Courteous, and a kinde, and a handſome, and I warrant a
vertuous,—Where is your mother?
Iul. Where is my mother?—why, ſhe is within;
Wher ſhuld ſhe be? How odly thou replieſt!
'Your loue ſayes, like an honeſt gentleman,—
Where is your mother?'
Nur. O, Gods lady deare!
Are you ſo hot? marrie, come vp, I trow;
Is this the poultis for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your meſſages your ſelfe.
Iul. Heres ſuch a coyle!—come, what ſaies *Romeo?*
Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to ſhrift to day?
Iul. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell;
There ſtayes a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Theile be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any newes.
Hie you to Church; I muſt an other way,
To fetch a Ladder, by the which your loue
Muſt climbe a birds neaſt ſoone, when it is darke
I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight;
But you ſhall beare the burthen ſoone at night.
Go, ile to dinner; hie you to the Cell.
Iul. Hie to high fortune!—honeſt Nurſe, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

II. 6. *Enter Frier* Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. L. So ſmile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres with ſorrow chide vs not!
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy
That one ſhort minute giues me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deuouring death do what he dare,

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8 It is inough I may but call her mine.
Fri. L. Theſe violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die: like fier and powder,
Which, as they kiſſe, conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
12 Is loathſome in his owne deliciouſneſſe,
And in the taſte confoundes the appetite:
Therefore loue moderately; long loue doth ſo;
Too ſwift arriues as tardie as too ſlowe.
[*Enter* Iuliet.
16 Here comes the Lady:—Oh, ſo light a foote
Will nere weare out the euerlaſting flint.
A louer may beſtride the goſſamours
That ydeles in the wanton ſommer ayre,
20 And yet not fall; ſo light is vanitie.
Iul. Good euen to my ghoſtly confeſſor.
Fri. L. Romeo ſhall thanke thee, daughter, for vs both.
Iul. As much to him, elſe is his thankes too much.
24 *Rom.* Ah, *Iuliet*, if the meaſure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blaſon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich muſickes tongue
28 Vnfold the imagind happines that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.
Iul. Conceit, more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
32 They are but beggers that can count their worth;
But my true loue is growne to ſuch exceſſe,
I cannot ſum vp ſum of halfe my wealth.
Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort
36 For, by your leaues, you ſhall not ſtay alone, (worke;
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.
[*Exeunt.*

III. 1. *Enter* Mercutio, Benuolio, *Page, and men.*

Ben. I pray thee, good *Mercutio*, lets retire;
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad,
And, if we meete, we ſhall not ſcape a brawle;

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For now, theſe hot daies, is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of theſe fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his ſword vpon the table, and ſayes, 'God ſend me no need of thee!' and, by the operation of the ſecond cup, draws him on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode, as any in *Italie;* and aſſoone moued to be moodie, and aſſoone moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two ſuch, we ſhould haue none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leſſe, in his beard, then thou haſt: thou wilt quarell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt haſel eyes; what eye, but ſuch an eye, wold ſpie out ſuch a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarelles, as an egge is full of meate; and yet thy head hath bene beaten as addle as an egge, for quarelling: thou haſt quareld with a man for coffing in the ſtreete, becauſe hee hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine aſleep in the ſun. Didſt thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Eaſter? with an other, for tying his new ſhooes with olde riband? and yet thou wilt tuter me from quarelling!

Ben. And I were ſo apt to quarell as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple? ô ſimple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head! here comes the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heele, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeake to them.—
Gentlemen, Good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with ſomething; make it a word and a blowe.

Tib. You ſhall find me apt inough to that, ſir, and you wil giue me occaſion.

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Mer. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giuing?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou conſorteſt with *Romeo*,—

Mer. Conſort! what, doeſt thou make vs Minſtrels? and thou make Minſtrels of vs, looke to hear nothing but diſcords: heeres my fiddleſticke; heeres that ſhall make you daunce. Zounds, conſort!

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto ſome priuate place,
Or reaſon coldly of your greeuances:
Or elſe depart; here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, ſir: here comes my man.

Mer. But ile be hangd, ſir, if he weare your liuerie:
Marrie, go before to field, heele be your follower;
Your worſhip, in that ſenſe, may call him—man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this:—thou art a villaine.

Rom. *Tybalt*, the reaſon that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting:—villaine am I none;
Therefore, farewell; I ſee thou know'ſt me not.

Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the iniuries
That thou haſt done me; therefore turne and draw.

Rom. I do proteſt, I neuer iniur'd thee;
But loue thee better then thou canſt deuiſe
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my loue:
And ſo, good *Capulet*,—which name I tender
As dearely as mine owne,—be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calme, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
Alla ſtoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

Tib. What wouldſt thou haue with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and, as you ſhall vſe mee

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hereafter, drie beate the reſt of the eight. Will you plucke your ſword out of his pilcher by the eares? make haſte, leaſt mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come, ſir, your Paſſado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, *Benuolio*; beate downe their weapons:—
Gentlemen, for ſhame forbeare this outrage!—
Tibalt,—*Mercutio*,—the Prince expreſly hath
Forbid this bandying in *Verona* ſtreetes:—
Hold, *Tybalt!* good *Mercutio!*

[*Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thruſts Mercutio in, and flyes with his followers.*

Mer. I am hurt;—
A plague a both [your] houſes!—I am ſped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a ſcratch, a ſcratch; marrie, tis inough.—
Where is my Page?—go, villaine, fetch a Surgion.

[*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, tis not ſo deepe as a well, nor ſo wide as a Church doore; but tis inough, twill ſerue: aske for me to morrow, and you ſhall finde me a graue man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—a plague a both your houſes!—ſounds, a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the book of arithmatick!—Why, the deule, came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Helpe me into ſome houſe, *Benuolio*,
Or I ſhall faint.—A plague a both your houſes!
They haue made wormes meate of me:
I haue it, and ſoundly too:—your houſes!

[*Exeunt* Mercutio *and* Benuolio.

Rom. This Gentleman, the Princes neare alie,
My very friend, hath got this mortall hurt
In my behalfe; my reputation ſtaind

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With *Tybalts* ſlaunder,—*Tybalt*, that an houre
Hath bene my Cozen:—O ſweete *Iuliet*,
Thy bewtie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valours ſteele.

Re-enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo, Romeo*, braue *Mercutio*'s dead:
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the Clowdes,
Which too vntimely here did ſcorne the earth.
Rom. This dayes blacke fate on mo daies doth depend;
This but begins the wo, others muſt end.
[*Re-enter* Tybalt.
Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* backe againe.
Rom. Aliue, in triumph! and *Mercutio* ſlaine!
Away to heauen, reſpectiue lenitie,
And fier-eyed furie be my conduct now!—
Now, *Tybalt*, take the 'villaine' backe againe,
That late thou gau'ſt me; for *Mercutios* ſoule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou, or I, or both, muſt go with him.
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This ſhall determine that.
[*They Fight.* Tibalt *falles.*
Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* ſlaine:—
Stand not amazed:—the Prince wil doome thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!
Rom. O! I am fortunes foole!
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?
[*Exit* Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio?*
Tybalt, that mutherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that *Tybalt.*

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1 *Cit.* Vp, ſir, go with me;
I charge thee in the Princes name, obey.

Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet,
their wiues, and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince, I can diſcouer all
The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall:
There lies the man, ſlaine by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman, braue *Mercutio.*
Lady C. Tybalt, my Cozin! O my brothers child!—
O Prince! O husband! O, the bloud is ſpild
Of my deare kinſman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, ſhead bloud of Mountague.—
O Cozin, Cozin!
Prin. Benuolio, who began this bloudie fray?
Ben. Tybalt, here ſlain, whom *Romeos* hand did ſlay;
Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarell was, and vrgd withall
Your high diſpleaſure:—all this—vttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteele at bold *Mercutios* breaſt;
Who, all as hot, turnes deadly poynt to poynt,
And, with a Martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It backe to *Tybalt*, whoſe dexteritie
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, ſwifter then his tongue,
His agile arme beates downe their fatall poynts,
And twixt them ruſhes; vnderneath whoſe arme
An enuious thruſt from *Tybalt* hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled:
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertaind reuenge,
And toote they go like lightning: for, ere I

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Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlaine;
And, as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie:
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.
Lady C. He is a kinſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes not true:
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke ſtrife,
And all thoſe twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for Iuſtice, which thou, Prince, muſt giue;
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not liue.
Prin. *Romeo* ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*;
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe?
Mount. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend;
His fault concludes but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt*.
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I haue an intereſt in your hates proceeding,
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding;
But ile amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine:
I will be deafe to pleading and excuſes;
Nor teares, nor prayers, ſhall purchaſe out abuſes,
Therefore vſe none: let *Romeo* hence in haſt,
Elſe, when he 's found, that houre is his laſt.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercie but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.

[*Exeunt.*

III. 2. *Enter* Iuliet *alone.*

Gallop apace, you fierie footed ſteedes,
Towards *Phœbus* lodging: ſuch a wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.—
Spread thy cloſe curtaine, loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to theſe armes, vntalkt of and vnſeene.—
Louers can ſee to do their amorous rights,

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By their owne beawties; or, if loue be blind,
It beſt agrees with night.—Come, ciuill night,
Thou ſober ſuted matron, all in blacke,
And learne me how to looſe a winning match,
Plaide for a paire of ſtainleſſe maydenhoods:
Hood my vnmand bloud bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle; till ſtrange loue, grown bold,
Thinke true loue acted, ſimple modeſtie.
Come, night!—Come, *Romeo!* come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie vpon the winges of night
Whiter then new ſnow on a Rauens backe.—
Come, gentle night; come, louing, black browd night,
Giue me my *Romeo;* and, when he ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtarres,
And he will make the face of heauen ſo fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh Sun.—
O, I haue bought the manſion of a loue,
But not poſſeſt it; and though I am ſold,
Not yet enioyd: ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtiuall
To an impatient child, that hath new robes
And may not weare them. O, here comes my Nurſe,
And ſhe brings newes; and euery tongue, that ſpeaks
But *Romeos* name, ſpeakes heauenly eloquence.—

Enter Nurſe, with cords.

Now, Nurſe, what newes? what, haſt thou there the cords
That *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nur. I, I, the cords.
[*Throws them down.*
Iul. Ay me! what news? why doſt thou wring thy hands?
Nur. A, weladay! hees dead, hees dead, hees dead!
We are vndone, Lady, we are vndone!—
Alack the day!—hees gone, hees kild, hees dead!
Iul. Can heauen be ſo enuious?
Nur. *Romeo* can,

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Though heauen cannot.—O *Romeo, Romeo!*—
Who euer would haue thought it?—*Romeo!*
Iul. What diuell art thou, that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be rored in diſmall hell!
Hath *Romeo* ſlaine himſelfe? ſay thou but 'I,'
And that bare vowell 'I' ſhall poyſon more
Then the death darting eye of Cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be ſuch an 'I,'
Or thoſe eyes ſhut, that makes thee anſwere 'I':
If he be ſlaine, ſay 'I'; or if not, 'no':
Briefe ſounds determine [of] my weale or wo.
Nur. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,—
God ſaue the marke!—here on his manly breſt:
A piteous coarſe, a bloudie piteous coarſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawbde in bloud,
All in goare bloud:—I ſounded at the ſight.
Iul. O break, my hart!—poore banckrout, break at once!
To priſon, eyes! nere looke on libertie!
Vile earth, to earth reſigne; end motion here;
And thou, and *Romeo*, preſſe one heauie beare!
Nur. O *Tybalt, Tybalt*, the beſt friend I had!
O curteous *Tybalt!* honeſt Gentleman!
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead!
Iul. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My deareſt Cozen, and my dearer Lord?—
Then, dreadfull Trumpet, ſound the generall doome!
For who is liuing, if thoſe two are gone?
Nur. Tybalt is gone, and *Romeo* baniſhed;
Romeo, that kild him, he is baniſhed.
Iul. O God!—did *Romeos* hand ſhead *Tibalts* bloud?
Nur. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.
Iul. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flowring face!
Did euer draggon keepe ſo faire a Caue?
Bewtifull tirant! fiend angelicall!
Douefeatherd rauen! woluiſh rauening lamb!
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of diuineſt ſhowe!

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Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned ſaint, an honourable villaine!—
O nature! what hadſt thou to do in hell,
When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortall paradiſe of ſuch ſweete fleſh?—
Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter
So fairely bound?—ô, that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgious Pallace!
Nur. Theres no truſt,
No faith, no honeſtie in men; all naught,
All periurde, all diſſemblers, all forſworne.—
Ah, wheres my man? giue me ſome Aqua-vitæ:—
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old.
Shame come to *Romeo!*
Iul. Blisterd be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh! he was not borne to ſhame:
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit;
For tis a throane where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vniuerſal earth.
O, what a beaſt was I to chide at him!
Nur. Wil you ſpeak wel of him that kild your cozin?
Iul. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue ſhal ſmooth thy name,
When I, thy three houres wife, haue mangled it?—
But wherefore, villaine, didſt thou kill my Cozin?
That villaine Cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe, fooliſh teares, backe to your natiue ſpring;
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you, miſtaking, offer vp to ioy.
My husband liues, that *Tybalt* would haue ſlaine;
And *Tybalts* dead, that would haue ſlain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weepe I then?
Some word there was, worſer then *Tybalts* death,
That murdred me: I would forget it faine;
But, oh! it preſſes to my memorie,
Like damned guiltie deeds to ſinners mindes:
'*Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed;'

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That 'baniſhed,' that one word 'baniſhed,'
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tybalts*. *Tybalts* death
Was woe inough, if it had ended there:
Or, if ſower woe delights in fellowſhip
And needly will be ranckt with other griefes,
Why followed not, when ſhe ſaid '*Tybalts* dead,'
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd?
But, with a rearward following *Tybalts* death,
'*Romeo* is baniſhed,' to ſpeake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
All ſlaine, all dead:—'*Romeo* is baniſhed,'—
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that words death; no words can that woe ſound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, Nurſe?
Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarſe:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Iul. Waſh they his wounds with teares: mine ſhall be
When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* baniſhment. (ſpent,
Take vp thoſe cordes:—poore ropes, you are beguilde,
Both you and I; for *Romeo* is exilde:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maide, die maiden widowed.
Come, cordes; come, Nurſe; ile to my wedding bed;
And death, not *Romeo*, take my maiden head!
Nur. Hie to your chamber: Ile finde *Romeo*
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;
Ile to him; he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iul. O find him! giue this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his laſt farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

III. 3. *Enter Frier* Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. L. *Romeo*, come forth; come forth, thou fearefull man;
Affliction is enamourd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Rom. Father, what newes? what is the Princes doome?

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What ſorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. L. Too familiar
Is my deare ſonne with ſuch ſowre companie:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Rom. What leſſe then doomesday is the Princes doome?
Fri. L. A gentler iudgement vaniſht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment.
Rom. Ha! baniſhment? be mercifull, ſay 'death';
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more, then death: do not ſay 'baniſhment.'
Fri. L. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it ſelfe.
Hence baniſhed is baniſht from the world,
And worlds exile is death:—then 'baniſhed,'
Is death miſtermd: calling death 'baniſhed,'
Thou cutſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmil'ſt vpon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. L. O deadly ſin! ô rude vnthankfulnes!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath ruſht aſide the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to baniſhment:
This is deare mercie, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. Tis torture, and not mercie: heauen is here,
Where *Iuliet* liues; and euery cat, and dog,
And litle mouſe, euery vnworthy thing,
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not.—More validitie,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip liues
In carrion flies, then *Romeo:* they may ſeaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And ſteale immortall bleſſing from her lips;—
Who, euen in pure and veſtall modeſtie,
Still bluſh, as thinking their owne kiſſes ſin;—
But *Romeo* may not; he is baniſhed:

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This may flyes do, when I from this muſt flie;
They are freemen, but I am baniſhed:
And ſay'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadſt thou no poyſon mixt, no ſharpe ground knife,
No ſudden meane of death, though nere ſo meane,
But 'baniſhed' to kill me?—'Baniſhed'?
O Frier, the damned vſe that word in hell;
Howling attends it: how haſt thou the heart,
Being a Diuine, a ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A ſin abſoluer, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word 'baniſhed'?
Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, heare me a little ſpeake.
Rom. O, thou wilt ſpeake againe of baniſhment.
Fri. L. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word;
Aduerſities ſweete milke, Philoſophie,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet 'baniſhed'?—hang vp philoſophie!
Vnleſſe Philoſophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Diſplant a towne, reuerſe a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not: talke no more.
Fri. L. O, then I ſee, that mad men haue no eares.
Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men haue no eyes?
Fri. L. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of that thou doſt not feele:
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mightſt thou ſpeake, then mightſt thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.

[*Knocking within.*

Fri. L. Ariſe; one knocks, good *Romeo*, hide thy ſelfe.
Rom. Not I; vnleſſe the breath of hartſicke grones,
Myſt-like, infold me from the ſearch of eyes.

[*Knocking.*

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock!—Whoſe there?—*Romeo*, ariſe;

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Thou wilt be taken.—Stay a while!—Stand vp;

[*Knocking.*

Run to my ſtudie.—By and by!—Gods will!
What ſimplenes is this!—I come, I come!

[*Knocking.*

Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? whats your will?
Nur. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you ſhal know my errant;
I come from Lady *Iuliet.*
Fri. L. Welcome then.

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. O holy Frier, O, tell me, holy Frier,
Where is my Ladyes Lord? wheres *Romeo?*
Fri. L. There on the ground, with his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O, he is euen in my miſtreſſe caſe,
Iuſt in her caſe! O wofull ſimpathy!
Pitious prediccament! euen ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring.—
Stand vp, ſtand vp; ſtand, and you be a man:
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake, riſe and ſtand;
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an O?
Rom. Nurſe!
Nur. Ah ſir! ah ſir!—[Well,] deaths the end of all.
Rom. Spak'ſt thou of *Iuliet?* how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue ſtaind the childhood of our ioy
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur. Oh, ſhe ſayes nothing, ſir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then ſtarts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls; and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,

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Did murther her; as that names curſed hand
Murderd her kinſman.—Oh, tell me, Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may ſacke
The hateſull manſion. [*Drawing his ſword.*
Fri. L. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womaniſh; thy wild acts denote
The vnreaſonable furie of a beaſt:
Vnſeemely woman, in a ſeeming man!
And ilbeſeeming beaſt, in ſeeming both!
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temperd.
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt?* wilt thou ſley thy ſelfe?
And ſley thy Lady, that in thy life liues,
By doing damned hate vpon thy ſelfe?
Why rayl'ſt thou on thy birth, the heauen, and earth?
Since birth, and heauen, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldſt looſe.
Fie, fie! thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit;
Which, like a Vſurer, aboundſt in all,
And vſeſt none in that true vſe indeed
Which ſhould bedecke thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble ſhape is but a forme of waxe,
Digreſſing from the valour of a man;
Thy deare loue ſworne, but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou haſt vowd to cheriſh;
Thy wit, that ornament to ſhape and loue,
Miſhapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilleſſe ſouldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowſe thee, man! thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead;
There art thou happie: *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſleweſt *Tibalt*; there art thou happie:
The law, that threatned death, becomes thy friend,

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And turnes it to exile; there art thou happie;
A packe of bleſſings light vpon thy backe;
Happines courts thee in her beſt array;
But, like a miſbehau'd and ſullen wench,
Thou poutſt vpon thy fortune and thy loue.
Take heede, take heede, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go, get thee to thy loue, as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua;*
Where thou ſhalt liue till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee backe
With twentie hundred thouſand times more ioy
Then thou wentſt forth in lamentation.—
Go before, Nurſe: commend me to thy Lady;
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauie ſorrow makes them apt vnto:
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſtaid here all the night,
To heare good counſell: oh, what learning is!—
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do ſo, and bid my ſweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here, ſir, a Ring ſhe bid me giue you, ſir:
Hie you, make haſt, for it growes very late. [*Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. L. Go hence: goodnight; & here ſtands al your ſtate:—
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguis'd from hence:
Soiourne in *Mantua;* ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie, from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here:
Giue me thy hand; tis late: farewell; goodnight.

Rom. But that a ioy paſt ioy calls out on me,
It were a griefe, ſo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

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III. 4. *Enter old* Capulet, *his wife, and* Paris.

Cap. Things haue falne out, ſir, ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter:
Looke you, ſhe lou'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearely,
And ſo did I.—Well, we were borne to die.—
Tis very late; ſheele not come downe to night:
I promiſe you, but for your companie,
I would haue bene a bed an houre ago.
Par. Theſe times of wo affoord no times to wooe:
Madam, goodnight: commend me to your daughter.
Lady C. I will, and know her mind early to morrow;
To night ſhees mew'd vp to her heauines.
Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my childes loue: I thinke ſhe will be rulde
In all reſpects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my ſonne *Paris* loue;
And bid her, marke you me, on wendſday next—
But, ſoft; what day is this?
Par. Monday, my Lord.
Cap. Monday—ha—ha—Well, wendſday is too ſoone;
A thurſday let it be:—a thurſday, tell her,
She ſhall be married to this noble Earle:—
Will you be ready? do you like this haſte?
Weele keepe no great ado:—a friend, or two:—
For, harke you, *Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue ſome halfe a doozen friends,
And there an end. But what ſay you to Thurſday?
Par. My Lord, I would that thurſday were to morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone:—a Thurſday be it then:—
Go you to *Iuliet*, ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding day.—
Farewell, my Lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore mee, it is ſo very, [very] late,

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That wee may call it early by and by:
Goodnight. [*Exeunt.*

III. 5. *Enter* Romeo *and* Iuliet *aloft.*

Iul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierſt the fearefull hollow of thine eare;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranet tree:
Beleeue me, loue, it was the Nightingale.
Rom. It was the Larke, the herauld of the morne,
No Nightingale: looke, loue, what enuious ſtreakes
Do lace the ſeuering cloudes in yonder Eaſt:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocand day
Stands tipto on the myſtie Mountaine tops:
I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and die.
Iul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua:*
Therefore ſtay yet, thou needſt not to be gone.
Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death;
I am content, ſo thou wilt haue it ſo.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the mornings eye,
Tis but the pale reflex of *Cinthias* brow;
Nor that is not the Larke, whoſe noates do beate
The vaultie heauen ſo high aboue our heads:
I haue more care to ſtay, then will to go:—
Come, death, and welcome! *Iuliet* wills it ſo.—
How iſt, my ſoule? lets talke: it is not day.
Iul. It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords, and vnpleaſing Sharpes.
Some ſay, the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion;
This doth not ſo, for ſhe diuideth vs:
Some ſay, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had changd voyces too!
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,

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Hunting thee hence, with Huntſup to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it growes.
Rom. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. Madam!
Iul. Nurſe?
Nur. Your Lady Mother 's cumming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, looke about. [*Exit.*
Iul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiſſe, and Ile deſcend.
[*He goeth downe.*
Iul. Art thou gone ſo? loue! Lord! ay, husband! friend!
I muſt heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in an hower there are many dayes:
[Minutes are dayes; ſo will I number them:]
O, by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo!*
Rom. Farewell!
I will omit no opportunitie
That may conuey my greetings, loue, to thee.
Iul. O, thinkſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all theſe woes ſhall ſerue
For ſweete diſcourſes in our times to come.
Iul. O God! I haue an ill diuining ſoule:
Me thinkes I ſee thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe:
Either my eye-ſight failes, or thou lookſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me, loue, in my eye ſo do you:
Drie ſorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue! [*Exit.*
Iul. O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renowmd for faith? be fickle, Fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keepe him long,
But ſend him backe. [*She goeth downe from the window.*
Lady C. [*Within*] Ho, daughter! are you vp?
Iul. Who iſt that calls? It is my Lady mother.
Is ſhe not downe ſo late, or vp ſo early?

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What vnaccuſtomd cauſe procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

Lady C. Why, how now, *Iuliet?*
Iul. Madam, I am not well.
Lady C. Euermore weeping for your Cozens death?
What, wilt thou waſh him from his graue with teares?
And if thou couldſt, thou couldſt not make him liue;
Therfore haue done: ſome griefe ſhews much of loue;
But much of greefe ſhewes ſtill ſome want of wit.
Iul. Yet let me weepe for ſuch a feeling loſſe.
Lady C. So ſhall you feele the loſſe, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Iul. Feeling ſo the loſſe,
I cannot chuſe but euer weepe the friend.
Lady C. Wel, gyrle, thou weepſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which ſlaughterd him.
Iul. What villaine, Madam?
Lady C. That ſame villaine, *Romeo.*
Iul. Villaine and he be many miles aſunder.—
God pardon [him!]—I do, with all my heart;—
And yet no man, like he, doth greeue my heart.
Lady C. That is becauſe the Traytor murderer liues.
Iul. I, Madam, from the reach of theſe my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozens death!
Lady C. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not:
Then weepe no more. Ile ſend to one in *Mantua*,—
Where that ſame banniſht runnagate doth liue,—
Shall giue him ſuch an vnaccuſtomd dram,
That he ſhall ſoone keepe *Tybalt* companie:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be ſatisfied.
Iul. Indeed, I neuer ſhall be ſatisfied
With *Romeo*,—till I behold him—dead—
Is my poore heart,—ſo for a kinſman vext.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyſon, I would temper it,
That *Romeo* ſhould, vpon receit thereof,

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Soone ſleepe in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To heare him namde,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozen [*Tybalt*]
Vpon his body that hath ſlaughterd him!
Lady C. Find thou the means, and Ile find ſuch a man.
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tidings, Gyrle.
Iul. And ioy comes well in ſuch a needie time:
What are they, [I] beſeech your Ladyſhip?
Lady C. Well, well, thou haſt a carefull father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
Iul. Madam, in happie time, what day is that?
Lady C. Marrie, my child, early next Thurſday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris*, at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee there a ioyfull Bride.
Iul. Now, by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haſte; that I muſt wed
Ere he that ſhould be husband comes to wooe.
I pray you, tell my Lord and father, Madam,
I will not marrie yet; and, when I do, I ſweare
It ſhall be *Romeo*,—whom you know I hate,—
Rather then *Paris*. Theſe are newes indeed!
Lady C. Here comes your father; tell him ſo your ſelfe,
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and Nurſe.*

Cap. When the Sun ſets, the ayre doth driſle deaw;
But for the Sunſet of my brothers ſonne,
It rains downright.—
How now! a Conduit, girle? what, ſtill in tears?
Euermore ſhowring? In one litle body
Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebbe and flowe with teares; the Barke thy body is,

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Sayling in this ſalt floud; the windes, thy ſighes;
Who,—raging with thy teares, and they with them,—
Without a ſudden calme, will ouerſet
Thy tempeſt toſſed body.—How now, wife?
Haue you deliuer'd to her our decree?
Lady C. I, ſir; but ſhe will none, ſhe giues you thankes.—
I would the foole were married to her graue!
Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will ſhe none? doth ſhe not giue vs thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Vnworthy as ſhe is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride[groom]?
Iul. Not proud, you haue; but thankful, that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate;
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.
Cap. How now! how now! chopt lodgick! what is this?
'Proud,' and 'I thanke you,' and 'I thanke you not';
And yet 'not proud': miſtreſſe minion, you,
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine Ioynts gainſt Thurſday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you greene ſickneſſe carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face!
Lady C. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
Iul. Good Father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience but to ſpeake a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! diſobedient wretch!
I tell thee what:—get thee to Church a Thurſday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face:
Speake not, replie not, do not anſwere me;
My fingers itch,—Wife, we ſcarce thought vs bleſt,
That God had lent vs but this onely childe;
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curſe in hauing her:
Out on her, hilding!
Nur. God in heauen bleſſe her!—

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You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why, my Lady wiſdome? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence; ſmatter with your goſſips, go.
Nur. I ſpeake no treaſon.
Cap. O, Godigeden.
Nur. May not one ſpeake [t'ye]?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling foole!
Vtter your grauitie ore a Goſhips bowle;
For here we need it not.
Lady C. You are too hot.
Cap. Gods bread! it makes me mad:
[Day-time, night-tide, waking or sleeping houre,
At home, abroad, alone, in companie,
Working or playing,] ſtill my care hath bene
To haue her matcht: and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull, and nobly trainde,
Stuft, as they ſay, with honourable parts,
Proportiond as ones thought would wiſh a man,—
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To anſwere—'Ile not wed,—I cannot loue,—
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me';—
But, and you will not wed, ile 'pardon' you:
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vſe to ieſt.
Thurſday is neare; lay hand on hart, aduiſe:
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg, ſtarue, dye in the ſtreets,
For, by my ſoule, ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall neuer do thee good:
Truſt too't, bethinke you; ile not be forſworne. [*Exit.*
Iul. Is there no pittie ſitting in the cloudes,
That ſees into the bottome of my greeſe?
O, ſweet my Mother, caſt me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke;
Or, if you do not, make the Bridall bed

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In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.
Lady C. Talke not to me, for ile not ſpeake a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee. [*Exit.*
Iul. O God!—ô Nurſe, how ſhall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen;
How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnleſſe that husband ſend it me from heauen
By leauing earth?—comfort me, counſaile me.—
Alack, alack, that heauen ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Vpon ſo ſoft a ſubiect as my ſelfe!—
What ſayſt thou? haſt thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort, Nurſe.
Nur. Faith, here it is: *Romeo*
Is baniſhed, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then, ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I thinke it beſt you married with the Countie.
O, hees a louely Gentleman!
Romeos a diſhclout to him: an Eagle, Madam,
Hath not ſo greene, ſo quick, ſo faire an eye,
As *Paris* hath. Beſhrow my very hart,
I thinke you are happie in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt: or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead; or twere as good he were,
As liuing here, and you no vſe of him.
Iul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my ſoule too; elſe beſhrew them both.
Iul. Amen!
Nur. [To] what?
Iul. Well, thou haſt comforted me maruellous much.
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing diſpleaſ'd my father, to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confeſsion, and to be abſolu'd.
Nur. Marrie, I will; and this is wiſely done. [*Exit.*
Iul. Auncient damnation! ô moſt wicked fiend!
Is it more ſin—to wiſh me thus forſworne,

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Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath praiſde him with aboue compare
So many thouſand times?—Go, Counſellor;
Thou and my boſome henceforth ſhall be twaine.—
Ile to the Frier, to know his remedie:
If all elſe faile, my ſelfe haue power to die.
[*Exit.*

IV. 1. *Enter Frier* Lawrence *and Countie* Paris.

Fri. L. On Thurſday, ſir? the time is very ſhort.
Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it ſo;
And I am nothing ſlow, to ſlacke his haſte.
Fri. L. You ſay you do not know the Ladies minde?—
Vneuen is the courſe; I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue;
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares.
Now, ſir, her father counts it daungerous
That ſhe do giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway;
And, in his wiſedome, haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares;
Which, too much minded by her ſelfe alone,
May be put from her by ſocietie:
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte.
Fri. L. [*Aſide*] I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlowed.—
Looke, ſir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife!
Iul. That may be, ſir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be, loue, on Thurſday next.
Iul. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. L. Thats a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this Father?
Iul. To aunſwere that, I ſhould confeſſe to you.
Par. Do not denie to him, that you loue me.
Iul. I will confeſſe to you, that I loue him.

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Par. So will ye, I am ſure, that you loue me.
Iul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poor ſoule, thy face is much abuſde with tears.
Iul. The teares haue got ſmall victorie by that;
For it was bad inough, before their ſpight.
Par. Thou wrongſt it, more then tears, with that report.
Iul. That is no ſlaunder, ſir, which is a truth;
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlandred it.
Iul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.—
Are you at leiſure, holy Father, now;
Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe?
Fri. L. My leiſure ſerues me, penſiue daughter, now.—
My Lord, we muſt entreate the time alone.
Par. Godſhield, I ſhould diſturbe deuotion!—
Iuliet, on Thurſday early will I rowſe yee:
Till then, adue, and keepe this holy kiſſe.
[*Exit.*
Iul. O, ſhut the doore, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me; paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help!
Fri. L. O, *Iuliet*, I already know thy greefe;
It ſtraines me paſt the compaſſe of my wits:
I heare thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thurſday next be married to this Countie.
Iul. Tell me not, Frier, that thou hear'ſt of this,
Vnleſſe thou tell me how I may preuent it:
If, in thy wiſedome, thou canſt giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife ile helpe it preſently.
God ioynd my heart and *Romeos*, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeos* ſeald,
Shall be the Labell to an other deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt
Turne to an other, this ſhall ſley them both:
Therefore, out of thy long experienſt time,
Giue me ſome preſent counſell; or, behold,

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Twixt my extreames and me this bloudie knife
Shall play the vmpeere; arbitrating that
Which the commiſſion of thy yeares and art
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring.
Be not ſo long to ſpeake; I long to die,
If what thou ſpeakſt ſpeake not of remedie.
Fri. L. Hold, daughter; I do ſpie a kind of hope,
Which craues as deſperate an execution
As that is deſperate which we would preuent.
If, rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*,
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thy ſelfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That coapſt with death himſelfe to ſcape from it;
And, if thou dar'ſt, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iul. Oh, bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,
From off the battlements of yonder Tower;
Or walke in theeuiſh wayes; or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are; chaine me with roaring Beares;
Or ſhut me nightly in a Charnel houſe,
Orecouerd quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie ſhanks and yealow chapleſs ſculls;
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his [ſhroud;]
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble;
And I will do it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnſtaind wife to my ſweete loue.
Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merrie, giue conſent
To marrie *Paris:* wendſday is to morrow;
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurſe lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl, being then in bed,
And this diſtilling liquor drinke thou off:
When preſently through all thy veines ſhall run
A cold and drowzie humour; for no pulſe
Shall keepe his natiue progreſſe, but ſurceaſe:
No warmth, no breath, ſhall teſtifie thou liu'ſt;

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The roſes in thy lips and cheekes ſhall fade
To paly aſhes; thy eyes windowes fall,
Like death, when he ſhuts vp the day of life;
Each part, depriu'd of ſupple gouernment,
Shall, ſtiffe, and ſtarke, and cold, appeare like death:
And in this borrow'd likeneſſe of ſhrunke death
Thou ſhalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleepe.
Now, when the Bridegroome in the morning comes
To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then,—as the manner of our countrie is,—
In thy beſt robes, vncouerd on the Beere,
Thou ſhall be borne to that ſame auncient vault
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie.
In the meane time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking: and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame;
If no inconſtant toy, nor womaniſh feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Iul. Giue me, giue me! O tell not me of feare!

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolue: ile ſend a Frier with ſpeed
To *Mantua*, with my Letters to thy Lord.

Iul. Loue giue me ſtrength! and ſtrength ſhall helpe afford.
Farewell, deare father!

[*Exeunt.*

IV. 2. *Enter* Capulet, Lady Capulet, *Nurſe, and Seruing men, two or three.*

Cap. So many gueſts inuite as here are writ.—

[*Exit Servant.*

Sirrah, go hire me twentie cunning Cookes.

2 Ser. You ſhall haue none ill, ſir; for ile trie if they can lick their fingers.

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Cap. How canſt thou trie them ſo?

2 Ser. Marrie, ſir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fingers: therefore hee, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.— [*Exit 2 Ser.*

We ſhall be much vnfurniſht for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?

Nur. I, forſooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her:
A peeuiſh ſelfewilld harlottry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See, where ſhe comes from ſhrift with merie looke.

Cap. How now, my headſtrong! where haue you bin gadding?

Iul. Where I haue learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To you, and your beheſts; and am enioynd,
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall proſtrate here
To beg your pardon:—pardon, I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am euer rulde by you.

Cap. Send for the Countie; go tell him of this:
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

Iul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomed loue I might,
Not ſtepping ore the bounds of modeſtie.

Cap. Why, I am glad ont; this is wel,—ſtand vp:
This is aſt ſhould be.—Let me ſee the Countie;
I, marrie, go, I ſay, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.

Iul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my Cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needfull ornaments
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?

Lady C. No, not till Thurſday; there is time inough.

Cap. Go, Nurſe, go with her:—weele to Church to morrow.
[*Exeunt* Iuliet *and Nurſe.*

Lady C. We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion:

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Tis now neare night.
Cap. Tuſh! I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her;
Ile not to bed to night;—let me alone;
Ile play the huswife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: well, I will walke my ſelfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Againſt to morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame wayward Gyrle is ſo reclaymd.
[*Exeunt.*

IV. 3. *Enter* Iuliet *and Nurſe.*

Iul. I, thoſe attires are beſt:—but, gentle Nurſe,
I pray thee, leaue me to my ſelfe to night;
For I haue need of many oryſons
To moue the heauens to ſmile vpon my ſtate,
Which, well thou knoweſt, is croſſe and full of ſin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

Lady C. What, are you buſie, ho? need you my helpe?
Iul. No, Madam; we haue culd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoofefull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurſe this night ſit vp with you;
For, I am ſure, you haue your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
Lady C. Good night:
Get thee to bed, and reſt; for thou haſt need.
[*Exeunt* Lady C. *and Nurſe.*
Iul. Farewell!—God knowes when we ſhall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almoſt freezes vp the heate of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.—
Nurſe!—What ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmall ſceane I needs muſt act alone.—
Come, Violl.—

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What if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no:—this ſhall forbid it.—Lie thou there.—
[*Laying down a dagger.*
What if it be a poyſon, which the Frier
Subtly hath miniſtred to haue me dead,
Leaſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonourd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is: and yet, me thinks, it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill bene tried a holy man.
[I will not entertaine ſo bad a thought.]—
How if, when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me? theres a fearfull poynt!
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the Vault,
To whoſe foule mouth no healthſome ayre breaths in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes?
Or, if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Togither with the terror of the place,—
As in a Vaulte, an auncient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred yeares the bones
Of all my buried aunceſtors are packt;
Where bloudie *Tybalt*, yet but greene in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhroude; where, as they ſay,
At ſome houres in the night ſpirits reſort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like that I
So early waking,—what with loathſome ſmels,
And ſhrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls, hearing them, run mad:—
O! if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Inuironed with all theſe hidious feares?
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhrowde?
And, in this rage, with ſome great kinſmans bone,
As with a club, daſh out my deſprate braines?
O, looke! me thinks I ſee my Cozins Ghoſt

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Seeking out *Romeo*, that did ſpit his body
Vpon a Rapiers poynt:—ſtay, *Tybalt*, ſtay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drinke to thee.
[*She fals vpon her bed, within the Curtaines.*

IV. 4. *Enter Lady* Capulet *and Nurſe.*

Lady C. Hold, take theſe keies, & fetch more ſpices, Nurſe.
Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the Paſtrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir! the ſecond Cock hath crow'd,
The Curphew bell hath roong, tis three a clock:—
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica:*
Spare not for coſt.
Nur. Go, [go] you cot-queane, go,
Get you to bed; faith, youle be ſicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Cap. No, not a whit; what! I haue watcht ere now
All night for leſſer cauſe, and nere bene ſicke.
Lady C. I, you haue bene a mouſe-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.
[*Exeunt Lady C. and Nurſe.*
Cap. A iealous hood, a iealous hood!—

Enter three or foure Seruingmen, with ſpits, and logs, and Baskets.

Now, fellow,
What is there?
1 *Ser.* Things for the Cooke, ſir; but I know not what.
Cap. Make haſte, make haſte. [*Exit* 1 *Ser.*]—Sirra, fetch drier logs:
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.
2 *Ser.* I haue a head, ſir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter. [*Exit.*
Cap. Maſſe, and well ſaid; a merrie horſon, ha!
Thou ſhalt be loggerhead.—Good faith, tis day:
The Countie will be here with muſicke ſtraight,

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For ſo he ſaid he would. [*Muſicke within.*] I heare him neare.—
Nurſe!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, Nurſe, I ſay!
[*Re-enter Nurſe.*
Go, waken *Iuliet*, go, and trim her vp;
Ile go and chat with *Paris*:—hie, make haſte,
Make haſt! the bridgroome, he is come already:
Make haſt, I ſay! [*Exeunt.*

IV. 5. *Enter* Nurſe.

Nur. Miſtris!—what, miſtris *Iuliet*!—faſt, I warrant her, ſhe:—
Why, Lambe!—why, Lady!—fie, you ſluggabed!—
Why, Loue, I ſay!—Madam!—ſweete heart!—why, Bride!—
What, not a word?—you take your penniworths now;
Sleepe for a weeke; for the next night, I warrant,
The Countie *Paris* hath ſet vp his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little.—God forgiue me!
Marrie, and Amen!—How ſound is ſhe a ſleepe!
I needs muſt wake her:—Madam, Madam, Madam!
I, let the Countie take you in your bed;
Heele fright you vp, yfaith.—Will it not be?
What, dreſt! and in your clothes! and downe againe!
I muſt needs wake you. Lady, Lady, Lady!
Alas, alas!—helpe, helpe! my Ladyes dead!—
Oh, welladay, that euer I was borne!—
Some Aqua-vitæ, ho!—my Lord! my Lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

Lady C. What noiſe is here?
Nur. O lamentable day!
Lady C. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke! oh heauie day!
Lady C. O me, O me! my child, my onely life,
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee!—
Helpe, helpe!—call helpe.

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Enter Capulet.

Cap. For ſhame, bring *Iuliet* forth; her Lord is come.
Nur. Shees dead, deceaſt, ſhees dead; alack the day!
Lady C. Alack the day! ſhees dead, ſhees dead, ſhees dead!
Cap. Hah! let me ſee her:—out, alas! ſhees cold;
Her bloud is ſetled, and her ioynts are ſtiffe;
Life and theſe lips haue long bene ſeparated:
Death lies on her, like an vntimely froſt
Vpon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.
[Accurſed time! unfortunate old man!]
Nur. O lamentable day!
Lady C. O wofull time!
Cap. Death, that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me ſpeake.

Enter Frier Lawrence *and the Countie* Paris, *with* Muſicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Cap. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.
O ſonne, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife:—[See,] there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflowred by him.
Death is my ſonne in law, death is my heire;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leaue him all; life, liuing, all is deaths.
Par. Haue I thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it giue me ſuch a ſight as this?
Lady C. Accurſt, vnhappie, wretched, hatefull day!
Moſt miſerable houre, that ere time ſaw
In laſting labour of his Pilgrimage!
But one, poore one, one poore and louing child,
But one thing to reioyce and ſolace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my ſight!
Nur. O wo! O wofull, wofull, wofull day!
Moſt lamentable day, moſt wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold!

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O day! O day! O day! O hatefull day!
Neuer was ſeene ſo blacke a day as this:
O wofull day! O wofull, [wofull] day!
Par. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlaine!
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell thee quite ouerthrowne!
O loue! O life!—not life, but loue in death!
Cap. Deſpiſde, diſtreſſed, hated, martird, kild!
Vncomfortable time! why camſt thou now
To murther, murther our ſolemnitie?
O childe! O childe!—my ſoule, and not my childe!—
Dead art thou! [Dead!]—Alacke, my child is dead;
And, with my child, my ioyes are buried!
Fri. L. Peace, ho, for ſhame! confuſions cure liues not
In theſe confuſions. Heauen and your ſelfe
Had part in this faire maide; now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keepe from death;
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life.
The moſt you ſought was her promotion;
For twas your heauen ſhe ſhould be aduanſt:
And weepe ye now, ſeeing ſhe is aduanſt
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as heauen it ſelfe?
O, in this loue, you loue your child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:
Shees not well married, that liues married long;
But ſhees beſt married, that dies married young.
Drie vp your teares, and ſtick your Roſemarie
On this faire Coarſe; and, as the cuſtome is,
And in her beſt array, beare her to Church:
For though fond nature bids vs all lament,
Yet natures teares are reaſons merriment.
Cap. All things that we ordained feſtiuall,
Turne from their office to black Funerall:
Our inſtruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheare, to a ſad buriall feaſt;
Our ſolemne himnes to ſullen dyrges change;

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Our Bridall flowers ſerue for a buried Coarſe,
And all things change them to the contrarie.
Fri. L. Sir, go you in,—and, Madam, go with him;—
And go, ſir *Paris*;—euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarſe vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you for ſome ill;
Moue them no more, by croſſing their high wil.
[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*
1 *Muſ.* Faith, we may put vp our pipes, and be goue.
Nur. Honeſt goodfellowes, ah, put vp, put vp;
For, well you know, this is a pitifull caſe. [*Exit.*
1 *Muſ.* I, by my troath, the caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Muſitions, oh, Muſitions, 'Harts eaſe, Harts eaſe:' O, and you will haue me liue, play 'Harts eaſe.'
1 *Muſ.* Why 'Harts eaſe?'
Peter. O, Muſitions, becauſe my hart it ſelfe plaies 'My hart is full [of woe:]' O, play me ſome merie dump, to comfort me.
1 *Muſ.* Not a dump we; tis no time to play now.
Peter. You will not then?
1 *Muſ.* No.
Peter. I will then giue it you ſoundly.
1 *Muſ.* What will you giue vs?
Peter. No money, on my faith, but the gleeke; I will giue you the Minſtrell.
1 *Muſ.* Then will I giue you the Seruing-creature.
Peter. Then will I lay the ſeruing-creatures dagger on your pate. I will cary no Crochets: ile re you, Ile fa you; do you note me?
1 *Muſ.* And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.
2 *Muſ.* Pray you, put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Peter. Then haue at you with my wit! I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my yron dagger. Anſwere me like men:

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'When griping griefes the hart doth wound,
[And dolefull dumps the minde oppreſſe,]
Then muſique with her ſiluer ſound'—
Why 'ſiluer ſound'? why 'muſique with her ſiluer ſound'? what ſay you, Simon Catling?

1 Muſ. Mary, ſir, becauſe ſiluer hath a ſweet ſound.

Peter. Pretie! What ſay you, Hugh Rebick?

2 Muſ. I ſay 'ſiluer ſound,' becauſe Muſitions ſound for ſiluer.

Peter. Prettie too! What ſay you, Iames Soundpoſt?

3 Muſ. Faith, I know not what to ſay.

Peter. O, I cry you mercy; you are the ſinger: I will ſay for you. It is 'muſique with her ſiluer ſound,' becauſe Muſitions haue no gold for ſounding:—

'Then Muſique with her ſiluer ſound
With ſpeedy help doth lend redreſſe.' [*Exit.*

1 Muſ. What a peſtilent knaue is this ſame?

2 Muſ. Hang him, Iack!—Come, weele in here; tarrie for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

V. 1. *Enter* Romeo.

Rom. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleepe,
My dreames preſage ſome ioyfull newes at hand:
My boſomes Lord ſits lightly in his throne,
And, all this day, an vnaccuſtomd ſpirit
Lifts me aboue the ground with chearfull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and fouud me dead,—
Strange dreame, that giues a deadman leaue to thinke!—
And Breathd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiude, and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how ſweete is loue itſelfe poſſeſt,
When but loues ſhadowes are ſo rich in ioy!

Enter Romeos man, Balthazer, *booted.*

Newes from *Verona!*—How now, *Balthazer?*
Doſt thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?

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How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Iuliet?* that I aske againe;
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.
Bal. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body ſleepes in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues.
I ſaw her laid lowe in her kindreds vault,
And preſently tooke poſte to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing theſe ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office, ſir.
Rom. Is it ene ſo? then I denie you, ſtarres!—
Thou know'ſt my lodging: get me inke and paper,
And hire poſt horſes; I will hence to night.
Bal. I do beſeech you, ſir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and do import
Some miſaduenture.
Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiu'd:
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
Bal. No, my good Lord.
Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hyre thoſe horſes; Ile be with thee ſtraight.
[*Exit* Balthazer.
Well, *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night.
Lets ſee for meanes:—O miſchiefe, thou art ſwift
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men!
I do remember an Appothacarie,—
And here abouts a dwells,—which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of ſimples; meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miſerie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie ſhop a tortoyes hung,
An allegater ſtuft, and other skins
Of ill ſhapte fiſhes; and about his ſhelues
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders, and muſtie ſeedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roſes,

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Were thinly ſcatter'd, to make vp a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to my ſelfe I ſaid,—
An if a man did need a poyſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Catiffe wretch would ſell it him.—
O, this ſame thought did but forerun my need,
And this ſame needie man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe:
Being holy day, the beggers ſhop is ſhut.—
What, ho! Appothecarie!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls ſo lowd?
Rom. Come hither, man.—I ſee that thou art poore;
Hold, there is fortie duckets: let me haue
A dram of poyſon; ſuch ſoone ſpeeding geare
As will diſpearſe it ſelfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be diſchargd of breath
As violently as haſtie powder fierd
Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.
Ap. Such mortall drugs I haue; but *Mantuas* lawe
Is death to any he that vtters them.
Rom. Art thou ſo bare, and full of wretchedneſſe,
And fear'ſt to die? famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppreſſion ſtarueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggerie hangs vpon thy backe,
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:
The world affoords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.
Ap. My pouertie, but not my will, conſents.
Rom. I pay thy pouertie, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drinke it off; and, if you had the ſtrength
Of twentie men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.
Rom. There is thy Gold; worſe poyſon to mens ſoules,
Doing more murther in this loathſome world,

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Then theſe poore compounds that thou maiſt not ſell:
I ſell thee poyſon, thou haſt ſold me none.
Farewell; buy foode, and get thy ſelfe in fleſh.—
Come, Cordiall and not poyſon, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there muſt I vſe thee.

Exeunt.

V. 2. *Enter Frier* Iohn *to Frier* Lawrence.

Iohn. Holy *Franciſcan* Frier! brother, ho!

Enter Lawrence.

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voyce of Frier *Iohn.*—
Welcome from *Mantua*: what ſayes *Romeo*?
Or, if his minde be writ, giue me his Letter.
Iohn. Going to find a bareſoote brother out,
One of our order, to aſſotiate me,
Here in this Citie viſiting the ſicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne,
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth;
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.
Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?
Iohn. I could not ſend it,—here it is againe,—
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.
Law. Vnhappie fortune! by my Brotherhood,
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn*, go hence;
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it ſtraight
Vnto my Cell.
Iohn. Brother, ile go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*
Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone;
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake:
Shee will beſhrewe me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents;

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28 But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come:
Poore liuing Coarſe, cloſde in a dead mans Tombe!
[*Exit.*

V. 3. *Enter Countie* Paris *and his Page, with flowers and ſweete water.*

Par. Giue me thy Torch, boy: hence, and ſtand aloofe:—
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeene.
Vnder yond yew Trees lay thee all along,
4 Holding thy eare cloſe to the hollow ground;
So ſhall no foote vpon the Church-yard tread,
Being looſe, vnfirme, with digging vp of Graues,
But thou ſhalt heare it: whiſtle then to me,
8 As ſignall that thou hear'ſt ſome thing approach.
Giue me thoſe flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the Church-yard; yet I will aduenture. [*Retires.*
12 *Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I ſtrew,—
O woe! thy Canapie is duſt and ſtones;—
Which with ſweete water nightly I will dewe,
Or, wanting that, with teares diſtild by mones;
16 The obſequies that I for thee will keepe
Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy graue and weepe.
[*Whiſtle Boy.*
The Boy giues warning, ſomething doth approach.
What curſed foote wanders this way to night,
20 To croſſe my obſequies, and true loues right?
What, with a Torch?—muffle me, night, a while.
[*Retires.*

Enter Romeo *and* Balthazer, *with a torch, a mattocke, and a crow of yron.*

Rom. Giue me that mattocke, and the wrenching Iron.
Hold, take this Letter; early in the morning
24 See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father.
Giue me the light. Vpon thy life I charge thee,

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What ere thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my Ladies face:
But, chiefly, to take thence, from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I muſt vſe
In deare imployment: therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, iealous, doſt returne to prie
In what I farther ſhall intend to doo,
By heauen, I will teare thee Ioynt by Ioynt,
And ſtrew this hungry Church-yard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are ſauage wilde;
More fierce, and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring ſea.
Bal. I will be gone, ſir, and not trouble ye.
Rom. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhip.—Take thou that:
Liue, and be proſperous: and farewell, good fellow.
Bal. For all this ſame, ile hide me here about:
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*
Rom. Thou deteſtable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſell of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And, in deſpight, ile cram thee with more foode.
Par. This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my loues Cozin;—with which greefe,
It is ſuppoſed, the faire creature died,—
And here is come to do ſome villainous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—
[*Comes forward.*
Stop thy vnhallow'd toyle, vile *Mountague!*
Can vengeance be purſu'd further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſprate man,
Flie hence and leaue me:—thinke vpon theſe gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beſeech thee, youth,

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Put not an other ſin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie:—ô, be gone!
By heauen, I loue thee better then my ſelfe;
For I come hither armde againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not, begone;—liue, and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy coniurations,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Rom. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee, boy!
[*They fight.*
Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the Watch.
[*Exit.*
Par. O, I am ſlaine!—If thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet.* [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will:—let me peruſe this face;—
Mercutios kinſman, Noble Countie *Paris!*
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould haue married *Iuliet.*
Said he not ſo? or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet,*
To thinke it was ſo?—O, giue me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſowre misfortunes booke!
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue;—
A Graue? O, no; a Lanthorne, ſlaughtred youth;
For here lies *Iuliet,* and her bewtie makes
This Vault a feaſting preſence full of light.—
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interd.
[*Laying Paris in the Monument.*
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they bene merie! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: Oh, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O my Loue! my wife!
Death, that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewtie:
Thou art not conquerd; bewties enſigne yet
Is crymſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,

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And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.—
Tybalt, lyeſt thou there in thy bloudie ſheet?
O, what more fauour can I do to thee
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine
To ſunder his that was thine enemie?
Forgiue me, Couzen!—Ah, deare *Iuliet*,
Why art thou yet ſo faire? Shall I beleeue
That vnſubſtantiall death is amorous,
And that the leane abhorred monſter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his parramour?
For feare of that, I ſtill will ſtaie with thee,
And neuer from this pallace of dym night
Depart againe: here, here will I remaine
With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides; O, here
Will I ſet vp my euerlaſting reſt;
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtarres
From this world wearied fleſh.—Eyes, looke your laſt!
Armes, take your laſt embrace! And lips, O you
The doores of breath, ſeale with a righteous kiſſe
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingroſſing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, vnſauoury guide!
Thou deſperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing Rocks thy ſeaſick weary barke!
Heeres to my Loue!—[*Drinks.*] O, true Appothecary!
Thy drugs are quicke.—Thus with a kiſſe I die. [*Dies*

Enter Frier Lawrence, *with Lanthorne, Crowe, and Spade.*

Frier. Saint Francis be my ſpeede! how oft to night
Haue my old feet ſtumbled at graues! Whoes there?
Bal. Heeres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Frier. Bliſſe be vpon you! Tell me, good my friend.
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſſe ſculles? as I diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.
Bal. It doth ſo, holy ſir; and theres my maiſter,
One that you loue.

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Frier. Who is it?
Bal. *Romeo.*
Frier. How long hath he bin there?
Bal. Full halfe an houre.
Frier. Go with me to the Vault.
Bal. I dare not, ſir:
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence;
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to looke on his entents.
Frier. Stay, then; ile go alone:—feare comes vpon me;
O, much I feare ſome ill vnluckie thing.
Bal. As I did ſleepe vnder this yew tree heere,
I dreampt my maiſter and another fought,
And that my maiſter ſlew him.
Frier. *Romeo!*— [*Advances.*
Alack, alack, what bloud is this, which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this Sepulchre?—
What meane theſe maiſterleſſe and goarie ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace? [*Enters the tomb.*
Romeo! oh, pale!—Who elſe? what, *Paris* too?
And ſteept in bloud?—Ah, what an vnkind hower
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?—
The Lady ſtirres. [*Juliet wakes.*
Iul. O, comfortable Frier! where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be,
And there I am:—where is my *Romeo?* [*Noiſe within.*
Frier. I heare ſome noyſe.—Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall ſleepe:
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away:
Thy huſband in thy boſome there lies dead;
And *Paris* too: come, ile diſpoſe of thee
Among a Siſterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming;
Come, go, good *Iuliet*,—I dare no longer ſtay.
[*Exit.*
Iul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—

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Whats heere? a cup, cloſd in my true loues hand?
Poiſon, I ſee, hath bin his timeleſſe end:—
O churle! drunke all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after?—I will kiſſe thy lips;
Happlie ſome poyſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a reſtoratiue.
Thy lips are warme!

1 *Watch.* [*Within.*] Leade, boy: which way?

Iul. Yea, noiſe?—then ile be briefe.—O happy dagger!
[*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*
This is thy ſheath [*Stabs herself*]; there ruſt, and let me dye.
[*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, *with the* Page *of* Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burne.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloudie; ſearch about the Churchyard:
Go, ſome of you, who ere you find attach.—
Pittifull ſight! heere lies the Countie ſlaine;
And *Iuliet* bleeding; warme, and newlie dead,
Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.—
Go, tell the Prince,—runne to the *Capulets*,—
Raiſe vp the *Mountagues*,—ſome others ſearch:—
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lye;
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes,
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Re-enter ſome of the Watch, *with* Balthazer.

2 *Watch.* Heres *Romeos* man; we found him in the Churchyard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in ſafetie, till the Prince come hither.

Re-enter Frier Lawrence, *and another Watchman.*

3 *Watch.* Here is a Frier, that trembles, ſighes, and weepes:
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yards ſide.

1 *Watch.* A great ſuſpition; ſtay the Frier too.

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Enter the Prince *with others.*

Prin. What miſaduenture is ſo early vp,
That calls our perſon from our morning reſt?

Enter Capulet *and his wife.*

Cap. What ſhould it be that is ſo ſhrik'd abroad?
Lady C. The people in the ſtreet crie *Romeo,*
Some *Iuliet,* and ſome *Paris;* and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
Prin. What feare is this, which ſtartles in our eares?
1 *Watch.* Soueraine, here lies the County *Paris* ſlain;
And *Romeo* dead; and *Iuliet,* dead before,
Warme and new kild.
Prin. Search, ſeeke, & know how this foule murder comes.
1 *Watch.* Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd *Romeos* man,
With Inſtruments vpon them, fit to open
Theſe dead mens Tombes.
Cap. O heauens!—O wife, looke how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath miſtane, for, loe, his houſe
Is emptie on the back of *Mountague,*
And it misſheathed in my daughters boſome!
Lady C. O me! this ſight of death is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a ſepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Prin. Come, *Mountague;* for thou art early vp,
To ſee thy ſonne and heire more early downe.
Moun. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to night;
Griefe of my ſonnes exile hath ſtopt her breath:
What further woe conſpires againſt mine age?
Prin. Looke, and thou ſhalt ſee.
Moun. O thou vntaught! what maners is in this,
To preſſe before thy father to a graue?
Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true diſcent;

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And then will I be generall of your woes,
And leade you euen to death: meane time forbeare,
And let miſchance be ſlaue to patience.—
Bring foorth the parties of ſuſpition.
Frier. I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected, as the time and place
Doth make againſt me, of this direfull murther;
And heere I ſtand, both to impeach and purge
My ſelfe condemned and my ſelfe excuſde.
Prin. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this.
Frier. I will be briefe, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*;
And ſhe, there dead, that *Romeos* faithfull wife:
I married them; and their ſtolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomeſday, whoſe vntimely death
Baniſht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie;
For whome, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pinde.
You, to remoue that ſiege of griefe from her,
Betrothd, and would haue married her perforce,
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And, with wild lookes, bid me deuiſe ſome meane
To rid her from this ſecond mariage,
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe.
Then gaue I her (ſo tuterd by my art)
A ſleeping potion; which ſo tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death: meane time I writ to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd graue,
Being the time the potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, Frier *Iohn*,
Was ſtay'd by accident, and yeſternight
Returnd my letter back. Then all alone,
At the prefixed hower of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault;
Meaning to keepe her cloſely at my Cell,

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Till I conueniently could ſend to *Romeo:*
But when I came, ſome minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here vntimely lay
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo*, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And beare this worke of heauen with patience:
But then a noyſe did ſcare me from the Tombe,
And ſhe, too deſperate, would not go with me,
But, as it ſeemes, did violence on her ſelfe.
Al this I know; & to the marriage
Her Nurſe is priuie: and, if ought in this
Miſcaried by my fault, let my old life
Be ſacrific'd ſome houre before his time
Vnto the rigour of ſeuereſt law.
Prin. We ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man.—
Wheres *Romeos* man? what can he ſay to this?
Balth. I brought my maiſter newes of *Iuliets* death;
And then in poſte he came from *Mantua*,
To this ſame place, to this ſame monument.
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father;
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.
Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will looke on it.—
Where is the Counties Page, that raiſd the Watch?—
Sirrah, what made your maiſter in this place?
Page. He came with flowers to ſtrew his Ladies graue;
And bid me ſtand aloofe, and ſo I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe;
And by and by my maiſter drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the Watch.
Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their courſe of Loue, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poyſon
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to die, and lye with *Iuliet*.—
Where be theſe enemies? *Capulet! Mountague!*
See, what a ſcourge is laide vpon your hate,

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That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue!
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Haue loſt a brace of kinſmen :—all are puniſht.
Cap. O, brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand :
This is my daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demaund.
Moun. But I can giue thee more :
For I will raiſe her ſtatue in pure gold ;
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There ſhall no figure at ſuch rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet*.
Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeos* by his Ladies lie ;
Poore ſacrifices of our enmitie!
Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings ;
The Sun, for ſorrow, will not ſhew his head :
Go hence, to haue more talke of theſe ſad things ;
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed :
For neuer was a Storie of more wo,
Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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NOTES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. The list first given, imperfectly, by Rowe.

PROLOGUE. This Prologue is omitted in Ff. In (Q1) it consists but of twelve lines and is evidently not a true rendering of the original.

Chorus.] *Corus* Q2.

14. *here*] *heare* Q2.

ACTS AND SCENES. In the Qq. Ff. there is no division of this Play into Acts and Scenes. The Ff. indeed head the first scene with 'Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.'; but that is all. The division I have adopted is that of most modern editions.

Prologue	Act I.		2nd Chorus	Act II.		Act III.		Act IV.		Act V.	
Chorus	Sc. 1 lines	233	lines 14	Sc. 1 lines	42	Sc. 1 lines	190	Sc. 1 lines	126	Sc. 1 lines	89
lines 14	,, 2 ,,	101		,, 2 ,,	189	,, 2 ,,	143	,, 2 ,,	47	,, 2 ,,	30
	,, 3 ,,	105		,, 3 ,,	94	,, 3 ,,	175	,, 3 ,,	59	,, 3 ,,	306
	,, 4 ,,	115		,, 4 ,,	192	,, 4 ,,	36	,, 4 ,,	28		
	,, 5 ,,	144		,, 5 ,,	77	,, 5 ,,	245	,, 5 ,,	141		
				,, 6 ,,	37						
14		698	14		631		789		401		425

—Total 2972 lines.

In a tentative edition like the present, I have deemed it best for convenience of reference to the standard modern editions, to maintain this division; but I suggest that the more natural division would have been to end Act III. with Sc. 4,—the scene in which Capulet promises Juliet in marriage to Paris,—making Act IV. commence with the Parting of the lovers. The interposition of the short scene 4 alone, between the arrangement made at the Friar's Cell for the meeting of the lovers and the scene in which they part, does not give a sufficiently marked interval for the occurrence of all the events which are supposed to have passed in the interim: moreover the addition of Sc. 5 to Act III. has the disadvantage of making that act inordinately long. Capell made the division I here suggest; but his example does not appear to have been followed by any subsequent editor.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

In this opening scene, up to the actual commencement of the fray, a comparison of (Q1) with Q2 leaves one with the impression that the former, in its incompleteness, is merely the result of imperfect notes taken during the performance;

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the summing up of the affray itself in a descriptive stage direction strengthens this impression. On the entry of the Prince to part the combatants his speech is reduced nearly one third. In the subsequent dialogue between Mountague, his Wife, and Benvolio, there are again large *omissions* in (Q1). Benvolio asked to describe the fray breaks down at the second line; but traces of the lines he should have spoken may be discovered in his confused account in (Q1) of the fatal fight in which Mercutio and Tybalt are slain (Act III. Sc. 1), where indeed one whole line of those here omitted will be found:—'*While we* [*they*] *were enterchaunging thrusts and blowes.*' It will also be noticed as a proof of *omission* on the part of (Q1) that Mountague retains the line—'*Black and portentous must this humour prove;*' but his description of Romeo's melancholy humour to which he refers is only to be found in Q2. Again we find evidence of *omission* on the part of (Q1) in the abruptness of the conclusion of the dialogue between Romeo and Benvolio and in the absolute agreement in character of the additional 22 lines found in Q2 with all that had gone before. For the rest, from the entry of the Prince to the conclusion of the scene, what is given in (Q1) is evidently derived, however obtained, from an authentic source, and has the great value of enabling us to correct some errors that have crept into Q2, and of affording evidence of revision in that quarto. The reader may easily discover for himself by the aid of the Parallel texts edition of this play the proofs of this revision; but all instances of any moment will be found recorded in these notes.

1. *Coales*] *Coles* Q2, 3, 4.

4. *out of collar*] *out of choller* Q2, 3. *out of the coller* Q4. *out of the collar* Q5. *out o'th Collar* Ff. (*o' th'* F3, 4.)

21. *I will be ciuil with the maides*] For *ciuil* Q4, 5 have *cruell*, a reading that has been very generally adopted, from Rowe downwards.

26. *They must take it in sense*] Q2, 3, F1 omit *in*.

30. *here comes two of the house of Mountagues.*] Malone first introduced *two* into the text, from (Q1). The Ff. have, ... *of* the *Mountagues.*

31. [Enter Abram and another, seruing men of the Mountagues] The Qq. Ff. have merely, '*Enter two other serving men.*' From the prefix to his speeches we find the name of one to be *Abram;* the other, a mute personage, was named by Rowe, *Balthasar;* but as that is the name of Romeo's man, who plays a serious part, I have preferred to leave this second serving man unnamed.

39. *which is disgrace to them*] Q3, 4, 5 & Ff. have,—*which is a disgrace to them,*—the reading generally adopted. The introduction of the article seems however unnecessary. (Q1) has,—*which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.*

52. [Enter, at opposite sides, Benuolio and Tibalt.] The Qq. Ff. have here merely '*Enter Benuolio.*' Tibalt's entry is marked after what is, in our text, line 60.

Benuolio is of the faction of the Montagues, and his entry when Gregorie, a servant of the Capulets, says 'here comes one of my maisters kinsmen' led Farmer to suppose a mistake in this place. Steevens however explains that "Gregorie may mean Tybalt, who enters immediately after Benvolio, but on a different part of the stage. The eyes of the servant may be directed the way he sees Tybalt coming, and in the mean time, Benvolio enters on the opposite side."

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The stage directions in such carelessly printed plays as Shakspere's unfortunately are, need not be regarded in a very sacred light, and I have not therefore hesitated in bringing them here, and in other places, in agreement with the evident intention of the scene.

57. *swashing*] Q4, 5. *washing* Q2, 3, Ff.

There can, I think, be no doubt that *swashing* is the right word in this place (see the notes and illustrations of the several editors collected in Furness's Variorum Shakespeare), yet the following curious extract, with which I have been favoured by Dr B. Nicholson, is so good a contribution to our knowledge of the colloquialisms of the Elizabethan period, that I cannot refrain from giving it a place in these notes.

"You see my quarter staffe, is it not a blesse begger, thinke you? A washing blow of this is as good as a Laundresse, it will wash for the names sake: it can wipe a fellow ouer the thumbs, wring a man in the withers, and must needs dry beate a skoundrell, if it be artificially managed."

Plaine Percevall [by Rich. Harvey, 1589].

67. [Enter several of both houses, etc.] The Qq. for this stage direction have, '*Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs or partysons.*' The Ff. omit '*or partysons.*' Capel first amplified the stage direction. I have added to it '*confused cries*', and broken up the two following lines to indicate that part would be shouted by one faction, part by the other, and part by the citizens and officers who interfere to stop the fray. The Qq. and Ff. have the prefix *Offi.* to these two lines. The Cambridge Editors give both to *First Off.;* but conjecture that the second should be given to *Citizens*. *Cit.* or 1 *Cit.* (Theobald and Malone) is the usual prefix in modern editions. Mr Cowden Clarke, who remarks that 'this speech seems to be a collection of exclamations uttered by several persons rather than the words of one person', gives both lines to *Citizens*. Dyce, also, in his 2nd ed.

69. [Enter at opposite sides old Capulet, etc.] It is clear from the dialogue that Capulet and Montague arrive on the scene of action at the same moment, I have therefore brought these two entries together and made the necessary alterations. The entry of Montague is marked in Qq. Ff. after line 73 of our text.

77. *Prophaners of this neighbour-stayned steele.*] Is *steele* here a misprint for *soil?*

82. *mistemperd*] *mistempered*, Q2, 3, 4.

87. *Veronas*] *Neronas* Q2.

108. *While we were enterchaunging thrusts and blowes.*] This line, with the change of *we* to *they*, is found in (Q1) in Act III. Sc. 1, where Benvolio describes the fatal brawl in which Mercutio and Tybalt are slain.

115. *A troubled minde draue me to walke abroad.*] So Q3, 4, 5 & Ff. Q2 for *draue* has *driue*. Mommsen argues for the retention of *driue*, and quotes, in support of his argument, Spenser (F.Q. 3, 4, 37, 'That so deepe wound through these deare members *drive*') and the 'Logonomia Anglica' (ed. 1621, p. 49) of Alex. Gil, a contemporary grammarian. To this might be added the authority of Ben Jonson,—see his Grammar, Chap. XIX.—and two other instances in Spenser.

'So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it *drive.*'
for *drove, push'd.* F. Q. 6, 9, 32.

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'Others would through the river him have *drive*.'
for *driven*. F. Q. (*Two Cantos on Mutabilitie*) 6, 50.

Drive (*i* short) still survives as a vulgarism; but as no other instance of its use can be found in Shakspere I have preferred to follow the example of the editions subsequent to Q2, and of all English editors.

For the line quoted at the head of this note (Q1) has,—

A troubled thought drew me from companie:

this, taken in connection with two other lines in this speech—

I drew towards him but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thicket of the wood,—

also altered in Q2, would seem to suggest that the altered version is the result of a revision of the play for the later edition. See, also, note on lines 122, 123 in this same speech.

116. *Sycamour*] Q2, 3, 4 misprint *Syramour*.

117. *That Westward rooteth from the Citie's side.*] Malone, from (Q1). Q2 has, —*this citie side*. The rest,—*this city side*.

122, 123. *Which then most sought where most might not be found,*
Being one too many by my wearie selfe.] Q2, 3, 4, Ff. have a comma after *sought*; Q5 omits comma. For these two lines (Q1) has,—

That most are busied when th'are most alone,

a reading introduced by Pope and adopted by many editors. The two lines however which appear in my text seem to me evidently the result of a revision of the original play. A probable restoration of the text is recorded in Furness's Variorum edition, p. 431, Appendix, as the conjecture of Prof. G. Allen:—'*where* more *might not be found*.' "Shakespear," says Mr Allen, "was not the man (in Romeo and Juliet, at least) to let slip the chance of running through the Degrees of Comparison, *many, more, most*."

125. *shunn'd*] *shunned* Q2, 3, 4.

136. *portentous*] F2, 3, 4. *portentious* (Q1). *portendous* Q2, 3, 5, F1. *protendous* Q4.

141. *Both by my selfe and many o'her friends.*]—F1 has *others Friends*, and on this authority Knight founds his reading,—*and many others, friends*. Knight's punctuation may possibly be right; but there would be no need to change *other* to *others*. *Other* was frequently used as a plural.

142. *But he, his owne affections counseller*] *But he is owne*, etc. Q2.

148. *Or dedicate his bewtie to the sun.*] For *sun* the Qq. Ff. have *same*. *Sun* is one of Theobald's many happy emendations, and has been almost universally adopted. It should however be observed that instances of this flat, lawyer's-clerk-like diction are frequent in the works of Shakspere's predecessors and contemporaries—I could give many specimens; but (to quote one instance only)

——'that which every one doth know for truth
Needs no examples to confirm the *same*.'
Greene's *Comical History of Alphonsus, King of Arragon*.

67. *Should, without eyes, see pathwaies to his will*] For this line (Q1) has,—*Should without* lawes giue *pathwaies to* our *will*. The line is a difficult one, whichever version we accept, and has been variously interpreted by those editors who have ventured to explain it. Staunton conjectures that the true reading,

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suggested by (Q1), is probably—'Should, without eyes, *set* pathways to *our* will'; in other words, 'make us walk in any direction he chooses to appoint.'

172. *create*] So (Q1), F2, 3, 4. The rest, *created.*

174. *welseeming formes*] So Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4. (*well seeming* Q5. *well-seeming* F3, 4.) *welseeing formes* Q2, 3, F1. *best seeming things* (Q1).

181, 182. *Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,*
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it preast.]

(Q1) has,— ..... *lie heauie* at my hart
Which thou wouldst *propagate to haue* them *prest.*

Pope, and others, adopted *them* in line 182.

182. *prop.igate*] *propogate* Q2.

183. *this loue, that thou hast shownе*] (Q1) has,—*this* griefe *that thou hast shownе*,—probably the better reading.

184. *to too*] *too too* Q2.

185. *Loue is a smoke made with the fume of sighes*] For *made*, Pope introduced from (Q1) *raisde.*

187. *Being vext, a sea nourisht with louing teares*] For *louing*, Pope introduced from (Q1) *louers*, a reading very generally adopted. The whole line in (Q1) is, *Being vext, a sea* raging *with* a louers *tears*—and, with the omission of *a* before *louers*, would probably be the better reading.

192. *Tut, I have left myself*] (Q1) & Qq. Ff. read,—'*have* lost *myself.*' The emendation, which I consider a certain restoration of Shakspere's words, is recorded in Furness's Variorum edition as being by Prof. Allen, whose note I subjoin :—

"*Ben.* An if you *leave* me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have *left* myself, etc.

It was exactly in Romeo's manner, in this dialogue, that he should take up the very word of Benvolio in his answer. Nothing was easier than for the transcriber or compositor of that day to mistake the *f* for the long *s*, and *vice versâ.* Compare Coriolanus, I. 4. 55, where for *left* we should probably read *lost.*"

The passage in 'Coriolanus' referred to by Prof. Allen is where Marcius pursuing the Volsces enters the town with them and is shut in. His followers give him for lost, and Latius exclaims—'*Thou art* left, *Marcius.*' Collier had already conjectured that *lost* was the true reading, and Singer first adopted the conjecture. For another instance in which it is certain that *lost* and *left* have been confounded see Hamlet, III. i. 99. 'their perfume *lost*' is the reading of all the Quartos; the Folios have *left.*

194. *Tell me in sadness: who is't that you loue?*] The note of interrogation, found in Qq. Ff., seems to require the apostrophe *t* which I have introduced after *is.* Most modern editions omit the [?]. Capell and Staunton retain it. Singer in his 2nd ed. read,—*who* 'tis *that you love.* Pope, founding his reading on (Q1) which has,—*whome she is you loue?* read,—*who she is you love.* In Benvolio's next speech I have also ventured, contrary to modern practice, in preserving the last word,—*who?* as an interrogation. Q2, 3 give the speech in that form.

197. *Bid a sicke man in sadnesse make his will.*] So (Q1) and Q4, 5. Q2, 3 and F1 have,—*A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will*—and F2, 3, 4 eke out the line by reading,—*in* good *sadness*—

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201. *mark-man*] So (Q1). The Qq. F1, 2 omit the hyphen. F3, 4 have *marks-man.*

206. *From loues weak childish bow she liues vnharmd*] The Qq. and Ff. have, —*vncharmd.* The correction is found in (Q1), which, however, reads,—*Gainst Cupids childish bow she liues vnharm'd.*

210, 211. *O, she is rich in bewtie / onely poore,*
That, when she dies, with bewtie dies her store.] Here (Q1) abruptly ends the scene. The second line has been much discussed, and Theobald's emendation—'with her dies Beauty's store'—has been accepted by many editors.

213. *makes*] *make* Q2, 3, F1.

ACT I.

Scene 2.

In this scene, between Capulet and Paris in the first instance, and then between Capulet's Servant and Romeo and Benvolio, the chief differences between (Q1) and Q2 are the *omission* by (Q1) of the first three lines of the scene (a speech by Capulet), four other lines (14, 15, 18, and 19) in Capulet's third and longest speech (which may, however, possibly be *additions* in Q2), and the confused rendering of the half-dozen lines of the Servant's soliloquy, which presents the same character of imperfection noticeable in (Q1) in the dialogue between the servants in the opening scene. Some other trifling variations may be due to revision in Q2; but by far the larger portion of the scene is absolutely the same in both quartos.

[Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and Servant.] The Qq. Ff. have, . . . *and the Clowne.* The prefix, however, to his speeches in this scene is *Ser.* or *Seru.* I have therefore conformed to modern practice in designating him *Servant.*

13. *And too soone mard are those so early made*] (Q1) has,—*so early maried*—a reading adopted by some editors.

14. *The earth hath swallow'd*] So Q5. *The earth hath swallowed* Q4. *Earth hath swallowed* Q2, 3, F1. *Earth up hath swallowed* F2, 3, 4.

15. *She is*] So Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4. *Shees* Q2, 3. *Shee's* F1.

18. *And, shee agreed,*] So, with the exception of comma after *And,* Q2. The rest have,—*And she agree*—changed in modern editions to,—*An she agree.*

25. *Earthtreading starres, that make darke heauen light.*] Johnson interpreted this: earthly stars which eclipse the light of heaven. On this Mason observes, 'it is not capable of the meaning that Johnson attributes to it, without the alteration I mean to propose, which is, to read: *Earth-treading stars that make dark, heaven's light.* That is, *earthly stars* that outshine the stars of heaven, and make them appear dark by their own superior brightness. But, according to the present reading, they are earthly stars that enlighten the gloom of heaven.' Perhaps we should read,—Earth-treading stars, that *mock* (=rival) dark heaven's light.

26—28. *Such comfort, as do lustie youngmen feele*
When well appareld Aprill on the heele
Of lumping winter treads,——] In this word *youngmen* I have returned

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to the reading of (Q1), (Qq. Ff. have, *young men*) as I believe it here to be equivalent to *yeomen*. Ritson gives a number of instances (see notes Variorum Shakspeare, ed. 1821) in which it is certain that by it *yeomen* was intended, and Minsheu states that 'this word Youngmen is used for Yeomen in the Statute ¶ Anno 33 H. 8. Cap. 10.'

I believe, therefore, that Johnson, who conjectures that we should read *yeomen*, was right in his interpretation of this passage as being one of the many little pastoral pictures with which Shakespere abounds, and that the Poet did not merely intend Capulet to say that Paris should feel as young men feel in the month of April, as explained by other commentators.

It is very possible, also, that Shakespere may have written *yeomen*, and Ritson points out that in the last scene of this play in two places the old copies read *young trees* and *young tree* instead of yew-tree.

In the third line quoted at the head of this note I have restored *lumping* of (Q1) as conveying a more picturesque notion of dull, heavy, boorish winter than *limping* of the subsequent Qq. and Ff. Compare Marston, Prologue to Second Part of 'Antonio and Mellida,' vol. i. p. 70, ed. Halliwell, 1856. 'The rawish danke of *clumzie* Winter'—Though here, by the way, Sidney Walker (Criticisms, vol. iii. p. 27) would read,—*clammy* winter. *Clumzie*, however, is certainly right: it is one of the words that Ben Jonson in his 'Poetaster', Act. v. Sc. 1, makes Crispinus (Marston) throw up. See Gifford's notes.

29. *fresh female buds*] So (Q1) and F2, 3, 4. The rest for *female* have *fennell*.

32, 33. *Such amongst, view o'er many, mine being one*
May stand in number, etc.] I subjoin the various readings of the first line:—

Such amongst view of many myne being one, (Q1).
Which one more view, of many, mine being one, Q2, 3, Ff. (veiw Q3, F1)
Which on more view of many, mine being one, Q4, 5.

All the commentators are agreed that these readings are unintelligible, and sundry alterations have been proposed and adopted; but I think I may venture to say with no satisfactory result. Capulet while consenting to, and even welcoming, Paris' suit to his daughter, objects that she is too young to wed, and recommends Paris (as he will have the opportunity of doing amongst the 'fresh female buds' he is to meet) to 'hear all, all see' before he decides on Juliet. I have reverted to the first reading of the line, and, with the slight alteration of *of* to *o'er*, which I have ventured to make, I believe the sense of the passage is brought out without unnecessary violence to the old text. Steevens' conjecture *Search* among view of many, etc., though, I think, in itself void of meaning, may suggest another reading in accordance with that which I have adopted: *Search* amongst, view *o'er* many, etc. In support of Steevens' conjecture Malone quotes a passage from Brooke's Poem,

'Young damsels thither flock, of bachelors a rout;
Not so much for the banquet's sake, as beauties to *search* out.'

38. *—whose names are written here! It is written, etc.*] The Qq. Ff. have,—*whose names are written. Here it is written, etc.* (Q1),—*whose names are written here, and yet I know not, etc.* The alteration adopted in the text is substantially

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that of Rowe, who, however, places a note of interrogation after *here* instead of the note of exclamation.

45. *lesn'd*] *lessned* (Q1) F3. *lesned* Qq. F1, 2. *less'ned* F4.

63—71. Capell first pointed out that the list of guests invited by Capulet resolves itself naturally into verse with the slight change of *Anselme* to *Anselmo* in the second line, and the prefix of some such epithet as *gentle* to Livia in the seventh. He apparently overlooked the fact that the deficient syllable is supplied in (Q1)—'*and* Livia.' Courtney and Sidney Walker ('Crit.' vol. i. p. 2) arrived independently at the same conclusion, and Dyce, in his 2nd edition, for the first time printed the lines as verse.

74, 75. Rom. *Whither?*

Serv. *To supper; to our house.*] *To supper*—with or without a note of interrogation after it, is given in all the old editions to Romeo. The alteration adopted in the text was first made by Theobald on a conjecture of Warburton's, and has since been universally accepted. I am not sure, however, but that the snip-snap of the dialogue requires further alteration, and that we should read:—

Rom. A faire assemblie: *wherefore* should they come?

Ser. To supper, *or*, Up to supper.

Rom. Whither?

Ser. To our house.

Romeo's double question as to the *whither* of the assembly has always seemed to me suspicious.

83. *—whom thou so loves*] Q5 and F2, 3, 4 have *lovest*; all the earlier editions as in text. Sidney Walker has amply shown that the substitution of *s* for *st* in the second person singular of a verb was a grammatical license of the Elizabethan Period. See his 'Criticisms,' vol. ii. p. 126; Art. lxxvi., where he quotes two instances from this play:—iii. 5, 117. '*That thou expects not.*' 137. '*Thou counterfaits.*' See also i. 5, 7, '*as thou loues me.*'

89. *—then turn tears to fiers.*] All the old editions have *fier* or *fire*; Pope changed to *fires* on account of the rhyme to *liars*. All editors have followed his example till White, who remarks:—'The mere difference of a final *s* seems not to have been regarded in rhyme in Shakespear's day, and the reading "fires" tends to impoverish a line not over-rich.'

94. *Tut, tut!—*] The second interjection, necessary to the metre, is added on the authority of F2, 3, 4. It was adopted by all editors from Rowe to Capell, rejected by subsequent editors, and again restored by Collier and Dyce in their 2nd editions. See Sidney Walker, 'Criticisms,' vol. ii. p. 141; Art. lxxix., 'Omission of Repeated Words.'

96. *But in that Christall scales*] Rowe altered to, *those* crystal scales; and his alteration was adopted, I believe, by all editors down to Knight, and by some since his time. Malone, however, while adopting Rowe's alteration doubted its necessity. Knight merely observes that 'scales is used as a singular noun,' and Dyce says, 'it was so frequently employed by the poet's contemporaries.' He does not however give any instance, nor am I aware of any.

97. *Your Ladie-loue—*] All the old editions have *Ladies love*, which has been modernized to *Lady's love*. It seems obvious that the comparison is not between Romeo's love for his Mistress, or hers for him, and the person of some other

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maid ; but between the persons of his Mistress and this other damsel. Theobald accordingly altered to Lady-love. Editors have been divided as to the propriety of this alteration, and it has even been questioned whether the compound *Lady-love* is as old as Shakespeare's time. Dyce however has conclusively shown that it is ; he quotes Wilson's 'Coblers Prophesie,' 1594: 'then downe came I my lady loue to finde.'

99. *And she shall scant shew well, that now shewes best.*] (Q1) and Q2 have,—*seemes best.* The rest, as in our text. As a specimen of the carelessness with which dramatic literature was printed it may be mentioned that the first part of this line is corrupted in F1 to *And she shew scant shell, well, etc.*

ACT I.

Scene 3.

Lady Capulet, the Nurse, and Juliet. For the first third of this scene (Q1) and Q2 are absolutely identical. From that point to the end there are large omissions in (Q1), and some instances of imperfect rendering, as will be seen at a glance on comparing the two quartos in the Parallel Texts. The character of the additional lines given in Q2 forbids the notion that they could have been written especially for that edition. In (Q1) the Nurse's speeches, in this scene and in the next scene in which she appears (Sc. 5 towards the end), are printed in Italics. In the Qq. in this scene they are also printed in Italics, with the exception of the two last ; and in all the old editions they are printed as prose. In my text I have allowed the Italics to stand, these speeches having been so set up for what I may call the facsimile edition of Q2 ; but I have divided the lines as verse in accordance with the arrangement made by Pope, Johnson, Steevens, and Capell. To the last belongs the chief share of this work. It was not without hesitation that I determined on this division, for though undoubtedly the Nurse's speeches for the most part fall with ease into metrical rank they contain passages which it is difficult to believe could have been intended as such. Boswell, the editor for Malone's Variorum ed. 1821, rather doubted the propriety of the modern arrangement, and in the principal speech of all, commencing 'Euen or odd'—(lines 16—48), two at least of the more recent editors, Staunton and Keightley, have returned to the prose form of the old editions.

32. *—fall out wi' th' Dugge*] *—with Dugge* (Q1).*—with the Dugge* Qq. Ff.

33. *Shake, quoth the Doue-house*] So in all the old editions, with the exception of the comma after *Shake. Quoth* may here possibly be a misprint for *go'th* or *goeth.*

35. *eleuen*] So Q5, F2, 3, 4. *a leauen* (Q1). *a leuen* Q2, 3, 4. *a eleuen* F1.

66. *It is an honoure that I dreame not of*] Here, and in the following speech of the Nurse, *honoure* is corrupted to *houre* or *hour* in Qq. Ff. Pope made the correction, from (Q1).

83. *Examine every married liniament,*] So (Q2). The rest for *married* have *severall,* a reading adopted by many editors. Steevens well explains *married* as the mutual dependance on, or accordance of one feature with another.

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ACT I.

Scene 4.

Romeo and his friends prepare for their visit in masquerade to Capulet's assembly. In this scene there are some fifteen lines omitted in (Q1), and the version of the celebrated Queen Mab speech is inferior, and in places confused; it is however printed as verse, while in the later copies it is given as prose; in other respects the two quartos are substantially identical. Against the omissions of (Q1) must be set off three lines (7, 8, and 53) recovered from that quarto, which also affords corrections of some few errors of the subsequent editions.

7, 8. *Nor no without booke Prologue, faintly spoke*
After the Prompter, for our entrance.] These two lines were first added to the received text by Pope, from (Q1). A good instance of the kind of Prologue referred to by Mercutio is that in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2, where the King and his companions, disguised as Russians, enter with Moth as their Prologue.

39. *The game was nere so faire and I am done.*] *Done* is the reading of (Q1) and the first three folios. Q2 has *dum.* Q3, 4, 5 and F4 *dun.*

41, 42. *——weele draw thee from the mire,*
Or, saue your reuerence, loue, wherein thou stickst] For *your*, in Ff., the Qq. have *you.* For *stickst*, (Q1), the Qq. & Ff. have *stickest.* A reading very generally adopted is that of (Q1):

——weele draw thee from the mire.
Of this surreuerence (sir-reverence) loue, etc.

45. *We waste our lights in vaine, light lights by day.*] I have adopted here Dr B. Nicholson's emendation of the Qq. Ff. which read respectively in the latter half of the line,—*lights lights by day*—and—*lights, lights, by day.* (Q1) has,—*We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day*—and the latter half of this line, adopted first by Capell, has been generally received as the right reading. The line, however, in (Q1) is evidently corrupt and, as evidently, that in the Qq. Ff. is due to a revision, though blundered by the printer. Johnson, taking *like* from (Q1), read,—*like lights by day;* but Nicholson's suggestion commends itself by its superior simplicity, consisting as it does merely in the ejection of an intrusive *s.*

47. *our fiue wits*] Malone (Wilbraham conj.). The Qq. Ff. have,—*our fine wits.* The line in (Q1) stands thus:—*Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.*

54. Ben. *Queen Mab! whats she?*] From (Q1). Hunter suggested that this speech should be received into the text, and Keightley adopts his suggestion. I have, with (Q1), given the speech to Benvolio; but it probably belongs to Romeo. It is to be noted that in (Q1) the long 'Queen Mab' speech, which follows, is continued to Benvolio.

55—96. The description of Queen Mab. This speech in Qq. Ff. is given as prose; its counterpart in (Q1), in which are many corruptions, is printed as verse. Pope first restored the verse in the received text.

56. *In shape no bigger than an Agot stone*] Of course by this is to be understood,

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not the bulk of the Agate-stone, but the small figure engraved in it. Possibly we should read,—*in* Agot stone.

58. *atomies*] *Atomi* (Q1). *ottamie* Q2.

59. *Ouer mens noses*] *Athwart mens noses* (Q1); adopted by Pope and others.

62—64. *Her Charriot . . . Fairies Coatchmakers:*] These lines in the original follow what in my text is line 72 (Prickt from the lazie finger of a maid). I have made the transposition on the authority of Mr W. N. Lettsom, whose note (in Dyce's 2nd ed. of Shakespeare) I subjoin:—'It is preposterous to speak of the parts of a chariot (such as the wagon spokes and cover) before mentioning the chariot itself.' (Q1) does not contain these lines; they may have been added in the margin of the 'copy' prepared for Q2, and misplaced by the printer, as in other instances which I have pointed out in these notes.

67. *the lash of filme*] So F2, 3, 4.—*filmes* (Q1)—*Philome* the rest.

70. *Prickt from the lasie finger of a maid*] Pope. *Pickt . . . maide* (Q1). *Prickt . . . man* Qq. F1. *Prickt . . . woman* F2, 3, 4.

73. *Ore Courtiers knees*] *O're . . .* (Q1). *On . . .* Qq. Ff.

75. *who strait on kisses dream*] Q2 for *on* has *one*.

77. *breaths*] (Q1). *breath* Qq. Ff

91, 92. *And bakes the Elflocks in foule sluttish haires,*
Which once entangled much misfortune bodes.] For *Elflocks* Q2, 3 &F1 have *Elklocks*. In the second line (Q1), Qq. & F1, 2 have *vntangled*,—F3 as in text,—F4 *intangled*. It was surely the *entanglement*, not the *disentanglement*, which was inauspicious, I have therefore with Johnson adopted the correction found in F3.

102. *—the frouen bosome of the North.*]—*the frosē bowels of the north* (Q1).

103.—*puffes away from thence.*]—*puffes away in haste* (Q1).

04. *Turning his face to the dewe dropping South*] So (Q1). The rest for *face* have *fide*. Pope first adopted *face*.

112, 113. *But He, that hath the stirrage of my course,*
Direct my sail!—] For *sail*, found in (Q1), the Qq. Ff. have *sute*. Steevens first adopted *sail* into the text; he, however, read with (Q1)—*Directs my sail*.

115. Ben. *Strike, drum.*] Omitted in (Q1), which also omits the first, the Servants', portion of the next scene, and proceeds at once to the entry of '*old Capulet with the Ladies.*' In the Qq. & Ff. the stage direction is:—'*They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with* [*with their* Ff.] *Napkins.*' Then, in Qq., '*Enter Romeo,*' corrected in Ff. to '*Enter Seruant.*' The servants prepare the Hall for the guests and '*Exeunt,*' and then '*Enter all the guests and Gentlewomen to the Masker's.*' It is probable that on the old stage no break was made in the performance, and that after their march about the Maskers stood on one side and came forward again on the Entry of Capulet and his guests, after the retirement of the servants. I have, however, made the usual division of scenes and altered the stage directions accordingly.

ACT I.

Scene 5.

Capulet's Assembly. As noted above, the preparatory scene with the Serv-

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ants is altogether omitted in (Q1). In other respects, allowing for the omission of a few lines in (Q1) and for some evident revisions in Q2, which are pointed out in the notes, Qos 1 & 2 are substantially identical. It is noteworthy that for the last three lines (125-7) of Capulet's last speech, we find in (Q1) lines 6, 7 and part of 33 of his speeches in Act III. Sc. 4, Q2.

15. *—will walke a bout with you.*] The reading universally, I believe, adopted since Capell is that of (Q1) *Will* haue *a bout with you.* It should be observed that all the old copies spell *a bout* as one word; to distinguish it, however, from the preposition, *around*, I have divided it in conformity with the more general usage even of Shakespeare's time. To *tread a measure* or to *walk a measure* is a common form of expression among our old dramatists, and in this case where the *bout* is a *bout of dancing* the *walk* of Qq. & Ff. seems to me a preferable reading to the *haue* of the imperfect (Q1). I have accordingly retained it in my text. For a confirmation of the text of Qq. Ff. I refer to the masking scene in "Much Ado about Nothing," II. i., line 75, where Don Pedro choosing Hero as his partner for the dance addresses her:—"*Lady, will you* walk about *with your friend.*" Hero's reply and other passages in the play show that this was an invitation to dance. See Act I. Sc. 2, l. 9—11, "the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece, your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance." Act II. Sc. 1, l. 58—60, "The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer." Same scene, line 92. Margaret being chosen by Balthasar, says,—"God match me with a good dancer!"; and Beatrice, same scene, lines 132, 134 & 135, "We must follow the leaders"—"if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning." And then follows the dance. Florio in his 'New World of Words,' ed. 1611, gives us, "Giráta, a giring, a twirling, a winding or crankling about," and "Girauólta, as [same as] Giráta. Also a walking turne, as we say a bout."

16. *Ah ha, my mistresses!*] So in (Q1), first adopted by Capell. The rest have, *Ah my* and *Ah me mistresses.*

17, 18. ——— *she that makes daintie,*
She, Ile swear, hath Corns :—] Pope omitted *She* from this second line, Steevens transferred it to the end of the preceding line.

33. *Lucentio*] *Lucientio* Qq.

39. *Good youths, I faith! Oh, youth's a iolly thing!*] This line, found only in (Q1), is, as Steevens observes, 'natural and worth preserving.' Keightley first adopted it into the text.

44, 46. *Her Beauty hangs vpon the cheeke of night*
Like a rich Iewel in an Ethiops eare;
Beutie too rich for use, etc.] So F2, 3, 4. The rest, including (Q1), have,—

It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night
As [Like (Q1)] a rich Iewel, etc.

The reading of F2, 3, 4, is adopted by many editors; others, while admitting its superiority, adhere, on the score of authority, to that of the earlier editions. The 'authority' of all the old editions, however, apart from internal evidence, is very much a matter of surmise, and in this case the internal evidence is strongly

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in favour of the reading given in my text; 'beauty' in the second clause of the sentence (line 46) being dependent on its occurrence in the first. It is noticeable that the last three folios, in which this emendation occurs, restore in the second line, *Like* of (Q1) which, in the greater part of this scene, must have presented a fairly accurate copy of the original play.

47. *So showes a snowie Doue trooping with Crowes*] So shines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes (Q1).

86. *Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!*] It need hardly be observed that this speech, which is addressed partly to Tybalt and partly to the guests and servants, is without any distinctive pointing in the original editions. In the line above quoted there appears to be some difference of opinion among the editors as to the proper division of the speech: some, as I have done, marking *For shame!* as addressed to Tybalt; others as addressed to the servants:—*More light, more light, for shame!—*

93. —— *the gentle fin is this*] All the old copies have *fin* or *finne* in this place. Warburton changes to *fine*, and his alteration has been very generally adopted.

94. *My lips, two blushing Pylgrims, readie stand.*] . . . *did* readie stand. Q2, 3, 4, F1.

132. *Whats he, that follows there, that wold not dance?*] So (Q1). The rest for *there* have *here*. Capell first made the correction.

142. *Whats this? Whats this?*] So the Ff. The Qq. have *Whats tis? whats tis?* (Q2 omits [?] after second *tis*, and Q4 has,—*what tis?*)

2ND CHORUS.

This 'Chorus' is omitted in (Q1).

4. *With tender Juliet matcht*] . . . *match* Q2.

ACT II.

Scenes 1 & 2.

Romeo, Benvolio and Mercutio; then Romeo, and Juliet at her window. In by far the larger portion of these scenes (Q1) and Q2 are substantially identical. (Q1) affords several certain corrections of the text of Q2 and evidence of some slight revisions in the latter, as will be pointed out in the notes on these scenes. (Q1) breaks down in Scene 2 at lines 120—138, and again at lines 149—154; but a study of the Parallel texts will, I think, convince the reader that the differences between the two quartos are the result of *omissions* in (Q1), not of *additions* in Q2.

ACT II.

Scene 1.

2. [He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it] This is Steevens's stage direction, justified by Benvolio's subsequent speech 'He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.' The old editions do not mark Romeo's exit from the scene in any way. Probably in the old theatre some piece of stage furniture represented the wall, behind which Romeo lies close while his friends Mercutio and

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Benvolio 'conjure' him. That he does not leave the stage is proved by his first speech in what we now call Scene 2, his entry for which, moreover, is not marked in the old copies. When Mercutio and Benvolio depart he comes forward, and the 'wall' being withdrawn, the audience are now at liberty to imagine themselves with him in Capulet's orchard, and Juliet appears on the upper platform, as at her window.

3. Ben. *Romeo! my Cosen Romeo! Romeo!*
Mer. *He is wise;*] 'He is wise' is printed in the Qq. as part of the following line; in the Ff. it occupies a separate line, and should have done so in my text; but accidentally has got arranged as part of the preceding metrical line 3, the position given to it I believe by most modern editors, who following Pope's example omit, with (Q1), the third *Romeo*. In (Q1) the passage is given thus:—

Ben: Romeo, my cosen Romeo.
Mer: Doest thou heare he is wise,—

Possibly '*Doest thou heare*' belonged to Benvolio's speech and was addressed to the hidden Romeo.

7. *Romeo! humorous madman! passionate louer!*] For this line (Q1), which prints the speech as prose, has,—*Romeo, madman, humors, passion, liuer.* The reading of the other Qq. & Ff. is, substantially,—*Romeo, humours, madman, passion louer*, and this, with a note of exclamation after each word, is the generally received text. Singer in his 2nd ed. alters to,—*Romeo! Humour's-madman! Passion-lover!*

I am responsible for the reading of my text. This speech throughout is very carelessly printed in the old editions. The first part of it—*Nay, Ile conjure too*—except in (Q1) & Q4, 5, is given to Benvolio. Then for *one* we have *on*; for *pronounce, prouaunt*; for *dove, day*, and *dye*, or *die*; for *heir*, her; for *trim*, true; and one whole line in it, *He heareth not, he stirreth* (*striueth* Q3) *not, he moueth not*, I can only account for on the supposition that the printer of Q2, as in other places in this play, has jumbled together some various readings which by accident remained uneffaced in the copy from which he printed. (Q1) in this place has merely, '*Hee heares me not.*

10. *Crie but 'ay me' | couple but 'loue' and 'doue.'*] For this line (Q1) (printed as prose) has,—*cry but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue,*—and this substantially is the reading generally adopted. F1 for *Crie but ay me* has, *Cry me but ay me*, which the subsequent folios change to *Cry me but ayme* (*aim* F4). Q2, 3, F1 corrupt *Pronounce* into *prouaunt* and *Prouant*, and all (Qq. & Ff.) corrupt *Doue* into *day, die*, or *dye*. A remarkable alteration is found in F2 (followed by F3, 4) which, in place of *Pronounce, prouaunt* or *Prouant*, has *Couply*, corrected by Rowe to *couple*, for which word it was no doubt intended. This seems to me rather the blundered rendering of an authoritative correction than an attempt at conjectural emendation on the part of the printer of F2, who if exercising his critical faculty would scarcely have stopped short at *couple* and have left '*loue* and *day*' unattempted; I therefore conclude that he had before him, from some source or other, the Poet's emendation of the *Pronounce* of (Q1) (also in all probability the word in the original MS. of the Play) and accepted it without further care, corrupting it in so doing to *Couply*. I have accordingly, in common with many editors,

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adopted *couple* in my text; besides its probable authority it has superior fitness in this place to recommend it.

12. *heir*] *heire* (Q1) & Q4, 5. *her* The rest.

13. *Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim*—] For this line (Q1), which prints the speech in which it occurs as prose, has,—'*young Abraham: Cupid hee that shot so trim*'—Q2 & 3 only differ from it in reading *true* for *trim*; a reading also followed by the subsequent Qos and Ff. which however omit the colon after *Abraham*. That (Q1) is right in reading *trim* is proved by the ballad (King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid) which is here alluded to—'The blinded boy that shoots so trim.' Percy, in a note to the ballad printed in his Reliques, first conjectured that *trim* not *true* was the right word, apparently without knowing that it was so given in (Q1). We have then only to consider here the epithet, *Young Abraham Cupid*. In 1746, in his 'Critical Observations on Shakespeare,' Upton conjectured that *Abraham* was a misprint for *Adam*, and that the allusion was to the famous archer Adam Bell. Steevens, in 1778, adopted this conjecture which since then has been very generally received. Previously to this, however, Theobald, in a note in his 1st ed., 1733, had suggested that the true reading was, "Young *auborn* Cupid, i. e., brown hair'd, because in several other passages where auborn should be wrote, it is printed Abraham in the old books." Many instances have since been adduced showing that *abraham, abram, aborne, abron, abrun, aubrun*, etc., were all forms of the word we now uniformly write *auburn*—signifying some colour of the hair ranging from amber to brown: and, with that meaning attached to it, *Abraham* has been retained in the text or *auburn* substituted for it by several editors. On the other hand Knight has suggested that Abraham Cupid meant the *cheat*, the *Abraham-man* of the old statutes. We have then two interpretations of Abraham and one substitute for it in the shape of Adam. Whether Mercutio himself supplies the nick-name which he conjures Romeo to bestow on Cupid; or whether *Abraham* here merely occupies the place of an epithet, are points which I must leave my readers to determine for themselves, confessing my inability to arrive at any solution satisfactory to myself.

For an interesting paper on the subject see the 'Pen Monthly Magazine' for July, 1873, by Mr H. H. Furness, editor of the New Variorum Shakespeare, in the first Volume of which—Romeo and Juliet—will also be found nearly all of importance that has been written on 'Abraham Cupid.'

27, 28. *That . . . name.*] As in Capell. Qq. Ff. end first line at *spight*.

28. —— *and in his mistress name*] Q2 omits *and*.

38. *An open et cætera*] *An open, or* Q2, 3, Ff. *An open & catera and* Q4, 5. (*and catera* Q5.)

ACT II.

Scene 2.

8. *Her vestall liuery is but sicke and greene*] . . . *pale* and greene (Q1), adopted by Singer and others.

10, 11. *It . . . wer I*] As in Johnson. One line in Qq. Ff. Omitted (Q1).

12. *She speakes, yet she saies nothing*:] . . . *but* she sayes nothing (Q1).

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15, 16. *Two of the fairest starres in all the heauen,*
Hauing some business do entreate her eyes] Q2 for *do* has *to*. (Q1) for *heauen* has *skies*; possibly an accidental rhyme in the original play, corrected in the 'copy' prepared for Q2.

23. *See, now she leanes her cheeke upon her hand.*] I have taken this *now* from (Q1), which reads,—*Oh now she leanes, etc.* All the other old editions, and I believe all modern editions have *how*.

24, 25. *O, that I were a gloue vpon that hand,*
That I might touch that cheeke!]
(Q1) has,— I would I were the gloue to that same hand,
That I might kisse that cheeke.

31. *When he bestrides the lazie pacing cloudes.*] So in (Q1) adopted by Pope. Qq. Ff. for *pacing* have *puffing*.

39. *Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.*] Malone, followed by many editors, altered the punctuation of this line to :—'Thou art thyself though, not a Montague'; understanding *though* in the sense of *however*. Staunton and others explain the passage in the sense of "you would still retain all the perfections which adorn you, were you not called Mountague"; or, as Grant White puts it,—"a rose is a rose,—has all its characteristic sweetness and beauty,—though it be not called a rose." (Q1) omits this line.

41, 42. *Nor arme nor face, nor any other part*
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!] For these two lines (Q1) has :—
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
The rest have :—
Nor arme nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.
Malone first made out the text as it now stands in all modern editions.

44. *By any other name would smell as sweete*] So in (Q1) adopted by Pope. The Qq. Ff. have,—'By any other *word*,' etc.

45. *So Romeo would, were he not Romeo cald*] Q2 for *were* has *wene*.

47. ——— *Romeo doffe thy name*
And for thy name which is no part of thee.] (Q1) has,—'*Romeo part thy name, And for that name which is no part of thee.*' We are indebted for many corrections of our text to (Q1). Throughout this play there is much playing upon words, and I suggest for the consideration of future editors whether *part* of (Q1) should not supersede *doff* of the later editions.
Compare (thanks to Mrs Furness's Concordance to the Poems) Sonnet 113.
Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth *part* his function and is partly blind.
Many editors read with (Q1)—And for *that* name, etc.

53, 54. *By . . . am .*] As in Ff. One line Qq.

58, 59. *My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words*
Of thy tongues vttering——] In the first line (Q1) has,—*not yet*—and in the second,—*that tongues utterance*—both readings adopted by some editors. Q2 for *tongues* has *tongus*.

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61. *Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.*] *Neyther fair saint, if either thee displease.* (Q1). Some editors have chosen the one, some the other, of these two readings; others again have divided their allegiance and have read—*maid* . . . . *displease* or *saint* . . . . *dislike* according to their fancy.

62. *camst*] *camest* Q2, 3, 4.

65. *kinsmen*] *kismen* Q2.

69. *Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me*] . . . . *are no* let *to me* (Q1), adopted by Capell, and some subsequent editors.

71, 72. *Alacke! there lies more perill in thine eye,*
Then twentie of their swords:—] Prof. Geo. Allen proposes to print *Then* with an apostrophe,—*Then'* [= then in] *twentie*, etc.,—this being, as he supposes, an instance of the absorption of the sound of the understood *in* by the like preceding sound in *Then*. See his note in the Appendix to Furness's Variorum Shakespeare—Romeo and Juliet, p. 429—431.

80. *By Loues, that first did prompt me to enquire.*] I follow Keightley, who reads *Loue's* in this line. The old editions have *loue;* (Q1) also has,—*who* first did prompt,—adopted by Capell. For *prompt* the Qq. & F1 have *promp.*

82. *Pylot*] *Pylat* Q2.

83. *As that vast shore washt*] So (Q1), Q4, 5. (Q2 for *washt* has *washeth*, Q3 *washet*) . . . *vast-shore-washet* F1. . . . *vast-shore: washd* F2. . . . *vast-shore: wash'd* F3. . . . *vast-shore, wash'd* F4.

84. *I should aduenture for such marchandise*] I *would* aduenture, etc. (Q1)—Introduced by Pope and generally adopted.

92. *maist*] *maiest* Q2, 3, 4, Ff.

95. *thinkst*] *thinkest* Q2, 3, 4, Ff.

99. *And therefore thou maist think my haviour light*] *maist* Q5, F3. *maiest* or *mayest* The rest. *haviour* (Q1), F2, 3, 4. *behaviour* The rest.

101. *Then those that haue more cunning to be strange.*] So (Q1), adopted first by Pope. Q2, 3, F1 for *more cunning* have *coying;* Q4, 5, *more coying;* F2, 3, 4, *more coyning.*

104. *My true loues Passion*] So (Q1), Ff. & Q5. *truloue* Q2. *trueloue* Q3. *true loue* Q4.

107. *Lady, by yonder blessed Moone I vow*] (Q1) omits *Lady*, and for *vow* has *sweare*, adopted by Malone and many others.

110. *her circled orbe*] . . . *circle* . . . Q2.

113, 114. *Or, if thou wilt, sweare by thy gracious selfe,*
Which is the god of my Idolatrie.]
(Q1) has,— Or if thou *sweare*, sweare by thy *glorious* selfe
Which *art* the God of my Idolatrie.

118. *It is too rash, too unadvisd, too sudden*] It is too rash, too sodaine, too unadvisde (Q1).

139—141. *O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,*
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweete to be substantiall.]
(Q1) has,— O blessed blessed night, I feare being night,
All this is but a dreame I heare and see,
Too flattering true to be substantiall.

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The version of our text must, I fancy, be the result of a revision of the lines of the original play as given in (Q1). It is noteworthy that the second line of (Q1), slightly varied, occurs twice elsewhere in early plays.

'How like a dream is this I see and hear.'
Two Gent. Verona, V. iv., 26.

'If this be not a dream I see and hear.'
Comedy of Errors, V. i., 375.

Note too the expression 'flattering true' in the third line of (Q1) with reference to the famous first line of Act V. Sc. 1 of this Play :—

'If I may trust the *flattering truth* of sleep.'

148. *And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.*] So (Q1), Ff. For *my Lord* Q2, 3 have *my L.*, Q4, 5 *my Loue;* and of this Pope and others make,—*And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.*

149. *meanst*] So Q5. The rest, *meanest.*

151. *To cease thy suit*] So Q5. Q4 *sute.* The rest, *strife.* The words '*To cease your sute*' are found in Brooke's 'Romeus and Juliet.' Malone pointed this out and made the change in text, attributing erroneously the reading *suit* to (Q1) which has no corresponding passage.

159—163. *Bondage is husht, and may not speake aloude;*
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse then [*Fame,*]
With repetition of my Romeo[*s name.*
Romeo !]

In the first line I have substituted *husht* for *hoarse,* and to the third have added *Fame.* The last portion of this speech within brackets is derived from (Q1).

A consideration of the readings of the old texts will best explain, and, I believe, justify the alterations I have ventured to make.

(Q1) has,—

Bondage is *hoarse* and may not *crie* aloud,
Els would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies
And make her airie *voice as* hoarse *as mine,*
With repetition of my Romeo*s name.*
Romeo?

Q2, 3, & F1 :—

Bondage is *hoarse* and may not *speake* aloude,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie *tongue more* hoarse, *then*
With repetition of my Romeo.

Q4 & 5 only differ from this in adding *mine* to the end of the imperfect third line, probably deriving *mine* from (Q1). I should add that Q4 omits *not* in the first line.

F2, 3, 4, make a bad attempt to cure the deficiency by reading,—

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than *with*
The repetition of my Romeo.

The almost universally received modern text is,—

Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,

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And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

To this the Cambridge editors have added from (Q1) in a line by itself, as in my text,—*Romeo!*

The only alteration to this received text has been made by Collier, who, followed by some other editors, adopts from (Q1) the *airy voice* of Echo instead of *airy tongue.*

167. *My sweete!*] (Q1) has *Madame.* Q2, 3 & F1 *My Neece,* corrected, as in text, in F2, 3, 4. Q4, 5 have *My Deere.*

167, 168. Jul. *What a clocke tomorrow*
Shall I send to thee?
Rom. *By the houre of nine.*]

For these lines (Q1) has,—

Jul. *At what a clocke tomorrow shall I send?*
Rom. *At the houre of nine.*

From (Q1) Pope adopted—*At* what a clock—and Capel substituted *At* for *By* the houre. Their alterations have been accepted by many editors.

169. *tis twentie yeare till then.*] So Q2. The rest, including (Q1), have,—twentie *yeares.*

180. *And with a silke threed plucks it backe againe*] *silke* (Q1). The rest have *silken,* a redundant syllable, which F2, 3, 4 attempt to cure by omitting *backe.* Other but unnecessary changes have been made in this speech in most modern editions. On the authority of (Q1) the line, 178,—

That lets it hop a little from *his* hand

is generally changed to,—

Who lets it hop a little from *her* hand.

184. From this point to the end of the scene there is much confusion in the distribution of the speeches in Q2, 3 & Ff., and the first four lines (with variations) of the next scene have got foisted into Romeo's last speech. (Q1) & Q4, 5 give the lines substantially as in my text.

188. *Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell.*] So (Q1). The rest have,—*ghostly Friers close cell.* Capell first adopted (Q1).

ACT II.

Scene 3.

Romeo acquaints Friar Lawrence with his love for Juliet. So far as this scene is concerned 6 lines in the Friar's opening speech either omitted in (Q1) or added in Q2: but more probably omitted in the former; and a rhyming couplet at the end of the scene in Q2 not found in (Q1), constitute the chief differences between the two quartos, some slight revisions in Q2 always being allowed for. We have here too a noticeable instance of this revision in the first four lines of the Friar's opening speech, on which see note.

[Enter Frier Lawrence . . .] *Lawrence* is omitted in Qq. Ff. (Q1) has,—*Enter frier* Francis.

1—4. *The grey eyde morne . . . . Tytans wheeles.*] The four lines with which

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this scene commences in our text were printed in Q2, 3 & Ff. in the middle of Romeo's last speech in the preceding scene; and this scene in Qq. & F1 commenced with the four following lines:

> The grey-eyed morne smiles on the frowning night,
> Checking the Easterne clowdes with streaks of light:
> And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
> From forth daies path, and Titans burning wheeles:

In my text in the third line I have, with most editors, changed *fleckted* of Q2 to *flecked* of (Q1). Q3 has *fleckeld*, the Ff. *flecked'd*. Q4, 5 ejected the four lines from Romeo's speech, and F2, 3, 4 ejected the four with which the Friar's speech commenced. In both cases it may be pronounced with certainty that the editors or printers of those editions were wrong. A comparison of (Q1) and Q2 enables us here to get a glimpse of the 'copy' which the printer of Q2 had before him. It was, I feel assured, a copy having in its margins alterations and additions. Some blunders (*checking*, *burning*, etc.) had been made by the copyist in the first four lines of the Friar's speech, and these lines were therefore re-written, either in the margin or on a paper attached to it; by an oversight the original lines were not struck through, and by a blunder the revision of them was misplaced by the printer in Romeo's speech, and thus both versions got into the text. It may not be amiss here to give the four lines as they occur in "England's Parnassus, etc.," 1600, quoted by Holt White in Variorum Shakspeare, 1821. The reader will then, with the Parallel text edition, have four contemporary versions.

> "The gray-eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,
> *Cheering* the easterne cloudes with *streames* of light;
> And *darknesse flected*, like a drunkard reeles
> From forth daye's *path-way made by* Titan's wheels."

15—20. *O, mickle . . . stumbling on abuse.*] The version of these lines in (Q1) differs slightly from that of our text. The variations may possibly be the result of revisions made in the copy from which Q2 was printed, for it seems certain that for this scene Danter had procured a fairly accurate copy of the original play. Douce in his 'Illustrations' gives another version of these lines as they are quoted in Swan's *Speculum mundi*, the first edition of which was published in 1635.

> "O mickle is the powerful *good* that lies
> In herbs, *trees*, stones, and their true qualities:
> For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
> But to the earth some *secret* good doth give.
> *And nought so rich on either rock or shelf;*
> *But, if unknown, lies uselesse to itself.*"

17, 18. *For nought so vile that on the earth doth liue*
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue.] Is it not rather the vile offspring which receives 'some special good' from the earth, 'nature's mother'? Hanmer read,—'But *to't* the earth, etc.' Malone, however, explains *to the earth* as being the equivalent of *to the inhabitants of the earth*. For the first line (Q1) has,—*For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth liue.*

20. *Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse*] Revolts to vice and stumbles on abuse (Q1).

22. *And vice sometime's by action dignified*] Capell, from (Q1); which has *some*

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times. The rest, *sometime.* Theobald read,—*sometime by* action's *dignified.*

23. *Within the infant rinde of this weake flower*] Pope substituted, from (Q1), *this small flower*, and his example has been very generally followed. I cannot see that anything is gained by the change; on the contrary I should imagine that *weake* is here placed by way of contrast with *power* in the following line.

26. *Being tasted, flaies all sences with the hart.*] For *flaies* Q2 has *flaies.* The rest, including (Q1), *flaies* or *flays.* Mommsen argues in favour of *flaies* as being the better reading; it may perhaps be considered as equally good: but the weight of 'authority' is all in favour of *flaies. flay* for *flay* occurs again in this play, IV. i., 72.

27. *Two such opposed Kings*] . . . opposed *foes* (Q1).

30. The entry of Romeo is marked in Qq. Ff. after line 22. In (Q1) his entry is not marked at all, neither is his exit at the end of the previous scene.

31. *Benedicite*] *Benedicitie* Q2.

32. *so sweete saluteth me*] so *soone* saluteth me (Q1).

33. *distemper'd*] So Q5, F4. The rest, *distempered.*

38. *there golden sleepe doth raigne*] . . . sleepe *remaines* (Q1).

71, 72. *How much salt water throwne away in waste*
To season loue, that of it doth not taste!] For this second line (Q1) has:—*To season loue, that of loue doth not taste*—and I suppose this must be the explanation of the line as given in our text; I suspect however a corruption and that we should read:—*that of itself doth taste*, i. e. that is already of its own nature salt.

74. *Thy old grones yet ring in mine auncient eares.*] Q2, 3 & F1 have *yet ringing*, corrected, as in text, in subsequent editions. (Q1) has *ring yet*, a reading introduced by Pope and very generally adopted.

85. *I pray thee, chide me not: her I loue now*] *I pree thee chide not, she whom I loue now* (Q1), adopted by Pope, whose example is generally followed.

88. *Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not spell*] . . . *and could not spell* (Q1), adopted by Pope, and by many subsequent editors.

ACT II.

Scene 4.

Benvolio and Mercutio, then Romeo, and subsequently the Nurse and her man Peter. Till near the end of this scene (Q1) and Q2 are substantially identical. The omissions towards the end of the scene in (Q1) may probably be accounted for as the result of an attempt, carelessly made, to shorten the play for representation on the stage. It is noteworthy that in (Q1) the appointment for the meeting of Romeo and Juliet at the Friar's cell for their marriage is fixed for the morrow morning, and (Act II. Sc. 6) they meet accordingly at that time. '*Rom.* This morning here she pointed we should meet.' In Q2 the time fixed is that same afternoon, and when, in Act II. Sc. 6, Juliet makes her appearance, she wishes the Friar 'Good even.'

13. *Alas, poore Romeo, he is already dead! stabd with a white wenches blacke eye.*]

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I have pointed this passage in accordance with all modern editions; but it may be questioned whether we have the true reading. After *dead* (Q1) has a colon; all the other old editions, with the exception of F1, have a comma. F1 omits the comma. Perhaps we should read,—he is already *dead-stabd*. Dead-stabbed or mortally wounded would seem also more in accordance with the remainder of the speech than the blank assertion of Romeo's death, though as a victim of Love.

I should here notice that in the next line of this speech the reading of (Q1), "*shot* thorough the ear," first introduced by Capell, has been very generally adopted in lieu of "*runne*" or "*run through*" of Qq. Ff.; perhaps to avoid the repetition of the same idea conveyed in the word *stabd*, or perhaps with the notion that the word *shot* agreed better with the idea of the *sound* which would convey the "love-song" through the ear. In the former case, however, *shot* gives us a repetition of the idea conveyed in the third clause of the speech, the shot from Cupid's bow, and on the latter I would observe that *run through* can need no justification so long as we talk of sounds piercing the ears. Compare Hamlet,—"These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears."

18. *Ben.*] *Ro.* in Qq.

19. *More then Prince of Cats, [I can tell you.]*] The words within brackets first added by Capell from (Q1), which also has,—More then *the* Prince, etc.

21. *he rests [me] his minum rest*] *me* added first by Malone from (Q1) omitting *he*, which is also omitted in that ed. *minum rest* is also the reading of (Q1), the Qq. have *minum rests*. The Ff. *minum* only.

23. *a duellist, a duellist*] So (Q1) & F4. The rest *dualist* in both places.

27. *fantasticoes.*] So (Q1). The rest, *phantacies* or *phantasies*.

31. *pardon-mees*] (Q1) has *pardonmees*. Q2, *pardons mees*. Q3 & Ff. substantially as in our text. Q4 & 5, *pardona' mees;* on which the Cambridge editors found their probably correct reading, *perdona-mi's*. A very generally received reading is Theobald's *pardonnez-moy's*. Again, at the end of this speech,—*their bones, their bones!*—Theobald's alteration, *their bon's their bon's*, has been very generally received; perhaps rightly. The Cam. edd. record an Anon. conj.—*their buon's, their buon's*.

37. *Laura, to his Lady, was [but] a kitchin wench*] *but* introduced by Pope from (Q1), which also has, *kitchin drudg*.

41. *Bon iour*] *Bonieur* Q2.

41. *theres a French salutation to your French flop*] there is a French *curtesie* to your French *flop* (Q1).

57. *Sure wit:*] The reading generally adopted is that of (Q1), *Well said*, introduced by Capell. Steevens explains *sure wit* as 'wit that hits its mark.'

61. *my wits faints*] *my wit faints* F2, 3, 4. *my wits faint* Q5. (Q1) has, *my wits fail*, adopted by Steevens and others.

63. *Nay, if our wits run the wildgoose chase, I am done.*] (Q1) has,—'Nay if *thy* wits . . . I *haue* done,'—a reading adopted by Capell, followed by many subsequent editors.

72. *And is it not, then, well serv'd in to a sweete goose?*] *Then* in this line is only found in Q2. I believe all modern editions omit it.

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88—90. Rom. *Heeres goodly geare!*
Enter Nurse, etc.
Mer. *A sayle, etc.*
Ben. *Two, etc.*]
The distribution of these speeches, and the entry of the Nurse, is that of (Q1). The Nurse's entry in the Ff. is placed before Romeo's speech, and in the Qq. on a line with it. In both,—*A sayle, a sayle*—is continued to *Rom.*, and *Two, two, etc.* is given to *Mer.* (Q1) repeats *a saile* three times.

94. Mer. *Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fans the fairer face.*] For this speech (Q1) has,—*Pree thee doo good Peter, to hide her face: for her fanne is the fairer of the two.* The common reading is:—*Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two*

116. [He walkes by them and sings.] Stage direction from (Q1), introduced by Ulrici.

125. *Marry, farewell!*] First introduced from (Q1) by Malone.

147. *an ill thing to be offred to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.*] Till by Collier's MS. corrector *wicked* was substituted for *weake*, this passage was allowed to pass unchallenged. Mr Fleay suggests to me that, if any change is needed, the old word *wicke*, still in use in the midland counties in the sense of *foul, wicked*, should be adopted. I find it in that form in the Glossary to the Wycliffite Versions of the Bible; Chaucer uses it in the form *wikke*.

149. *Tell her I protest*—] So in (Q1), except that there is no dash to indicate an interrupted speech. The rest have,—*I protest unto thee. Tell her*, however, is necessary to account for the speech with which the Nurse interrupts Romeo:—'Good heart! and, yfaith, *I will tel her*,' *etc.*

157, 158. *Bid her devise*
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon.] This passage is printed as one line in Q2, 3, Ff., and as prose in Q4, 5. The division in our text is that adopted by Delius and the Cambridge editors. The usual arrangement, Capell's, ends the first line at *shrift*.

164, 165. *And stay, good Nurse, behinde the Abbey wall:*
Within this houre my man shall be with thee.] The punctuation of this passage in the original editions is, in F4 a comma after *Nurse*; after *wall* (Q1), Q2, 3, 4, Ff. have a comma, and Q5 a colon. In the first line (Q1) reads,—*And stay thou Nurse, etc.*; the Ff., *And stay thou good Nurse, etc.*
Grant White gives a new reading as follows:—
And stay, good Nurse; behind the Abbey-wall
Within this hour, etc.
The Cambridge editors record a similar, anonymous, conjecture

175. *I warrant thee*] So in F2, 3, 4. The Qq. & F1 omit *I*.

185, 186. *thats the dogs letter; R is for the dog.—No; I know it begins with some other letter*:—] In this speech of the Nurse Q2 has, '*thats the dog, name R. is for the no, I know, etc.*' Q3 & F1, '*thats the dogsname. R. is for the no, I know, etc.*' The rest, '*thats the dogges*' or.'*dogs name. R. is for the no, I know, etc.*' (—*no.* Q5.) The reading of our text is due to Tyrwhitt and Farmer—the former suggesting, '*that's the dog's name; R is for the dog.—No; I know, etc.;*' the latter that we should

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either omit *name* or insert *letter*:—'*that's the dog's*;' or—'*that's the dog's letter*;' Tyrwhitt's conjecture has been the most generally received reading since its adoption by Steevens. Delius, the Cambridge editors, Keightley, and Furness have, however, adopted Ritson's regulation of the old text:—'*that's the dog's name; R is for the — No; I know, etc.*'

192. *Before, and apace.*] So Qq. Ff. (Q1) has,—*Peter, take my fanne, and go before,*—adopted by Steevens and others. The Cambridge editors make a new reading by adding to (Q1)—*and apace*—of Qq. Ff. The short, sharp word of command of Qq. Ef. used by the Nurse on suddenly recovering from her fit of garrulity with Romeo seems most in character.

ACT II.

Scene 5.

The Nurse tells Juliet the result of her embassage. Except in subject, and in scattered fragments which indicate a common origin, there is but little resemblance between (Q1) and Q2 in this scene. The former has all the appearance of having been roughly made up from imperfect notes. It would seem too that other parts of the play had been called in aid to enable the 'editor' of (Q1) to complete his 'copy'. For instance, Juliet says:—

'And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.'

This simile, with variations, is found again in both Quartos in Act V. Sc. 1. One line used by the Nurse,—'Ah wheres my man? Give me some aqua vitæ,'—is found in Q2 in Act III. Sc. 2, l. 88; and the first line of Juliet's last speech,—'How doth her latter words revive my hart,' sounds like an echo of Romeo's speech in Act III. Sc. 3, l. 165,—'How well my comfort is reviu'd by this', found in both Quartos.

2. *promis'd*] So Q5. *promised* The rest.

11. *Is three long houres*] for *three* Q2 has *there.*

15, 16. *And his to me:*
But old folks, many fain as they wer dead;] In the Qq. this passage is given as one line, and Q2 & 3 have a prefix *M.* The Ff. give it as two lines, the first ending *folks.* Rowe arranged as in our text.

Many fain (*faine* Q3, 4, 5, F1, 2; *feign* modern edd.) in this difficult passage has given rise to much speculation. Johnson reads,—*marry, feign.* Grant White,—*marry, fare.* Collier's MS. corrector changes the line to:—*And his to me; but old folks seem as dead.* Dyce's conjecture that the 'copy' of the printer of Q2 had *moue yfaith* and was corrupted by him to *many fain* probably supplies the best means of correcting the text. (Q1) has no corresponding lines.

The Cambridge editors observe:—'Pope omits the lines—

"*But old folks, many fain as they were dead;*
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead."

Thinking probably that they are due to interpolation, a supposition which the unmeaning '*M.*' in the earlier Quartos seems to confirm.' In their 'Globe' ed. they mark the passage with an obelus (†) as corrupt.

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21. *look'st*] *lookest* Q2, 3, F1. *lookes* F2. *looks* F3.

23. *sham'st*] *shamest* Q2, 3.

26. *what a iaunce have I had!*] *had*, omitted in Q2, is found in the other Qq. Ff. I follow all the editors in adopting it. Perhaps, however, we should read,—what a jaunce *had* I, or *I've had.*

54—56. Nur. *Your loue sayes, etc.*] This speech is printed as verse in the Qq. Ff., the lines ending at *gentleman—handsome—mother.* Capell ends second line at *warrant*—Steevens at *handsome, an't.* Prose first by Cam. edd. (Sidney Walker conj. 'Criticisms,' Vol. i. p. 21.

ACT II.

Scene 6.

Romeo and Juliet meet at the Friar's cell to be married. In this scene, except in subject, (Q1) and Q2 bear but little resemblance to each other. If in (Q1) it in any way resembles the original play, the scene must have been entirely re-written for Q2. The essential difference between the two versions cannot be accounted for as being the result of imperfect notes taken for (Q1).

27. *musickes*] *musicke* Q2.

ACT III.

Scene 1.

The fatal affray in which Mercutio and Tybalt are slain. (Q1) here presents merely the appearance of imperfect representation. One passage in it however is noticeable, as it has no counterpart in the subsequent quarto, and therefore suggests that Q2 was printed from a revised copy of the original play. In one of Mercutio's speeches, after he is wounded, he says :—"I shall be fairely mounted vpon foure-mens shoulders .... and then some peasantly rogue, some Sexton, some base slaue shall write my Epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the Princes Lawes, and Mercutio was slaine for the first and second cause."

2. *Capulets*] *Capels* (Q1) & Q2, 3.

8. *draws him on the drawer*] (Q1) for *draws him* has *draws it,*—adopted by Pope, whose example is generally followed.

30. [Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.] For this, the stage direction of Qq. Ff., (Q1) has merely 'Enter Tybalt.' *Petruchio* is mentioned as one of Capulet's guests, Act I. Sc. 5, l. 131. Being a mute personage his name is omitted in this stage direction in modern editions.

55. *Romeo, the loue I beare thee*] ... the *hate* I beare thee (Q1), adopted by Pope and others.

60. *know'st*] *knowest* Q2, 3.

63. *iniur'd*] So Q5, Ff. *iniuried* Q2. *iniured* Q3, 4.

69. *Alla stoccata*] Knight (*Ah! la Stoccata* Theobald; *Ha! la*—Hanmer; *A la*—Capell). *Alla stucatho* Qq. F1. *Allastucatho* F2, 3, 4.

84. [Tybalt under Romeos arme thrusts Mercutio in, and flyes with his followers]

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I have taken this stage direction from (Q1), adding to it, from Cambridge edition, 'with his followers.' The punctuation in (Q1) is—*Mercutio, in and*—. The Qq. have, 'Away Tybalt', the Ff. 'Exit Tybalt.' The Cam. edd. change *thrusts Mercutio in* to *stabs Mercutio.*

85. *A plague a both* [*your*] *houses!*] So Dyce and succeeding editors. (Q1) has, . . . *on your houses.* The Qq. have . . . *a both houses.* The Ff. . . . *a* or *of both the houses.*

98—101. *Helpe me in into some house, Benuolio,*
Or I shall faint.— A plague a both your houses!
They haue made wormes meate of me.
I haue it, and soundly too:—your houses!] This (punctuation apart) is the arrangement of Qq. & Ff., and is the usual reading. Dyce, however, followed by the Cambridge editors, Keightley and Furness, re-arrange the two last lines thus:—

They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too: your houses!

Mr F. G. Fleay suggests to me another arrangement of the speech:—

Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.
A plague o' both your houses! They have made
Worms' meat o' me. I ha't and soundly too.
Your houses!

103. *hath got this mortall hurt*] *gott his* Q3. *got his* Q4, 5, Ff. *tane this* (Q1). Mommsen and Cam. edd. restore the reading of Q2, as in text.

106. *Hath bene my Cosen*] *Hath beene my kinsman* (Q1)—adopted by Capell and many subsequent editors.

109. *braue Mercutio's dead!*] So in F2, 3, 4, & Q5. *Mercutio is* Q2, 3, 4. *Mercutio's is* F1.

115. *Aliue! in triumph! and Mercutio slaine!*] Pope, from (Q1). Q2 has, *He gan in triumph, etc.*—Q3, 4, & F1, 2 *He gon, etc.*—Q5 & F3, 4 *He gone, etc.*

117. *And fier-eyed furie be my conduct now!*] Pope, from (Q1). Q2 for *fier-eyed* has,—*fier end.* Q3, *fier and.* Q4, 5, F1, 2, *fire and.* F3, 4, *fire, and.*

19. *gau'st*] Q5, Ff. *gauest* The rest.

38. *kinsman*] *kisman* Q2, so also in lines 141 and 169 of this scene.

140. *O Prince! O husband! O, the bloud is spild*] The Qq. Ff. have,—'O Prince, O cozen, husband, O, etc.'

The omission of *cozen* from this line was made by Capell. The Cam. edd., however, record that in his Notes and MS. he altered the line to, 'O cousin! husband! O, etc.' (Q1) for this line has,—*Unhappy sight! Ah the blood is spilt.*—From this Pope formed his line,—Unhappy sight! *alas,* the blood is spill'd,—and Malone his,—Unhappy sight! *ah me,* the blood, etc.

148. *vttered*] *vtered* Q2.

149. *bow'd*] *bowed* Qq.

159. *His agile arme*] *agill* (Q1), Q4, 5. *aged* Q2, 3, F1. *able* F2, 3, 4.

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177. Mount. *Not Romeo, Prince, etc.*] This speech is given to *Capulet* in Q2, 3, & Ff.

181. *I haue an interest in your hates proceeding*] So (Q1). The rest have, . . . *hearts proceeding.* Capell first adopted (Q1), reading, *hates'*; Knight, *hate's.*

185. *I will be deafe*] *It will, etc.* Q2, 3, F1.

188. *Else, when he's found*] Theobald. —*he is found* Qq. Ff.

ACT III.

Scene 2.

The Nurse acquaints Juliet with the death of Tybalt and the banishment of Romeo. Here Q1 is lamentably imperfect, though evidently derived from the same source as Q2. The latter contains 145 lines, the former only 60. It is noteworthy that the omissions and corruptions of (Q1) are almost entirely confined to Juliet's speeches. Of the 28 lines given to the Nurse in Q2, more than 20 are found in Q1, and one of the additional lines in Q2 (Ah, wheres my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ) had been already used in (Q1) in Act II. Sc. 5. That the copy from which Q2 was printed underwent revision is, I think, fairly proved by the corrupt version of lines 85—87, which got printed in Q2, the correct rendering of which has, I believe, been recovered by the ingenuity of Mr Fleay. See note on this passage.

2. *Phœbus lodging*] *Phœbus mansion* (Q1), adopted by Pope and others.

3. *Phaeton*] *Phaetan* Q2.

6. *That runnawayes eyes may wincke,*—] (*run-awayes* Q4, 5, F1. *run-awaies* F2, 3. *run-aways* F4. *run-aways', run-away's* and *runaway's*, modern editions.)

In Mr Furness's 'New Variorum Shakespeare,' the *condensed* notes on this line occupy no less than 28 pages royal Octavo, small print. To those students who wish to ground themselves in the literature of this subject, I commend his book, and shall here content myself with one short extract from a note by the Rev. Mr Hunter, which seems to me a sufficient explanation of the passage in question. "'Runaways' I understand to be the same as 'Runagates,' for which we have a kind of authority, a poor one, I allow, in Dyche's 'Dictionary,' 1735, 'Runagate or Runaway, a rover or wanderer.' . . . Juliet wishes that the night may be so pitchy dark, that should Romeo meet with any runagates (runaways) wandering about the streets, he may not be recognized, or even observed by them."

9. *By their own bewties*—] *And by*, etc. Q2, 3, F1.

19. *Whiter than new snow on a Rauens back.*] So in F2, 3, 4. . . . *new snow upon* Q2, 3, F1. . . . *snow upon* Q4, 5.

21. *Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die*] So in Q4, 5. . . . *and when I shall die* Q2, 3 & Ff.

34, 35. *Now, Nurse, what newes? what, hast thou there the cords*
That Romeo bid thee fetch?] The Qq. & Ff. arrange and punctuate the latter part of this speech as follows:—

—what hast thou there, | The cords that, etc. Qq.
—what hast thou there? | The cords that, etc. Ff.

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Hanmer first arranged as in text; but, followed by some editors, kept the punctuation of the Ff. Other editors, adopting his arrangement, keep to the punctuation of Qq.

37. *A, weladay*] *A weraday* Q2.

47. *death darting eye*] *death arting eye* Q2.

49. *Or those eyes shut, that makes thee answere 'I' :*] The Qq. Ff. for *shut* have *shot;* altered by Capell. For *makes thee* (corrected in modern editions to *make thee*) F2, 3, 4 have *makes the.*

51. *Briefe sounds determine [of] my weale or wo*] Q2, 3, 4 omit *of.*

59. *Vile earth, to earth resigne ;*] Q2 has, *Vile earth too, earth resigne.*

60. *And thou, and Romeo, presse one heavie beare*] For *one* Q2, 3, F1 have *on.*

66. *My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord*] So Qq. & Ff. Pope, whose reading is very generally followed, introduced from (Q1) *My dear-lov'd cousin.* The whole line in (Q1) is,—

My dear loude cousen, and my dearest Lord.

68. *For who is liuing, if those two are gone ?*] For *gone* Pope substituted from (Q1) *dead.*

71—74. Jul. *O God ! did Romeos hand shead Tibalts bloud ?*
Nur. *It did, it did ; alas the day ! it did.*
Jul. *O serpent heart, hid with a flowring face !*
Did euer draggon, etc.]

Q2, 3, F1 continue the Nurse's speech to Juliet, and give the first line of Juliet's next speech (*O serpent heart, etc.*) to the Nurse.

In the Ff., *O God !* of Juliet's first speech occupies a separate line and the remainder of that speech is given in F2, 3 to the Nurse. Q4, 5 & F4 distribute the speeches aright.

75. *Bewtifull tirant ! fiend angelicall !*] The antithesis would seem here to require some other word than *beautiful.* Perhaps *bountiful* or *pityful,* or, as suggested to me by the late Mr Staunton, *merciful.*

76. *Douefeatherd rauen ! woluish rauening lamb !*] Theobald. Q2 has,—*Rauenous douefeatherd rauē,* etc. Q3, *Rauenous douefeatherd Rauen.* F1, *Rauenous Doue-feather'd Rauen.* The rest, substantially, *Rauenous Doue, feather'd rauen.* The introduction of this word *Rauenous* into the text of Q2 seems a clear proof that the 'copy' from which that edition was printed had in its margins sundry alterations and corrections.

79. *A damned saint*] So in Q4, 5 & F2, 3, 4. *A dimme saint* Q2, 3. *A dimne saint* F1.

85—87. *Theres no trust,*
No faith, no honestie in men ; all naught,
All periurde, all dissemblers, all forsworne.] I have adopted this arrangement at the suggestion of the Rev. F. G. Fleay. The lines stand in Qq. Ff. thus :—

Theres no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periurde, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers.

Lines evidently corrupt, and which have never been satisfactorily corrected in any edition. In this scene I believe (Q1) may be depended on as giving, *as far as the Nurse's speeches are concerned,* a fairly accurate representation of the original play.

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The changes then in Q2 may be considered as the result of revisions in the 'copy' from which that Qo. was printed. I have endeavoured here to show what the state of that 'copy' was; by so doing I think I best explain and justify the alteration adopted.

The text of the original play (also of (Q1)) is here represented by Roman type, the additions by italics, and the words or letters struck out are enclosed in brackets.

st
There [i]s no tru[th], no faith, no honestie in men : *all naught*
All [false, all faithles,] periurde, all forsworne. *all dissemblers,*

The printer, instead of making a new line of *No faith . . . all naught,* and placing *all dissemblers* after *periurde* in the second line, took both alterations in the order in which they appeared in the margin, and added them to the end of what remained of the second line after *false, all faithless* had been struck out. (For another instance of this kind of error, see Note on lines 37—43, Act III. Sc. 3.)

Pope altered the passage in his usual arbitrary manner, Capell followed his arrangement, but restored the words of Qq. Ff., and since his time the text has always stood thus :—

There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.

I must here add that Mr Fleay, when on the 29th Aug., 1874, he published this emendation in the 'Athenæum,' supposed the revisions in the 'copy' from which Q2 was printed (which I have endeavoured to describe above) to have been made on a portion of the printed (Q1) itself. We had both, independently of each other, at one time arrived at the conclusion that Q2 was in many places printed from a copy of (Q1) corrected in MS. I had, however, then long ago abandoned that notion, as indeed Mr Fleay himself has since done. Our immature conclusion was the result of the study of isolated passages only, such as the one which is the object of this note; a larger comparison of the texts of the two quartos had convinced me that the 'copy' for Q2 was probably throughout (certainly in this scene) a MS. copy of the play, and that the revisions of which we had seen such manifest proofs were made on this MS. copy itself. These remarks apply also to Act III. Sc. 5, l. 177-181, on which see Note.

88. *Ah, wheres my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ.*] This line is found in (Q1) in Act II. Sc 5.

118. *follow'd*] Q5. *followed* The rest.

128. *coarse*] *course* Q2, 3.

130. *Wash they his wounds with teares:*] So in Q3, 4 & Ff. Q2 has a note of interrogation after *teares;* Q5 a comma. I follow Sidney Walker, Staunton, Dyce, Cam. edd., Furness, and other editors in adopting the punctuation of Q3, 4 & Ff. The note of interrogation in Q2 may have been intended, as in numberless other instances, as a note of exclamation. (Q1) affords us no assistance here.

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ACT III.

Scene 3.

Romeo in concealment at the Friar's cell. The Friar and Nurse. The chief differences in this scene between (Q1) and Q2 consist in omissions in the former. We have here again good proof that the 'copy' supplied for printing Q2 underwent revision, in the extraordinary jumble of lines which that Qo. presents in the passage where Romeo compares his condition with that of the flies. See lines 37—43 and my note thereon.

15. *Here from Verona art thou banished*] Hanmer adopts from (Q1), *Hence* from Verona, etc.

19. *banisht*] Q2 misprints, *blanisht.*

23. *smil'st*] So Q5, F3, 4. *smilest* The rest.

37—43. (1) *And steale immortall blessing from her lips ;—*
(2) *Who, euen in pure and vestall modestie,*
(3) *Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;—*
(4) *But Romeo may not ; he is banished :*
(5) *This may flyes do, when I from this must flie ;*
(6) *Flies may do this, but I from this must flie :*
(7) *They are freemen, but I am banished :*
(8) *And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?*]

In this passage (Q1) has only the lines here numbered 1, 4, & 6 ; the other Qos have all the lines, but in the following order, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 4, 6, 7 ; the Folios follow the same order, but omit 6 and 7. Line 6 I have separated from the rest in the above-quoted passage, as it will not be found in my text, line 5 being, as I shall show, a substitute for it. The order of the lines, as I have given them, was first adopted by Malone and Steevens, followed by many editors, with the substitution for lines 5 & 6 of one line,—'Flies may do this *when* I from this must flie' (Malone, Steevens)—or—'This may flies do *but* I from this must flie' (Cam. Edd., who, however, in Globe ed. adopt line 6 in its integrity).

Grant White, followed by Furness, gives the lines as in my text. Knight, Singer, Dyce, Keightley, and others omit, with folios, lines 6 & 7, but order the remaining lines as in my text. Staunton, Halliwell, Clarke also omit 6 & 7, but order the lines, 1, 2, 3, 5, 4, 8. Collier is, I believe, the only English editor who retains all the lines and in the order in which they are found in Qq.

It seems quite certain that in the greater part of this scene (Q1) gives a fairly accurate representation of the original play; it does not give some passages found in Q2, but it seems probable that those passages were *omitted* in (Q1), not *added* in Q2. In other respects where the two quartos differ, the differences may reasonably be accounted for by revisions in the 'copy' with which the printer of Q2 was supplied. (Q1), being then here identical with the original play, enables us to reconstruct the 'copy' from which the printer of Q2 worked, and thus to determine with certainty the proper order of the lines, and which to adopt or reject.

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The following restoration of the 'copy' will I think make all clear. The original play, (Q1), is here printed in Roman type, the revisions and additions in italics.

1. And steale immortall [kisses] from her lips ; *blessing*
2. *Who cuen in pure and vestall modestie*
3. *Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.*
4. But Romeo may not, he is banished.
5. *This may flyes do, when I from this must flie,*
6. Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.
7. *They are freemen, but I am banished.*
8. *And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death ?*

In the first line there could be no mistake as to the substitution of *bless'ng* (*blessings* F4, followed by Rowe and other editors) for *kisses*. The two added lines, 2 and 3, which are purely parenthetical, should next have followed ; but the printer took all the four added lines (2, 3, 5, 8) which he found in the margin, and inserted them together, leaving in the text line 6, for which 5 was a substitute ; and thus he made the admirable confusion we find in the old copies. Line 7 probably got inserted in the right place from its having been written on the opposite margin. I have not made any alteration in this line, but I strongly suspect that *They are freemen* is a printer's metathesis for *They free remain*. A comparison of the next few lines immediately following the above passage affords also, in my opinion, strong evidence of revision. (Q1) has,—

Oh Father hadst thou no strong poison mixt,
No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,
Though nere so meane, but banishment
To torture me withall: ah, banished.

Q2 and the rest,—

Hadst thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But banished to kill me : Banished ?

52. *Thou fond mad man, heare me a little speake.*] So Q4, 5, from which Q2 & 3 differ only in reading *Then* for *Thou*. F1 has,—*Then fond madman, heare me speake*. F2, 3, 4, *Fond mad man, heare me speake*.

Malone, whose example is followed by many editors, adopts the version of (Q1), which has, *Thou fond mad man heare, me but speake a word*. Compare, in Parallel texts, Act III. Sc. 5, lines 163, 164.

'Good father heare me speake ?' (Q1)
'Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.' Q2.

68. *Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy hayre.*] So in (Q1). In the Qq. Ff. two lines, the first ending *speake*. Q2 for the first *mightst* has *mightest*, and Q3, 4, F1, 2 have *mightest* in both places.

82. *Where is my Ladyes Lord ? wheres Romeo ?*] So (Q1), adopted first by Rowe. Qq. Ff. have *Wheres* and *Where's* for *Where is*.

85, 86. —— *O wofull sympathy !*
Pitious predicament !——]

This portion of the Nurse's speech has been very generally given to the Friar since the time of Steevens, who adopted Farmer's conjecture on the subject. Farmer says, "One may wonder the editors did not see that such language must

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necessarily belong to the Friar." I confess I do not see it, and have therefore retained the arrangement of all the old editions.

92. *Ah sir! ah sir!—[Well,] deaths the end of all.*] *Well* introduced into the text by Malone from (Q1). Q5 makes up the line by reading,—*death is.*

93. *Spak'st thou of Iuliet?*] So Q5. The (Q1) & Q2, 3, 4 have *Spakest.* The Ff. *Speak'st.*

96. *With bloud remou'd but little from her oune*] So (Q1) & Q5. The rest, *remoued.*

110. *thy wild acts denote*] *deuote* Q2, 3. *doe note* F2. *do note* F3, 4.

113. *And ilbeseeming beast in seeming both*] (Q1) has,—*Or ill beseeming beast,* etc., adopted by Steevens, followed by many editors. *Or* is countenanced by Brooke's 'Romeus and Juliet' where the Friar says :—

So that I stood in doubt, this hour at the least,
If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast.

And, however, seems the better reading in this place.

117. *And sley thy Lady, that in thy life liues*] So F4. The Qq. & F1, 2, 3 for *liues* has *lies.* The two words are frequently confounded in the old editions. See S. Walker, 'Criticisms,' Vol. ii. p. 209. (Q1) for this line has,—

And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?

adopted by Pope and some subsequent editors.

119. *rayl'st*] *raylest* Q2, 3 & 4.

122. *sham'st*] *shamest* Q2, 3, 4.

138. *But thou slewest Tibalt; there art thou happie.*] So the Qq., from which (Q1) differs in ending the line, *happy too.* F1 differs from Qq. in reading *slew'st.* F2, 3, 4 have, *slew'st . . . happy too,* the reading generally adopted. To the next line but one,—*And turnes it to exile; there art thou happie:*—Malone again added *too,* which is not found in any of the old editions. The *too* in (Q1) may be proper enough; but its addition in the later copies, in which '*there art thou happy*' is thrice repeated (lines 137, 138, 140), seems to me to weaken the vigour of the speech.

141. *A packe of blessings light upon thy backe*] (Q1) and Q4 read more grammatically,—A pack of blessings *lights,* etc., but even among educated men to within recent times the error or licence found in our text is so common that I have not deemed any correction necessary here.

'A plural idea has taken possession of the mind, and the recollection of the grammatical rule is effaced by its influence.' See 'Essay on the Phraseology and Metre of Shakespeare and his contemporaries.' Variorum, 1821, ed. Boswell, Vol. i.

143. *But, like a misbehau'd and sullen wench*] So Q1, 4, 5. . . . *a mishaued and* Q2, 3. . . . *a mishaped and* F1. . . . *a mis-shaped and a* F2, 3. . . . *a mis-shapen and a* F4.

144. *Thou poutst vpon thy fortune and thy loue*] So Q5. *Thou puts vp . . .* Q2, 3. *Thou powts vpon . . .* Q4. *Thou puttest up . . .* Ff. For this line (Q1) has :—

Thou frownst vpon thy Fate that smilles on thee.

163. *Here, sir, a Ring she bid me giue you, sir:*] Perhaps we should read,—*Here, sir, 's a Ring,* etc. (Q1) has :—

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Here is a Ring sir, that she bad me giue you.

168. *disguis'd*] *disguise* Q2.

ACT III.

Scene 4.

Capulet, his wife and Paris. Capulet promises Juliet's hand to Paris. In this scene (Q1), when compared with Q2, has all the appearance of a carelessly shortened and imperfect representation of the original play. It is noteworthy that lines 6, 7 and 33,

I promise you, but for your companie,
I would haue bene a bed an houre ago.
——— *Light to my chamber, ho!*

are found in (Q1) in Act I. Sc. 5.

8. *These times of wo affoord no times to wooe*] . . . no *time* to wooe (Q1). The usual reading, from Rowe downwards.

11. *shees mew'd vp*] Theobald. *shees mewed vp* Q2. *she is mewed vp* Q3, 4, 5, Ff.

23. *Weele keepe*] *Well, keepe* Q2.

34, 36. *Afore me, it is so very, very late,*
That we may call it early by and by:
Goodnight.] This, with the exception of *Goodnight*, is the reading and arrangement of (Q1). The Qq. have *very* only once; the Ff. omit *very* altogether, and both Qq. and Ff. print *Afore . . . by* in one line, giving *Goodnight* (omitted in Q1) in a separate line. Dyce, followed by Chambers and Cam. Edd., first gave the passage as in our text. In his second ed. he returned to Theobald's arrangement:—

'Fore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by. Good-night.

reading, however,—Afore me, 'tis etc.
Capell read:—Now afore . . . late | That . . . by | Goodnight.

ACT III.

Scene 5.

The parting of the lovers. Capulet and his wife inform Juliet of her approaching marriage with Paris. Shortened and some evidently corrupt passages will be found in (Q1) on comparing it with Q2, and evidence of revision in the latter is found in some places. See for instance note on lines 177-181. In the larger portion, however, of the scene, the two quartos are substantially identical.

13. *It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales*] . . . *exhale* Q2, 5.

19. *the morning eye*] Q2 repeats *the*.

20. *Tis but the pale reflex of Cinthias brow.*] Collier's MS. Corrector has here an emendation,—*Cynthia's bow*—adopted by some editors.

30. *This doth not so, for she diuideth us*] . . . for *this* diuideth us (Q1).

33. *Since arme from arme that voyce doth us affray*] . . . *her* voyce . . . (Q1).

36. [Enter Nurse.] Rowe. *Enter Madame and Nurse*, Qq. Ff. The entry of the Nurse to give the alarm is not marked in (Q1) till after Romeo's exit, and

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from that point to the end of the scene (Q1) appears to consist of fragments more or less perfect of the original play mixed up with passages probably the result of imperfect note-taking.

39. *Your Lady Mother's cumming to your chamber*] Pope. Your Lady Mother *is* cumming, etc. Qq. Ff.

42. [He goeth downe] (Q1). No stage direction in Qq. Ff.

43. *Art thou gone so? loue! Lord! ay, husband! friend!*] It might perhaps have been better to punctuate this line,—*Art thou gone so, loue?* etc. The note of interrogation after *so* is only found in Ff. Q3 has a comma after *so*. The other quartos have no point. F2, 3, 4 for *ay husband* have, *ah Husband*. Boswell substituted for this line the reading of (Q1):—*Art thou gone so,*[?] *my Lord,* [!] *my Loue,*[!] *my Frend?*[!]—and his example is followed by several editors. Dyce says, "I have preferred the reading of (Q1) because I have great doubts if the '*ay*' [of Qq. F1] is to be understood as equivalent to 'yes' (the usual old spelling of it in that sense being '*I*'). The editor of F2 altered it to 'ah'; for which perhaps it was intended." Grant White conjectures that "perhaps *ay* is a misprint for *my*."

I have attributed the introduction of the reading of (Q1) to Boswell on the authority of the Cam. Edd. and Furness. The note in the Variorum 1821, in which the alteration of the text is recorded, has Malone's name attached to it.

44—46. *I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,*
For in an houer there are many dayes:
Minutes are dayes; so will I number them.]

For this second line (Q1) has,—*For in an houer there are many minutes.* The Qq. & Ff. have,—*For in a minute there are many dayes.* I am responsible for the text as quoted above, and also for the introduction from (Q1) of the third line—*Minutes are dayes, etc.*

53. *I doubt it not*—] I am not aware that this reading has ever been questioned; but to me it seems probable that the *I* here stands for the affirmative *Ay*. I have not, however, ventured to punctuate in accordance with my conviction. (Q1) has *No doubt, no doubt.*

54. *our times to come*] So Q2, and Capell. (Q1) has, *the time, etc.*, The rest, *our time, etc.*

55. Jul. *O God! I haue an ill diuining soule:*] Q2, 3 have the prefix of *Ro.* to this speech.

56. *Me thinkes I see thee, now thou art below,*] Pope introduced *below* from (Q1). The Qq. Ff. have, *so lowe.*

58. *lookst*] *lookest* Q2, 3, 4.

65. [She goeth downe from the window.] Stage direction from (Q1). Not in Qq. Ff. which here mark the entry of Lady C. 'Enter Mother.'

66. *It is my Lady mother*] So in the Qos. F1 has, *Is it my Lady mother,* to which F2, 3, 4 add a note of interrogation.

77. *Which you weepe for*] Theobald read, as a metrical necessity, 'Which you *do* weep for'; in recent editions his emendation has been rejected.

83. *God pardon him!—I do, with all my heart;*] Q2 has *padon* and, with Q3 & F1, omits *him*, which is found in the later Qq. & Ff. (Q1) has no corresponding line.

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91. *Shall giue him such an unaccustomd dram*] For this line Steevens substituted that of (Q1), *That should* (Steevens *shall*) *bestow on him so sure a draught.*

94—96. *Indeed, I neuer shall be satisfied*
With Romeo—till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart—so for a kinsman vext]

The Qq. Ff. give this passage as follows :—

Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext

The several interpretations of which this ambiguous speech is capable are I suppose :—1. I never shall be satisfied with Romeo. 2. I never shall be satisfied with Romeo till I behold him. 3. I never shall be satisfied with Romeo till I behold him dead. 4. Till I behold him, dead is my poor heart. 5. Dead is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vext.

In my text I have ventured to differ slightly from the usual mode of pointing this speech in placing a dash after *Romeo* and after *heart.*

102. *To wreake the loue I bore my Cozen* [*Tybalt*]] The word *Tybalt,* which completes this line, is only found in F2, 3, 4. Theobald's emendation—*slaughter'd cousin*—is a preferable reading; but it is just possible that the printer of F2 had some authority for his addition to the line.

106. *And ioy comes well in such a needie time*] For *needie* (Q1) has *needful,* adopted by Pope.

117. *Now, by Saint Peters Church*] *S. Peters* Q2.

127. *When the Sun sets, the ayre doth drisle deaw ;*] *ayre* is only found in Q4 & 5. Q2, 3, & Ff. have *earth.* Malone though reading *air* considered that *earth* of the previous Qq. & Ff. was strongly supported by a line in the Rape of Lucrece.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set.

On this Steevens remarks :—"When our author, in Midsummer Night's Dream, says :—'And when she [the moon] weeps, *weeps* every little flower;' he only means that every little flower is moistened with dew, as if with tears; and not that the flower itself *drizzles dew.* This passage sufficiently explains how the *earth,* in the quotation from The Rape of Lucrece, may be said to weep."

Grant White suggests that the reading *earth* was probably the result of a confusion produced by the old pronunciation of 'earth', *airth.*

132. *Thou counterfaits*]—*countefaits* Q2.

139. *deliuer'd*] Rowe. *deliuered* Qq. Ff.

140. *she giues you thankes*] *giue* Q2.

146. *So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroom*] For *Bridegroom* Q2 has *Bride,* a reading retained by Mommsen.—See his note, Furness's 'Variorum Shakespeare'.—It is possible he may be right; the metre would seem to justify the licence; though to English Philologists that licence must seem extreme. I have however met with a line, in Dekker's "Shoe-makers Holiday," which may be worth consideration :—

"Faire maid this Bridegroome cannot be your Bride."
(last scene, p. 76, vol. i. Pearson's ed.)—

but in the face of the agreement of all the later quartos and the folios, and the

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unanimous decision of all English editors, I have not deemed this a sufficient authority for the retention of *bride* in this place. To do so some such alteration as the following would seem to be required in the line itself:—

So worthy a gentleman to *call* her bride.

Compare 'Merchant of Venice', Act III. Sc. 2, l. 305,

"First go with me to church and *call* me wife."

(Q1) affords no assistance here.

150. *How now! how now!*—] So, substantially, Q3, 4, 5 & Ff. Q2 has, *How, how, howhow.*

154. *But fettle your fine Ioynts*]. For *fettle* F2, 3, 4 have *settle*, followed by all the editors till quite recently when Staunton, I believe, was the first to restore *fettle* to the text. (Steevens and Mommsen in their reprints of (Q1) have *settle*.)

166. *That God had lent us but this onely childe*] For *lent* (Q1) has *sent*, a reading adopted by Pope and many subsequent editors.

168. *And that we haue a curse in hauing her*] For *curse* (Q1) has *croffe*, for which Grant White conjectures that the later reading is possibly a misprint.

173, 174. Cap. *O, Godigeden.*
Nur. *May not one speake [t'ye]?*
Cap. *Peace, you mumbling foole!*]

The prefix to Capulet's speeches in this scene, in the Qq. Ff., is *Fa.* for *Father*. Q2, 3, & F1 here print, *Father, O Godigeden | May not one speake?* as part of the Nurse's previous speech. F2, 3, 4 omit *Father*. The right distribution of the speeches is found in Q4, 5. For the metre Theobald read the last line:—*Peace, peace you mumbling fool!* Seymour conjectured:—Peace, you old mumbling fool! Mr F. G. Fleay's conjecture (*speak t'ye*), which I have adopted, seems to me the best mode of curing the metrical defect.

177-181. Lady C. *You are too hot.*
Cap. *Gods bread! it makes me mad;*
Day-time, night-tide, waking or sleeping houre,
At home, abroad, alone, in companie,
Working or playing, still my care hath bene
To haue her matcht:——]

For these lines (Q1) has,—

Mo: My Lord ye are too hotte.
Cap: Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, *early, late, at home, abroad,*
Alone, in company, *waking or sleeping,*
Still my care hath beene to see her matcht.

Q2, followed by the other Quartos and the Folios, has,—

Wi. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,
Day, night, *houre, tide, time, worke, play,*
Alone in companie, still my care hath bene
To haue her matcht,——

A careful study of the dialogue in this place will, I think, convince the reader that Lady C.'s speech—'You are too hot,'—commences the line which Capulet

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completes with—'Gods bread! it makes me mad'—and should not be arranged as completing the last line of Capulet's previous speech addressed to the Nurse. We have then here only to consider how the universally admitted corruption, in the old editions, of Capulet's speech quoted above is to be cured. Pope made up a text chiefly from (Q1) and, as his example has been followed in more important editions, his version is here recorded.

God's bread! it makes me mad! Day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd:—

This version, however, inasmuch as it ignores altogether the new words introduced in Q2, must be set aside as inadmissible, and we are then compelled to fall back on a comparative study of the texts of (Q1) & Q2 in order to piece together a probable version of the lines intended by the poet; but destroyed by the printer. In the versions of (Q1) and Q2 given above, I have underlined in the former the words which are omitted in the latter and underlined in the latter the new words there introduced. Neither can by any possibility be considered as true versions of the passage they profess to represent. The probability, however, seems to me greatly in favour of the supposition that (Q1), errors apart, substantially agreed with the 'copy' supplied to the printer of Q2, but that that 'copy' had in it alterations and revisions which were blundered by the printer into the corruption which Q2 presents to us.

To Mr F. G. Fleay, to whom I submitted my views on the subject, I am mainly indebted for the version which I have adopted in my text with great confidence in it as a highly probable and undoubtedly a most ingenious restoration of what I suppose must have been the true revised version. I append his explanation of the process which resulted in the corruption of Q2. "The corrector crossed out *early, late;* and meant to run his pen round *waking or sleeping*, so as to indicate its transposition; but, making his curve higher in the page than he intended, ran it through *at home, abroad*, and *waking or sleeping:* hence these words were omitted, and the marginal corrections, *houre, tide, time, worke, play*, were put in, all in a heap. The two last of these do not appear as *working, playing*, because the corrector at first meant only to delete *wak, sleep*, in *waking* and *sleeping*, before he saw that these words were wanted in another place. This seems complex in explanation; but try it, and its truth will be evident at once."

183. *trainde*] So (Q1), adopted by Capell and most editors. Q2 has *liand*. The subsequent Qq. & Ff. have *allied*.

185. *Proportiond as ones thought would wish a man*] (Q1) has,—ones *heart coulde* wish a man,—a reading adopted by Capell and several subsequent editors.

215, 216. ——— *Faith, here it is: Romeo*
Is banished, and all the world to nothing,] Printed as one line in Qq. two lines in Ff. ending *it is* and *nothing*. Rowe and many subsequent editors follow the arrangement of Ff. reading *banish'd* in second line. Capell and others have the arrangement of our text, reading, however, in the first line *here 'tis*.

221, 222. *O, hees a lowely Gentleman!*
Romeos a dishclout to him:—] Capell added to this first line,—

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Romeo! which seems to me far the best method, if any is needed, of several suggestions for completing the metre. In the second line Q2 misprints *Romios.*

228. *As liuing here*] Hanmer reads,—As living *hence*—"but *here* may signify, *in this world.*" Johnson.

229—232. Jul. *Speakest thou from thy heart?*
Nur. *And from my soule too; else beshrew them both.*
Jul. *Amen!*
Nur. [*To*] *What?*]

Here as in Qq. with the exceptions that Q2 in the first line has *Speakst*, that Q3, 4, 5 in the second have *or else*, and that in the last speech *To* was added by Hanmer.

The Ff. make two lines of the second line, *And . . . too | Or else . . . both.* The usual arrangement of the passage is in two metrical lines ending *too* and *What?* The Nurse's second speech in (Q1) is,—'*What say you madame?*'

236. *absolu'd*] *obsolu'd* Q2.

ACT IV

Scene 1.

At the Friar's cell. The Friar and Paris. Then Juliet who comes for counsel and obtains from the Friar the sleeping potion. In this scene, up to the departure of Paris, (Q1) & Q2 are almost identical; from that point to the end there are large omissions in the former, and evident marks of revision in Q2; notably in the Friar's description of the effects to be produced by the sleeping potion (See note on lines 95—98). Q2 also contains evidence in itself of this revision in the fact that a double reading has crept into the text with reference to the placing of Juliet in Tomb. (See note on line 111.)

7. *talkt*] (Q1) & Q5. The rest have *talke* or *talk.*

10. *That she do giue her sorrow so much sway*] So Q2. (Q1), Q3, 4, 5, F1, 2 for *do* have *doth.* F3, 4 *should.*

20. *That may be, must be, loue, on Thursday next*] Q4 omits comma after *may be.* The Cam. Edd. & Furness also. Perhaps *may be* should be marked with inverted commas as a quotation from Juliet's preceding speech.

45. *past cure*] So (Q1) & Q5. The rest, *past care.*

46. *O, Juliet*] *Ah Juliet* (Q1), adopted by Capell, and the usual reading.

50. *hear'st*] Q5.. The rest, *hearest.*

72. *slay*] *stay* Q2, 3, F1. *lay* F2. The rest, including (Q1), as in text.

76. *dar'st*] Ff. *darest* Qq.

78. *From off the battlements of yonder Tower*] For *off* Q2, 3, 4, F1, 2 have *of.* For *yonder*, introduced by Pope from (Q1), the Qq. Ff. have *any.*

81. *shut*] introduced by Pope from (Q1). The Qq. Ff. have *hide.*

83. *chapless*] *chaples* Q2. *chapples* Q3 & F1.

85. *shroud*] So Q4, 5. The Ff. have *graue.* Neither word occurs in Q2, 3.

92. *thy Nurse*] *the Nurse* Q2.

94. *And this distilling liquor—*] So the Qq. Ff. (Q1) has,—*distilled liquor—* introduced by Pope and generally adopted. I give Mr Grant White's note on

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the subject. "Yielding to custom, I doubtfully displace 'distilling' for the earlier reading; as the former may either have been put for 'distilled', according to the common practice of Shakspere's time in relation to participal terminations, or used with reference, not to the manner in which the liquor was made, but to its quality of distilling (like the 'leperous distilment' poured in the ears of Hamlet's father) 'through the natural gates and alleys of the body.'"

95—98. *When presently through all thy veines shall run*
A cold and drowsie humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his natiue progresse, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testifie thou liu'st.—] In the last line Q2 misprints *breast* for *breath*. *liu'st* in the same line is from Q5, The rest have *liuest*.

For these four lines (Q1) has five, and probably gives a true reading of the original play before the revisal for Q2. I mark in italics the places in which (Q1) differs from Q2.

"When presently through all thy veynes shall run
A *dull* and *heauie slumber, which shall seaze*
Each vitall spirit: for no Pulse shall keepe
His *natural* progresse, but surcease *to beate:*
No *signe of* breath shall testifie thou liust."

This version Pope adopted substantially, though making some verbal changes in accordance with Q2. His example is followed by many editors. The version, however, in Q2 bears such evident signs of deliberate revision that I have not felt justified here in recurring to the earlier impression.

100. *To paly ashes*] Q4, 5 (*Too* Q4). *Too many ashes* Q2, 3, F1 (*To* F1.). *To mealy ashes* F2, 3, 4.

104. *borrow'd*] Q5. *borrowed* The rest.

110. *In thy best robes, uncouerd*] *Is . . . vncouered* Q2.

111. *Thou shalt be borne to that same auncient vault*] Preceding this line in the Qq. Ff. an uneffaced variation in the 'copy' from which Q2 was printed has crept into the text:—

'Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue.'

The corresponding line in (Q1), which here has large omissions, is:—

And when thou art laid in thy kindreds vault.

115, 116. ——— *and he and I*
Will watch thy waking.—] Q2 misprints,—*an . . . walking*. The Ff. omit this sentence.

ACT IV.

Scene 2.

Juliet on her return from the Friar's cell makes her submission to her Father. The character of (Q1) in this scene is distinctly that of an imperfect version roughly made up from notes taken during the performance.

14. *selfewilld*] *selfewield* Q2.

26. *becomed*] So Ff. *becomd* Q2, 3. *becommed* Q4, 5.

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30. *I, marrie, go, I say, and fetch him hither.*] Here probably we should send out another servant. Capulet, however, subsequently (line 44) says that he will himself walk to Countie Paris.

ACT IV.

Scene 3.

The Nurse, Juliet and her mother. Then Juliet, alone, takes the sleeping potion. In this scene again (Q1) evidently presents but an imperfect version of the original; the result of notes taken during the performance and roughly made up.

18–21. *Nurse!—What should she do here?*
My dismall sceane I needs must act alone.—
Come, Violl.—
What if this mixture do not worke at all?]

The arrangement of these lines in our text is Hanmer's, and has been almost universally adopted. The Qq. Ff. make but one line of *Come, Violl.—* . . . *worke at all?* Keightley arranges the lines in the following manner:—

Nurse!—What should she do here? My dismal scene
I needs must act alone. Come, vial, [*come!*]—
What if this mixture do not work at all?

22. *Shall I be married then to morrow morning?*] For this line (Q1) has:—*Must I of force be married to the Countie?*—adopted by Malone and some subsequent editors. Pope and others read:—*Shall I of force be married to the Count?*

23. [Laying down a dagger.] This stage direction is Johnson's. For the line in our text to which it refers, the (Q1) has,—*This shall forbid it. Knife lye thou there.*

25. *Subtly hath ministred*] Qq. Ff. have *Subtilly.*

30. *I will not entertaine so bad a thought.*] This line which is only found in (Q1) was introduced into the text by Steevens, whose example has been very generally followed.

34. *stifled*] *stiffled* Q2, 3, 4.

41. *—this many hundred yeares*] So Q2. The rest for *this* have *these.* Compare Act V. Sc. 2, line 25,—Within *this* three houres will faire Juliet wake. —and Sc. 3, line 175,—Who here hath laine *this* two daies buried.

50. *O! if I wake*] Hanmer's correction. Q2, 3, F1 have *O if I walk.* Q4, 5, *Or if I wake.* F2, 3, 4 *Or if I walke* or *walk.* It will be noticed that a similar case of misprinting occurs in Act IV. Sc. 1, line 116, where in Q2 *waking* is spelt *walking.*

58. *Upon a Rapiers poynt*] So the Qq. For *a* F1 has *any,* F2, 3, 4 *his.*

59. *Romeo, I come! this do I drinke to thee.*
[*She fals vpon her bed, within the Curtaines.*]

So (Q1). The Qq. Ff. have:—*Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.*—with no stage direction. Pope first substituted the line of (Q1) for that of the later editions. The stage direction was first adopted by the Cambridge editors. As Dyce suggests, *heeres drinke* of Qq. Ff. may be the corruption of a

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stage direction foisted into the text. I incline also to believe that the triple repetition of *Romeo* in those editions may have been intended as an addition to the text, as given in (Q1), to be murmured by Juliet as she falls asleep:—Romeo,—Romeo,—Romeo.

Some explanation of the business of the old stage may perhaps here be necessary. The space 'within the curtains', where Juliet's bed is placed, was the space at the back of the stage proper, beneath the raised stage or gallery which served for a balcony, or the walls of a besieged town, as the case required; this was divided from the stage proper by a traverse or curtain. The curtain closing before Juliet's bed, the stage was now supposed to represent a hall in Capulet's house (Sc. 4) where Capulet busies himself with the preparations for the wedding. On his hearing of the arrival of Paris he summons the Nurse to call forth Juliet, which, he being gone, she proceeds to do, and opening the curtains the scene again becomes Juliet's chamber (Sc. 5) where she is discovered dead apparently on her bed. After the general lamentations which take place on this occasion, "They all but the Nurse goe foorth casting Rosemary on her (Juliet) and shutting the Curtens" (Q1); and then follows the scene with Peter and the Musicians, the stage then again being supposed a hall or some other apartment in Capulet's house.

ACT IV.

Scene 4.

Capulet busy with the preparations for the marriage; he hears the music announcing the arrival of Paris, and sends the Nurse to waken Juliet. The imperfect character of this scene in (Q1) is again evidently the result of rough notes carelessly put together.

3. *crow'd*] Ff. *crowed* Qq.

6. ——— *Go,* [*go*] *you cot-queane, go.*] Theobald's emendation. The more modern editors reject the repetition of *go* which he introduced. Dyce, however, observes, that it is 'probably what the author wrote'.

21. *Good faith, tis day.*] So Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4. *good* father *tis day* Q2, 3, F1.

ACT IV.

Scene 5.

Juliet discovered apparently dead in her bed—general lamentations—and the scene ends with a 'comic' passage between Peter and the Musicians.

Again in this scene (Q1) presents all the character of an imperfect version roughly made up from notes. The chorus of lamentations, however, when compared with the corresponding passages in Q2, seems to point to considerable revision in the later edition.

1. *Mistris!—what, mistris Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, shee*:—] I have ventured to point this speech somewhat differently from the usually received method, which is:—

Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! etc.

I should however observe that this reading appears to be founded on the punctuation of the old editions, which, in the Qq. have a comma after the second

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mistris, and in the Ff., still more emphatically, a note of interrogation. Mr F. G Fleay suggests to me that the first '*Mistress*' should be given in a separate line.

15. *Oh, welladay*] Q2 here, as in a previous passage, Act III. Sc. 2, line 37, has *wereaday*.

30. *Accursed time! unfortunate old man!*] Introduced into the text by Pope and some subsequent editors from (Q1).

37, 38. *Hath death laine with thy wife:*—[*See,*] *there she lies,*
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.] So, in first line, F2, 3, 4, which also in the second line have, *deflowred* or *deflowr'd* now *by him*. *See* and *now* are both omitted in Qq. & F1. (Q1) for these lines has :—
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,
Deflowered by him, see, where she lyes.
Steevens adopted from (Q1) *bride*, which here perhaps is more appropriate than *wife* of the later editions.

41. *And leaue him all; life, liuing, all is deaths.*] For the restoration of this line we are indebted to Collier. Q2, 3, Ff. have,—*all life living*,—Q4, 5, *all, life, living*,—which Capell and subsequent editors altered to—*all; life leaving*.

42. *Haue I thought long*] For *long* Q2 has *loue*.

52. *behold*] Q2 misprints *bedold*.

55. *O wofull day! O wofull,* [*wofull*] *day!*] I have introduced the third *wofull* into this line at the suggestion of Mr F. G. Fleay.

64. *Dead art thou!* [*Dead!*]—*Alacke, my childe is dead;*] The second *Dead* in this line is Theobald's emendation; very generally adopted.

66. *confusions cure*] Theobald's emendation. The Qq. Ff. for *cure* have *care*.

81, 82. —— *and as the custome is,*
And in her best array, beare her to Church] Capell, whose example has been generally followed, here introduces from (Q1) *In all* in lieu of *And in*.

83. *fond nature*] *fome nature* Qq. & F1.

100. *I, by my troath*] Q2 misprints, *I my my troath*.

100. [Enter Peter.] So Q4, 5, Ff. Q2, 3 have, *Enter Will Kemp* or *Kempe*, the name of the actor who doubtless performed this part. (Q1) has, *Enter Scruingman*, and the prefix to his speeches is merely *Ser*. There is some confusion, perhaps remediless, as to this character of Peter. Shakspere has such dramatic power, that were no names attached to the speeches of his characters we could nearly always tell,—even as though we saw the play performed upon the stage before us,—by whom they were delivered, and I do not recognize in this individual, the Nurse's man: I seem rather to hear the voice of the Sampson of the opening scene, of the Clowne of Act I. Sc. 2, of the 2nd Servant in Act I. Sc. 5, and of the 2nd Servant of Act IV. Sc. 2. The Nurse's man is a dull, stolid lout, this is a 'conceited' ass—just the part that would fall naturally to Kemp as his share in the performance. Note that in the last scene of all Romeo's man is sometimes in the stage directions in Q2, 3, & Ff. called Peter (though in the text Balthazer); clearly a mistake, as Peter, whatever offices he may have filled, was of the house of Capulet, not that of Montague. This, however, may have arisen from Romeo's man in the original story having for name Pietro.

105. '*My hart is full* [*of woe:*']—] The words, *of woe*, are only found in Q4,

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5. Steevens pointed out that "This is the burthen of the first stanza of 'A Pleasant new Ballad of Two Lovers.'" Staunton tells us that it is in the Pepys collection, and begins :—*Complaine, my lute, complaine on him, That stayes so long away ;*—The whole ballad is printed in Vol. I. of the 'Shakespeare Society's Papers,' p. 12, from a copy communicated to the Society by Mr Andrew Barton, 1844.

120. *Then haue at you with my wit*] This commencement of a speech by Peter, is printed in Q2, 3, Ff. as part of the preceding speech of 2. *Mus.*—The correction was made in Q4, 5.

124. *And dolefull dumps the mind oppress*] This line is omitted in Qq. Ff. Capell supplied it from (Q1). The song itself, ascribed to Richard Edwards, is found in the 'Paradise of Daintie Deuises.' It is printed in a note by Sir John Hawkins in Vol. VI., p. 212, 'Variorum Shakespeare,' ed. 1821. Another copy of it will be found in Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

129—132. *Pretie !—Prettie too !*] These two exclamations in Peter's two speeches are corrupted in the Qq. Ff. to *Prates, Pratest.* and *Pratee ;* and *Prates to, Pratest to, Pratee to, Pratee too,* and *Pratest too.* Pope introduced the correction from (Q1).

132. *James Soundpost*] Sound post Qq. Sound-Post Ff.

136. *Musitions haue no gold for sounding*] For this, (Q1) has,—*such Fellowes as you haue sildome Golde for sounding.* Adopted into the text part by Pope and part by Capell, and found in many editions.

ACT V.

Scene 1.

Romeo receives the news of Juliet's burial, and purchases poison of the Apothecary. (Q1) here again in this scene is evidently but a confused and imperfect version of the original ; the result apparently of notes taken during the performance and carelessly strung together.

1. *If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe*] . . . *the flattering Eye of Sleepe* (Q1). One or the other of these two readings has been adopted by the majority of editors, and each in its turn has been defended, though but with doubtful result : *flattering truth* being apparently a contradiction in terms, while *flattering eye* is at the best a most obscure expression. Otway, who introduced into his 'Caius Marius' large portions of this play in a more or less mangled condition, changed *flattering eye* to *flattery*, and this reading was adopted into Shakspere's text by Pope. Singer conjectured the true reading to be—'the flattering *soother* sleep ;' while Grant White reads—'the flattering *sooth* of sleep', i. e. the flattering augury or prognostication of sleep. Mr Fleay, however, suggests to me that *flattering* may bear the interpretation of *seeming*, and if so no change in our text is either necessary or desirable. As a new element in the consideration of this question—at any rate I am not aware that it has been noted before—I would direct attention to a similar expression in (Q1). 'Too *flattering true* to be substantiall.' See note on lines 139—141, Act II. Sc. 2 of this revised text.

3. *My bosomes Lord sits lightly in his throne*] In Q2, 3, F1 for *Lord* we have *L.*

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24. *Is it ene so? then I denie you, starres!*] Q2 for *ene* has *in*. The rest, including (Q1), *euen* or *even*, contracted, by Collier first, to *e'en*. (Q1) also differs from the later version in reading, then I *defie my* Starres. Pope substituted *defie* of (Q1) for *denie* of Qq. Ff. and his example has been very generally followed.

25. *know'st*] So Q5. *knowest* The rest.

27. *I do beseech you, sir, haue patience*] For this line (Q1) has,—Pardon me sir I will not leave you thus—adopted by Steevens following Pope's example, who, however, changed *will not* to *dare not*.

48. *scatter'd*] Theobald. The Qq. Ff. *scattered*.

62. *That the life-wearie taker*] Q5. The rest,—*life-wearie-taker*.

64, 65. *As violently as hastie powder fierd*
Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.] For these lines (Q1) has,—
'As suddenly as powder being fierd
From forth a cannons mouth.'

This simile is again used in (Q1) Act II. Sc. 5, by Juliet when awaiting the return of the Nurse :—
And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.'

69. *fear'st*] So Ff. Q5. *fearest* Q2, 3, 4.

71. *Contempt and beggerie hangs vpon thy backe.*] For this line Malone substituted from (Q1) 'Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miserie.'

76. *I pay thy pouertie*] Q2, 3, & Ff. for *pay* have *pray*.

82. *maist*] *maiest* & *mayest* Q2, 3, F1, 2.

ACT V.

Scene 2.

At Friar Lawrence's Cell—he learns that his letter to Romeo has not been delivered, and prepares to visit the Tomb. Compared with Q2, (Q1) presents in this scene an imperfect and shortened version of the original.

ACT V.

Scene 3.

The last. In the Churchyard, before the Tomb of the Capulets. The general character of this scene in (Q1) is that of a shortened and imperfect version of the original; it affords, however, evidence of revision in Q2, notably in Paris's address before the tomb of Juliet (see note on lines 12—17). The Friar's exculpatory speech too when compared in the two quartos suggests considerable revisions in the later quarto. The condition of the 'copy' from which the later quarto was printed may be pretty clearly ascertained when we consider the *variæ lectiones* that have crept into it. See for instances notes on lines 102—3 and on lines following 107.

[Enter Countie Paris and his Page, with flowers and sweete water.] (Q1). *Enter Paris and his Page* Qq. Ff.

3. *Vnder yond yew Trees*] In this place, and in line 144 of this scene, for *yew*

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the Qq. Ff. have *yong* and *young*. Pope made the correction. (Q1) in the first instance has *Ew-Tree;* but has no passage corresponding to line 144.

8. *hear'st*] Rowe. *hearest* Qq. Ff.

11. [Retires] Capell. *Exit.* F2, 3, 4. No stage direction in (Q1), the Qq. or F1. Some note as to the business of the old stage may here perhaps be desirable. Juliet's Tomb, I imagine to be placed in the space under the raised stage or gallery at the back of the stage proper. Paris enters at one door with his page, who at his master's bidding retires to one side of the stage and lies down. Romeo enters at the other door with Balthazer, who also at his master's command retires and lies down at the other side of the stage. The rest of the stage business in this scene is sufficiently indicated in the dialogue itself.

12, 17. *Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew,—*
O woe! thy Canapie is dust and stones;—
Which with sweete water nightly I will dewe, etc.] I follow here the punctuation of the Cambridge editors who, with Staunton, make the line *O woe . . . stones* parenthetical (Staunton prints it within parentheses). The usual punctuation would imply that it was the 'Canapie', not the flowers, which Paris proposed nightly to dew. For these and the following lines of Paris's address Pope substitutes a somewhat altered version of the corresponding speech in (Q1); his example, except that they restored the actual words of (Q1), was followed by Steevens and many subsequent editors. The lines in (Q1) are as follows:—

Sweete Flower, with flowers I strew thy Bridalle bed:
Sweete Tombe, that in thy circuite dost containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie:
Faire *Iuliet* that with Angells dost remaine,
Accept this latest fauour at my hands,
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praises doo adorne thy Tombe.

21. [Enter Romeo, etc.] Stage direction of (Q1). The Q2, 3, Ff. have, *Enter* Romeo *and* Peter. Q4, 5,—Enter Romeo and Balthazer his man.

26. *hear'st*] *hearest* Q2, 3, 4.

40. *I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye*] For *ye* Q3, 4, 5, Ff. have *you*, the reading generally adopted. This and the next speech of Balthazer are given to *Pet.* in Q2, 3, Ff.

41. *friendship*] Q2 misprints, *friendshid.*

54. *vnhallow'd*] Pope. *unhalloved* Qq. Ff.

55. *pursu'd*] Rowe. *pursued* Qq. Ff.

62. *Put not another sin upon my head*] For *Put* Rowe reads *Pull;* Malone, from (Q1), *Heap;* Capell conjectures *Pluck.*

68. *I do defie thy coniurations*] Malone, from (Q1). Q2 has *commiration.* Q3, F1 *commisseration.* Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4 *commiseration.*

71. Page. *O Lord . . . watch.*] This line, without any prefix, is printed in italics in Q2, 3. Q4, 5 assign it to *Page*, the Ff. to *Pet.*

102, 103. ——— *Shall I beleeue*
That unsubstantiall death is amorous] Theobald's emendation. The Qq. Ff. have:—
——— I will beleeue,

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Shall I beleeve that unsubstantiall death is amorous.

As Dyce remarks, "these are evidently *variæ lectiones*, which, by some mistake, have both crept into the text."

107. *this pallace of dym night*] Q2 misprints *pallat*. The rest have *pallace, Pallace, palace*, and *Palace*.

Following this line Q2, 3, & Ff. have :—

Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme, (*armes* Ff.)
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Appothecarie !
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

These lines are properly omitted in Q4 & 5 ; they are probably a shortened version of the speech intended for the stage only ; but by some accident printed with the text. *Where ere thou tumblest in* may possibly be the corruption of a stage direction to the actor to fall into the tomb at this point.

121. *Saint Francis*] *S. Frances* Q2. *St* and *Saint Francis* The rest.

Steevens, followed by some editors, added to this first speech of the Friar the first line of his next speech as it is given in (Q1).—

Who is it that consorts so late the dead.

128. *It doth so, holy sir ; and theres my maister,*
One that you loue.] So arranged by Johnson. One line in Qq. Two, the first ending *sir*, in Ff.

136. *O, much I feare some ill vnluckie thing*] For *unluckie* Q2 has *unthriftie*.

167–169. These lines, with the exception of the stage directions (imperfect or omitted altogether in the original editions), are here arranged as in Qq. The Ff. give *Yea, noise !* in a separate line. *This is thy sheath* is the reading of Q2, 4, 5. Q3 has, *Ti s is thy sheath*, and the Ff. *'Tis in thy sheath*. Mr F. G. Fleay suggests to me that we should arrange and read, as follows :—

Thy lips are warm.
1. *Watch.* [*Within.*] Lead, boy ! Which way ?
Jul. Yea, noise !
Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger *lie*
In this thy sheath, there rust, and let me die !

It should be mentioned that for *rust* Dyce and other modern editors have adopted from (Q1) *rest*.

O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,
Rest in my bosome, thus I come to thee.

186. *stay the Frier too.*] Q2, 3, 4 repeat *too*.

189. *What should it be that is so shrik'd abroad*] I have adopted here the conjecture of the Cambridge editors. Q2 has, *that is so shrike*. The rest, *that they so shrike* (shriek F4).

190. *The people in the street crie Romeo,*] Pope. The Qq. Ff. have *O the people, etc.*

193. *What feare is this, which startles in our eares ?*] Capell's adoption of Johnson's and Heath's conjecture. The Qq. Ff. have, *your eares*.

198. *Slaughter'd Romeos man*] Q2 has *Slaughter*.

204. *And it missheathed*] Q2, 3, 4 have —*missheathd* or *missheath'd*.

208. *To see thy sonne and heire more early downe.*] So (Q1), introduced by Steevens. Q2 has,—*now earling downe*. The rest,—*now early downe*.

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231. *And she, there dead, that Romeos faithfull wife.*] So Q4, 5. Q2, 3 have, *thats Romeos.* The Ff., *that's Romeos.*

247. *borrow'd*] Capell. *borrowed* Qq. Ff.

250. *Was stay'd by accident*] So the Ff. The Qq. have, *stayed.*

264. *Al this I know*] It would, I think, be an improvement here to read by transposition—*This, all I know.*

264—267. These four lines—*Al this . . . time*—are arranged as by Pope. Three lines ending *priuie, fault, time,* in Qq. Ff.

270. *Wheres Romeos man? what can he say to this?*] So the Qq. Ff. Capell, followed by other editors, here reads, with (Q1),—*what can he say in this?*

298. *For I will raise her statue in pure gold.*] For *raise* Q2, 3 misprint *raie.*

307. *Some shall be pardon'd*] So the Ff. The Qq. have *pardoned.*

THE END.

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